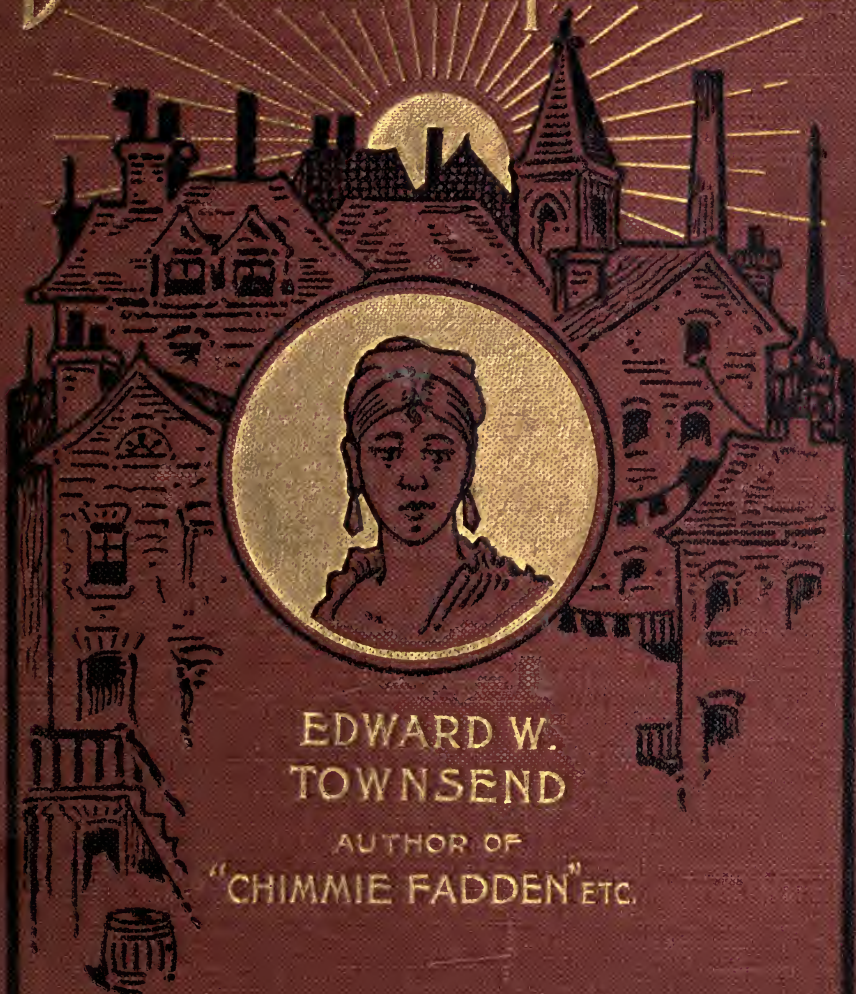


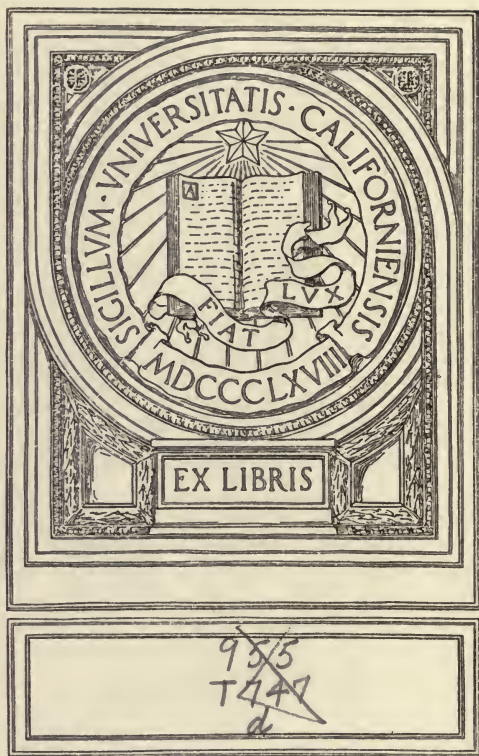
A DAUGHTER OF THE TENEMENTS



EDWARD W.
TOWNSEND

AUTHOR OF
"CHIMMIE FADDEN" ETC.

ILLUSTRATED BY E.W. KEMBLE



A

DAUGHTER OF THE TENEMENTS



LA CORTESE.

"Carminella came dancing on the stage."—Page 279.

A DAUGHTER OF THE TENEMENTS

BY

EDWARD W. TOWNSEND

//
AUTHOR OF

"CHIMMIE FADDEN, MAJOR MAX, AND OTHER STORIES," ETC.

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TO MY BEST FRIEND AND MOST HELPFUL CRITIC, MY
WIFE, THIS BOOK IS LOVINGLY DEDICATED.

E. W. T.

NEW YORK, Oct., 1895.

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A DAUGHTER OF THE TENEMENTS.

CHAPTER I.

AN AMBULANCE AT THE ARCADY.

IF you recall the long and popular engagement of the Arcadian Burlesque Company at the Arcady Theatre (as it was rechristened on the one hundredth night of the company's triumphant appearance there), I can identify Teresa Cesarotti so that you will be able to recall her, too. Her name means nothing to you, for the sufficient reason that it was never printed on the bills of the play, or anywhere else, because Teresa was only one of the ballet girls. A hundred of them, you say? There were a great many, but yet I can identify her if you saw the company more than once; and if you are the man I take you to be, you did. As for you, madam, the kind of burlesques the Arcadians gave was not as popular with women theatre-goers then as it has since become—for my part I deplore the change—but even if that were not so, you were too young then to go to any theatre, for the Arcadians date back fifteen years, when Union Square was still the centre of theatricals, and you were a little school-girl.

Just now I am addressing your father or elder brother, and will talk to you about occurrences within your recollection as soon as we have done with this trouble-

some but necessary introduction of Teresa, on the night she met with that accident which I really believe brought about this history. But that is anticipating. You, sir, recall that at the end of each act of the Arcadians' most popular burlesque sixteen of the ballet girls separated into squads of four; each four in turn marched down the stage, swung to the right or left, counter-marched, two squads combined, and came down by eights, and at last the sixteen swung down by company front, kicking high and rhythmically, commanded by the star with drawn sword—the scabbard of that sword being the largest piece of dress or ornament about her.

The men about town had those four squads of four named, not prettily: the "Shorts," "Longs," "Thins," and "Plumps." The "Longs" came down the stage last, and, when they started, the orchestra leader waved more brass into the music, and the audience cheered louder than ever; for the four strapping big girls marched down with such a swing, with such an all-conquering swagger, that it was delightfully exciting.

Well, then, Teresa was the tallest of the "Longs," the one on the right of the line, to the left as you looked. She was also, you recollect, now that I have identified her, the prettiest in the company, as well as the most graceful dancer, excepting the première.

One night some of Teresa's companions in the ballet, and some of the habitués in the audience, noticed that she frequently lost the dazzling smile which properly belongs to an Amazon about to go forth to battle in silk tights and kid slippers. When a glance from a companion would remind Teresa of this, the smile would be re-affixed, as if it were a mask that had fallen and been picked up. But then it would be dropped again. When the curtain came down on the last act, and ballet,

chorus, and principals were hurrying to their dressing-rooms, many of them humming the air of the last song, dodging stage hands with whom they chaffed, or shouting reminders of engagements, Teresa waited at the head of the stairs leading to the space beneath the stage from which narrow halls led to their dressing-rooms, until all her companions had hurriedly scattered. A moment after the orchestra stopped "playing the audience out," the orchestra leader appeared at the foot of the stairs and Teresa started down to meet him.

"Where is Hector?" the leader asked, as they met in the middle of the staircase.

"He was sick to-day. He wanted me to tell you," Teresa answered, in slow, precise English, with a slight Italian accent.

The leader shrugged his shoulders:

"He is sick too much since you got your salary raised. He did not send a substitute and we were a second violin short. If it were not for you that would lose him his job, and it will anyway, next time. You can tell him so."

The stairs where they were standing, once, no doubt, had a handrail on the outside, opposite the wall, but it had been knocked off, or purposely removed, years before, because it interfered with the carrying up and downstairs of bulky stage properties. To-night, a stage hand, carrying an unwieldy throne over his head, started down the stairs and, seeing Teresa and the leader standing there, shouted:

"Look out!"

The leader ran down the stairs, but Teresa, as she looked up to see what was the matter, lost her balance and fell over the unguarded side of the staircase.

There was a shriek, a moan, "O Santa Maria!" and

silence. They rushed to her, lifted her, and carried her fainting to her dressing room. The women who dressed with her, frightened and crying, bathed her face when she was laid on the floor, and a messenger was sent for a doctor. One was found near-by, and when he came Teresa had recovered consciousness, and moaned piteously.

"I think her hip is fractured: it is injured badly, anyway. You had better send for an ambulance," the doctor said, when he had examined her.

The group of half-dressed men and women, crowded into the little room and about the door, looked sorrowfully at Teresa as, with her face drawn with pain and fright, she asked one of the women what the doctor said.

"You must go to the hospital, dear," said the woman, who was called Maggie.

"But Carminella!" cried Teresa in sudden anguish. "Who will take care of Carminella?"

"What is it?" asked the doctor.

"Her baby, Carminella," answered Maggie, and then bent over Teresa and said, "We'll let Hector know; he'll look after the baby."

Teresa only moaned and shook her head. Maggie understood. The doctor may have guessed a little, for he said kindly: "The Society will look after the child."

"No! no!" shrieked Teresa, and many of the other women looked nearly as frightened as she.

Teresa motioned to Maggie, and as the woman bent over her again, whispered: "Go to my room and take Carminella before they get her. Hide her! Come closer." Maggie put her ear to Teresa's lips: "My keys are in my satchel there, the room key and the

trunk key. There's money in the trunk. Take it all. Pay to keep Carminella away from the Society."

Maggie, a handsome Irish girl, one of the four who belonged to Teresa's squad in the burlesque, had the wit to take the keys from the satchel then and there, and say,

"You want me to go to your room, dear, and get the baby and the money?" Teresa nodded, "Yes."

"And it's by legal right, whatever the Society or Hector say?"

Again the injured woman assented, and the other girls of the ballet regarded Maggie with admiring approval for her evidence of profound learning and knowledge of the law.

"She said 'by legal right,'" one whispered. "The Society even can't touch her because we're witness that Teresa said it was by legal right."

"I wonder Maggie wouldn't hurry though," another whispered. "The Society might get there first. I've heard they have spies out."

Teresa caught this last remark and apparently forgot her pain in the overwhelming terror with which she begged her companion to hurry.

Maggie was dressed and ready to go just as the ambulance men carried Teresa out of the stage entrance on a stretcher.

"I'll come to the hospital and let you know when I have the baby safe," whispered the good-hearted Irish girl to Teresa, as she walked by the side of the stretcher to the ambulance.

"To-night?" asked Teresa.

"Sure, to-night, before I go to bed," answered Maggie, and Teresa smiled.

Maggie went to Teresa's room, let herself in and

turned up a dimly burning lamp. She started and half screamed, for the first thing the light disclosed was Teresa's trunk, open, with its contents scattered. She turned to the cradle half expecting to find that empty, but little Carminella was sleeping there peacefully. A paper pinned to the blanket covering the baby caught her attention. It was not enclosed or folded. Maggie took it to the light. She could make out only the address, "Teresa," and the signature, "Ettore." She was frightened, but undecided for an instant only.

"If the money is gone it's all the more likely the Society will be after the child," she thought.

She made a hasty examination of the tumbled contents of the trunk but found no money. From a bureau drawer she gathered a bundle of the baby's clothing, and then, quieting herself, woke the baby.

"It's Aunt Maggie," she said, as the child sat up with suddenly wide-awake eyes.

"Aunt Maggie," the child repeated, laughing, for she knew Maggie and liked her.

She dressed the child hurriedly, telling her she was going to take her on a visit, and she would not see mamma until to-morrow.

Carminella was fast asleep again by the time Maggie, with the baby in her arms and a bundle by her side, was riding down town on a Bowery car. She left the car at Bayard Street and walked west, passing only a few persons, and none of them paid especial attention to her; but when she turned into Mulberry Street a policeman on the corner, glancing sharply at her anxious face as she passed under the light of a gas lamp, stepped up and asked, "Where'd you get that bundle?"

"None of your business," Maggie answered, trying



MAGGIE LYON.

“‘None of your business,’ Maggie answered.”—Page 14.



to be bold about it, but her voice shook, for any one in authority hinted, in her mind, at the Society.

"Perhaps it ain't," the officer said, "and perhaps you won't tell where you're going with it."

"I'm going to my uncle's."

"Most everybody's 'uncle' has closed shop by this time," said the officer, with a little laugh at his joke.

"I'm going to my uncle Dan Lyon," Maggie said. "Please don't stop me!"

"Well, there's no harm in Dan Lyon, sure, nor in you, if you are his niece," said the officer. "But I think I'll just see you there."

He let her pass on, but followed. Maggie went about a third of the way down the block on the right hand side, and turned into a dark passage.

"I'll light you up if you don't know the way," the officer said, striking a match on the wall.

"I know the way well enough," Maggie responded.

She walked through the passage-way, across a brick paved court, and into an open entrance of the rear tenement. The officer then took the bundle from her, saying good-naturedly, "You've too much of a load for three flights. Go along, I'm coming."

They climbed up the stairs slowly, and on the third landing Maggie knocked at a door.

"Who's that?" asked a hearty voice.

"It's Maggie, Uncle Dan. Let me in."

In a minute the door was opened by a man, in night-gown and old-fashioned nightcap, holding a lamp. He looked aghast at the woman, the child, and the officer, and exclaimed: "Holy Virgin! what's happened you, Maggie girl?"

"It's all right, Uncle Dan," Maggie answered, half sobbing. "Tell the officer it's all right."

"Sure, it's all right, Cullen," Uncle Dan said, backing away to let Maggie in.

"It's all right if you say so, Dan. Good-night," said the officer, turning down the stairs as the door was closed.

"The officer'll say nothing, Uncle Dan?" Maggie asked, as she put the sleeping child on the man's bed and covered her.

"Sure he'll say nothing, 'twas me put him on the force," Dan answered proudly. "But tell me, Maggie girl: what's all this? You're in no trouble?"

Maggie, seated on the bed, by the side of the child, told her story, to which Dan, who had put on a pair of slippers, and an overcoat for a dressing-gown, listened in judicial silence.

"And she's as good a girl as ever lived, Uncle Dan," added Maggie; "she's married to one of the orchestra, a man they call Hector Cesarotti, who has no good in him except his good looks and fine airs. He treated her terrible. Teresa and all our squad got a raise for the hit we made at the beginning of the run of the piece at the Arcady, and since then he's done nothing but get drunk on her money. She was dreadful saving, and all for the baby. She's crazy over the kid, and now the brute has taken the money from the trunk, I'll bet. I wonder what this note says. I know it's from him, but the name is 'Ettore.' See." She gave Dan the paper she had found. He took it to the lamp.

"'Ettore', why that's Italian for Hector, I know that much. Listen! That's Minico. We'll have it read."

There was a tramp of heavy feet coming up the stairs, and Dan shouted: "Minico!"

The door opened, and a ruddy, unshaved, smiling face looked in.

"Come in, Minico," said Dan, and a stalwart figure followed the face into the room. "This is me niece, Maggie."

The Italian pulled his soft woollen cap off his curly black hair, nodded, and grinned.

"Here's a letter, Minico, we're after getting, and can't just make out 'cause it's in your way of writing."

The Italian took the paper and studied over it. Reading was evidently a troublesome task to him, but after a long silence he looked up at Dan in a puzzled way, jerked his head at Maggie and asked: "Was he her man?"

"No, another girl's. What is it?" Dan replied.

"Well," Minico continued, as if relieved at the information, "He gone away; he take-a da mon; he no come back. He say she get along better widout him."

"That's a nice story for me to be telling her at the hospital," cried Maggie. "The villain!"

Minico did not understand all this, and with a friendly view toward getting into the discussion on equal terms, asked Maggie what the man's whole name was.

"Ettore Cesarotti!" he exclaimed, when she informed him. "That vara big-a name. What you calla da swell name in da old country—in Italy."

"Lots of good the name will do her when he's run off with the money," snapped Maggie. "I've no heart for the telling of it; but I must be going, Uncle Dan, for I promised. You'll mind the kid till I'm here early in the morning?"

"Sure, Maggie girl. If I have to go before you come, why, there's Tom to mind the little one."

"Tom'll mind what?" This came from a slim, cotton-robed figure standing in the doorway leading to a second room; a straight, defiant figure of a boy, who looked

with big-eyed curiosity at the group whose talk had disturbed his sleep. He was Dan's son.

"Come here, Tom, till I show you," Maggie said, beckoning to him.

Tom tiptoed over to the sleeping child, and when Maggie showed him the baby's face, his lips parted and his eyes filled with wonder.

"I never seed anything so pretty in me life," he said at last, slowly.

"Tom'll mind it well enough," Maggie said, smiling at her uncle, as she started to go.

"Sure," answered Dan, smiling back, "the child is safe here; it's a daughter of the tenements now."

Maggie was not at all surprised, although she pretended to be, to find Officer Cullen standing in the court just outside the entrance to the tenement.

"I was thinking you might not find your way out," he said, striking a match. "It's easy to get from this into another court and be lost entirely. Get out of the way there!"

This last command was addressed to a huddled figure asleep on the court pavement, which received the kick that accompanied the admonition with an affectedly cheerful, "All right, boss."

"I wouldn't be losing my way in the day-time, but I've not been here often at night," Maggie said amiably, for she did not object to the guidance.

"I've to go to the hospital," she added, "so I'll take the elevated at Canal Street."

"My post don't run that far," said the officer, "but I'll pass you along."

At the corner he signalled with his club and another officer came.

"Pass her along to Canal," Cullen said to the second

officer. "Good-night, Miss, you're thinking no harm for me stopping you?"

"Sure not, that's your business. Good-night."

From post to post, and the patrol beats are short in that neighborhood, Maggie was passed to her station and was soon at the hospital.

"You cannot see the patient at this time of night," said the hospital doctor to whom she made her errand known, when she had at last been admitted to his office. "But if you are a friend of hers named Maggie, and bring any news of a person named Carminella, I will take a message, if it is favorable, for she seems to be suffering more in mind about that than in body from the fracture."

"A person named Carminella," exclaimed Maggie, "why that is her——"

She was going to say "baby," but caught herself. Here was another official and he might tell the Society.

"Tell Teresa," she went on, "that Carminella is well and safe with my uncle." She did not add anything about Hector or the letter. "That will come soon enough, poor thing," she thought.

"How soon will she be able to work?" she asked the doctor.

"Work?" he echoed in surprise, "I thought she was an actress."

Maggie laughed. "Well, we call it work. She dances. How soon can she dance again?"

"That can't be told now," the doctor replied cautiously. "It's a rather bad fracture of the hip. Sometimes injuries of the kind don't leave patients with much inclination for dancing. We can't tell yet. She is young and strong."

Maggie turned away, sorrowful and weary. "Tell

her I'll call to-morrow," she said, and as the dawn was graying the sky over the East River, she went to her own home thinking of the perfidy of Hector. "Ettore, indeed! Much good that name will do her when her own name is off the salary roll."

The doctor went to the ward where Teresa lay. She was waiting, and watching for him with eager eyes. "Carminella?" she cried, as the doctor reached her bed.

"She is well and safe with your friend's people," the doctor said kindly.

"Madonna be thanked!" cried the woman, and covered her face and wept softly. She was sleeping when he passed through the ward a little later. "That news was better than all our opiates," he said.

CHAPTER II.

A DANCER'S MARIAGE DE CONVENANCE.

THREE years before, Teresa had attracted the attention of Ettore Cesarotti, who played in the orchestra at the theatre where the Italian girl first appeared after she came to New York with a resplendent but promptly bankrupted company. Many others were attracted by the young ballet girl's beauty and grace, but the language of most of them was foreign to her, and those she could understand talked love, but not marriage. All except Ettore of the men she met of her own race were also of her own class, but these she would not encourage, for she was not without appreciation of her beauty; and the sordid surroundings of her youth, and a nature strangely lacking in impulsiveness for one of her nationality, held fast in her a hope that that beauty might be the means of her social and material advancement. It is true that this unusual ambition puzzled her companions and baffled others who sought her companionship. Ettore was much above her socially, that was manifest; that he was equally above his own apparent rank she thought she divined, but did not disclose this guess to him. He thought he saw in her the embryo of a great dancer who would earn fame for herself and money for him; and it was partly this belief, and partly that he was really moved by her great beauty and could not win her without the ring, that prompted his proposal of marriage, which she accepted.

They did not know much of each other. She thought him handsome; he could teach her English, which she must know in order to advance in her adopted country. Extraordinary reasons, my dear madam, I know, for a girl marrying, but consider that she was a child of chorus people, and commend her that she insisted upon the ring. Such vulgarians sometimes do marry for mere material considerations, than which I know of nothing appealing more strongly for the elevation of all classes up to the social standards of our very highest circles.

Ettore was not wholly a bad bargain at first. He paid for dancing lessons by Professor Polli, who had fitted many specialty dancers to earn sums which dazzled Teresa to hear about; and he encouraged her, did Professor Polli. He worked hard to develop her in some specialty, and all the time there was a general improvement which advanced her from the rear to near the front ranks of the ballet in the companies she appeared with.

Ettore kept at work, and took Teresa from the dingy single room she had lived in, to a better room in a better neighborhood, near the theatre, and Teresa felt that she had done well in marrying.

Then Carminella came, and with the baby Teresa's first love was born. From the beginning it was the object of her single, passionate, almost awful devotion. Ettore was kind at first; divided his wages with Teresa, took notice of the baby sometimes, and aided Teresa in her eager study of English. Teresa slaved for the baby and slaved to improve herself, but she felt that she was not advancing much, and would have given up the unwonted task of school-books if it had not been for Carminella.

"I must know so that Carminella will know. She must learn to read printing so that she can study parts and not always be in the ballet. Who is to teach her if I do not?" and this beautiful twenty-year-old mother drudged on with her school-books, with sewing for the baby, with the work of her room, until her bones ached and her head swam, but that was nothing; it was all for Carminella, and she wished she could do more.

But when the baby was a year old Ettore began to grumble at Teresa for being unprofitable.

Had he no use for his money but to keep her in idle luxury? The manager of the Arcadians had asked when she was to return to work. There was a new production into which she could go and earn ten dollars a week. Hundreds of women were begging for such places at five dollars a week. Was Teresa a star that managers must come to her and beg?

Thus Ettore scolded, but Teresa would not go back to the theatre yet, she said. Who was to care for Carminella during the long rehearsals and performances?

Then Ettore adopted another plan: he cut down Teresa's allowances, and finally gave her nothing. The baby needed clothes and she wanted good food to keep strong for the baby. Yes, she would work.

At first Teresa took the baby with her to the theatre, and put it in a basket in the dressing-room, but the other women who dressed with Teresa made such a fuss over it, cried and laughed over it, and hugged and kissed it so much that Carminella could not sleep. The baby took cold once going home after a performance, and nearly died, and Teresa almost went insane; so after that it was left at home, where a woman in the house agreed for fifty cents a week to look into

her room and see that the baby was all right while Teresa was absent.

Then came the big hit of the squad in which Teresa danced, and the successful strike of those knowing four which resulted in compelling the anguished manager to increase their salaries until they were paid twenty dollars a week. Soon after that Ettore began neglecting his work, and sending a substitute to play second violin while he played dominoes and drank in the café of the Hotel Garibaldi, spending Teresa's salary.

They quarrelled about this, Teresa and Ettore, and fought, sometimes, when Teresa would not tell him what she did with a part of her salary—which she was hiding in her trunk for Carminella.

They had quarrelled, and he had struck her because she would not give him money, on the evening she fell from the stairs under the Arcady stage. Teresa had gone to the theatre and Ettore had pretended to go to the café. He had, in fact, returned to the room as soon as she was gone, rifled her trunk, found nearly \$100, and written this note which Maggie took from Carminella's blanket:

TERESA:—I have taken the money which you have so wickedly concealed from me. I shall not return, ever; and that you will bless me for, because, selfish one, you will be happier without your

ETTORE.

It was many long weeks before Teresa saw that note. Her injury proved serious, and there had to be an operation which made it impossible for her ever to dance again, but that she did not know either—that she could not dance again, that she would always walk with a slight limp. It was years before she realized that, so long did she hope. At first Maggie would not tell her of the note, but Teresa must have suspected something,



ETTORE CESAROTTI.

"While he played dominoes and drank."—Page 24.

for she never inquired about Ettore. It was Carminnella always, and about the baby Maggie had always good news.

"Sure, dear, the little one has three slaves: Uncle Dan, Cousin Tom, ten years old, and an Italian who lives on the floor with them, Dominico Cortese, that Uncle Dan calls 'Minico.' Uncle Dan keeps Tom out of school just to mind the baby, and it's no task for Tom, for he is fonder of Carminella than of himself, and he never lets a man, woman, or child in the tenement touch her except Minico, who is much better than the rest. Indeed," explained Maggie, glad of an excuse to boast a little about Uncle Dan, "Carminella is living with aristocrats, even if she is in Mulberry Bend."

Maggie once proposed to bring the baby to the hospital, but, although the mother's heart choked her at the thought, she said "No." The Society might have heard that she was in the hospital and that the baby had no kin to look after it, and might capture it if it were taken so far away from its friends.

It may be incumbent on me to explain a little this foolish fear of Teresa's about "the Society," as that Society is called which takes the children of the poor, when the poor cannot help themselves. I explain only because it is proper that my readers should have the same sensible ideas about this matter that all other highly respectable and intelligent persons have. Of course, if charitable people will give up their valuable time to having laws passed giving them extraordinary and arbitrary powers over the children of the poor, all reasonable persons are justified in supposing that the poor appreciate the noble and self-sacrificing motive which prompts such efforts. Being poor, they can have no such natural love for their offspring as would

prompt resentment against any interference by the Society in their relations with their children. That, I say, is what one would reasonably and properly suppose. But the poor are unreasonable and not infrequently improper, so the rule does not work. They are sometimes so sinfully unreasonable as to love their children, or at least affect to, as much as if they were creatures of refinement and education, and had power enough to take other people's children away from them.

It is really humiliating to know the ingratitude of the poor in this regard. Why, I recall, for instance, the case of that Polish woman who was arrested because she could not make enough money in her little tobacco shop to pay the blackmailing demands of two police officers (she thought they were collectors of legal taxes), and when she was sent to jail to teach her to work harder, "the Society" took her children, and very properly. But when she came from jail and found there was no law by which she could get her children away from the Society, that unreasonable woman went insane. The doctors said she went insane from grief, but I have my own opinion, and that is that she went insane through native, inborn, crass unreasonableness. You see, those stories become known, and foolish and ignorant people like Teresa hear them, and are thus possessed by a wicked prejudice against the Society. Besides, Teresa knew of a woman of her profession who, ignorant of the law, allowed her fourteen-year old daughter to dance on the stage—she had danced at home, and in the tenement courts, and on the streets for years—and the Society got that girl, took her where the wicked mother could not see her, and the wicked mother (in wicked rage, no doubt, but Teresa believed it was in grief), killed herself. I have made this little



THE BLACKMAILERS.

"She thought they were collectors of legal taxes."—Page 26.

explanation because I should feel that I had been unjust to Teresa if I had not explained that she had some reasons, false and foolish reasons, to be sure, but she believed them good, for her terror of that most kind, considerate, and at all times reasonable institution, "the Society."

When the day came that Teresa was to be discharged from the hospital "cured," Maggie was there to go with her to Dan's rooms, for Teresa's room had been given up and her few belongings had been moved into a room on the floor with Dan, where she could live the little time it would take her hip to become strong and supple again, Maggie said.

Teresa made no objection to this. She had some pride, much more than most people in her station, and she had thought of this in the last days in the hospital. She knew that Dan had paid a month's rent for the room, and she thought that he, too, must be bitter poor to live in Mulberry Bend. But her pride had to give way. In all the city there was not man or woman beholden to her by tie of deed or blood she could call upon for help, for car-fare to her baby's side!

There were benevolent societies, to be sure, she had heard of them, and knew of girls who had been helped by them, but was there one to offer her shelter with her baby? She knew of none, and if she inquired there was danger that the Society, the dreaded one, would find out Carminella. Maggie had shown her, she had to at last, the letter from Ettore. Teresa read it, sobbed, cursed, and prayed a little, and then said she would become Dan's debtor, and repay him when she went back to work, and that would surely be soon.

It was a bright morning when they reached the Bend, and Teresa smiled with delight at the familiar sights

and sounds. She had never been there before, but she knew streets in her native city so like this it seemed as if she were at home again. The market stalls and stands and wagons were loaded with just the same heaps of brilliantly colored wares; the women bartering and laughing were dressed the same; the men, hawking their fruit, vegetables, and fish, spoke the language she knew, and turned and smiled as she recognized their cries as something familiar; there was the same amazing number of children—none so beautiful as Carminnella—and the bright sun shone on the same frank confusion of all-prevailing dirt.

When they reached the court Maggie called on Teresa to look up, and at an open window she saw a fair-haired youngster, laughing roguishly, holding in his arms the dark and beautiful Carminella.

CHAPTER III.

AN ARISTOCRAT OF MULBERRY BEND.

DAN LYON was an aristocrat of the Bend. A true aristocrat: he knew and valued his position, but never made it objectionably prominent before his inferiors. There were various things which aided in establishing this aristocracy, and, as is sometimes the case with other aristocrats in other stations in life, he was proudest of the one thing which in the estimation of his neighbors seemed more a matter of curiosity than pride: he was a native-born American. There were records to prove this, and Dan had them to show if the matter was ever questioned. A few months after the arrival of his father and mother from Ireland on a packet-ship, Dan was born, not far from Hanover Square, and now, fifty years afterward, he was employed as janitor of the Niantic Building on Exchange Place, not many blocks from where he was born.

This, I say, was to his neighbors more a matter of curiosity than pride. That one should have been born in the country and have had fifty years to work out of the tenements, was curious enough, but not unparalleled; that he could leave the district, that is, was in worldly circumstances to do so, and did not, was passing strange, and suggests the real reason the Bend took much pride in Dan: he did not labor, as labor is known there, for his daily bread; and that established his aristocracy. Had not Dominico Cortese visited Dan in the

Niantic Building on matters relating to their common interest, and reported to all who would listen that Dan actually had an office with the name, "Janitor," painted on the door! and men and women under his command, who did the actual labor required about the building to keep it in order and repair, to keep it clean, warm in winter, cool in summer, free from beggars and pedlers, and make it all that a dignified and quiet old office building should be?

So Dominico reported, and so it became known, that Dan did no manual labor, yet was paid wages beyond the dreams of avarice; and that was what, in his neighbors' estimation, made him an aristocrat; not the mere accident of birth on which he prided himself so.

There was much discussion in the Bend, especially in the tenement in which Dan lived, and the tenement front and back of it, and on each side of it, as to what wages Dan really was paid. The guesses varied wildly, running from forty to seventy-five dollars a month, but Dan never enlightened the curious. It was more than enough, over and over again, to pay what it cost him to live, and Tom, too, his ten-year-old son; and that of course gave wondrous incentive to the flights of imagination regarding the subject. He had money in the bank, that was guessed by all, and known positively to more than a score of his neighbors, whose banker he was, Dominico Cortese among the number.

It seems almost unfair not to let Dan abide with you in the more or less romantic vagueness in which he was viewed by his neighbors, rather than tell the prosaic and practical reason why he remained in the Bend. When, something over twenty years before we first knew him, Dan had married and gone to live in Mulberry Bend, he was employed as a laborer in the Niantic



DAN LYON.

"A true aristocrat: he knew and valued his position."—Page 28.

Building on Exchange Place, which is between Broad and William Streets, as you may know.

It was some time before his only son Tom was born that he became janitor, and which of the two, his place or his son, he was proudest of, Mrs. Dan said she never could tell. Nearly ten years before we first met him, when Tom was a baby, Mrs. Dan died, and it was about that time many of his neighbors, Irish and Irish Americans, moved away from the neighborhood up to the Fortieth Streets on the west side. Dan would have gone too, but he was a follower, politically, of Charles Dean, and thereby earned some addition to his income. Dan was something more than a conservative in all matters relating to finances. He had been brought up from a boy in an atmosphere of financial and commercial conservatism. In the Niantic Building there were no tenants who speculated, who promoted, who adopted new methods for old; who even so much as advanced a junior to be a senior clerk, until after much serious consideration of the matter in all its possible bearings. So when Dan considered the question of moving up-town to the west side, he asked himself what would be his chances of becoming a lieutenant there of a political leader on whose staff he would fare as well as he did under Mr. Dean. The latter really settled the matter by suggesting to Dan that he could extend his usefulness, in spite of the exodus of the Irish, by helping to look out for the Italian vote, a new and important commodity coming rapidly into the market. So Dan and Tom and a foster-son of Dan's, William, ten years Tom's senior, remained in the Bend, and there Dan established relations of such a friendly and trusting character with the Italians that he was able to be of much service to Mr. Dean in a manner that gentle-

man never failed to recognize. Dan hired the daughter of an Italian tenant to "mind" motherless baby Tom during working hours until Tom was four years old, at which age he went to a mission school, and began at that same discreet age to otherwise "mind" himself; early displaying a strength and independence of character which in later years made him—well, at any rate, it made him our hero.

Dan's foster-son Bill was not, as some of the neighbors thought, a son of his wife, but of her first husband by another wife. Dan had tried to do well by Bill, although he knew that the boy's father had been addicted to the habit of beating the late Mrs. Lyon; but the boy broke away from the restraint of both school and home at an early age, and passed youthful years of joyous, if sometimes rough, and always checkered, independence, in City Hall Square and on Newspaper Row.

When Carminella was taken to Dan's room Bill was twenty years old. His bed was always made up and waiting for him in the room where Tom's cot was, but he seldom occupied it. That was Dan's cross. When Bill worked it was as a barkeeper in a Bowery saloon, and he objected, he said, to living in the Bend. If his foster-father thought it good enough for himself and Tom, to live in the poorest tenement district in the city, that was Dan's affair. It was not good enough for a barkeeper and a gentleman, and he was ashamed for Dan that he thought it befitted him. That was the way Bill talked when he had employment; but when he had none he came home, delighting Dan's heart, and borrowed money and permitted Dan to show him off to the neighbors, for he was a handsome fellow, looking five years older than he was, and had the manners of a gentleman, all agreed; as, indeed, one should who earned



BILL.

"And had the manners of a gentleman."—Page 32.

A black and white photograph of a large, rectangular, light-colored object, possibly a piece of equipment or a container, with a dark, circular feature on its front face. The object is positioned in the center of the frame, and its surface appears slightly textured. The background is dark and indistinct.

a living by means only a little removed from elegant leisure, for so the occupation of attending the bar in a glittering drinking-palace was regarded by the pedlars, rag-pickers, street-sweepers, and even the fruit and fish vendors who belonged to Dominico's class.

Dan hired and furnished three rooms in his tenement, and that also not only elevated him in the estimation of his neighbors, who were often compelled to consider one room for four persons sufficient living accommodation, but it added to the air of mystery which surrounded him. A sleeping-room for the boys, a sitting-room in which was Dan's bed, and a third room for kitchen and dining-room, each with whole and sound furniture, seemed to Dan's fellow-tenants evidence of wealth and luxurious taste. Dominico, who had a single room on the opposite side of the hall on the same floor, was Dan's chief lieutenant in his political affairs.

Dan picked out Dominico as an aid at first because he could speak English, and found that he had made a wise selection on other grounds, for Dominico was a good-natured young fellow and popular with his countrymen. He was educated, too, for he could not only read and write Italian after a cumbersome fashion, but could read English print, and was making some progress in writing English, under Tom's instructions. It did not seem that such higher education could benefit a man who peddled fruit from a cart he pushed about the streets, but Dominico found that it did. He could make quicker and better trades with the fruit commission merchants, down Washington Market way, and this induced other and less educated pedlars to pay him a small commission to do their buying, and as Dominico was as saving as any of his class, it came about that he had the necessary capital for a bold and

magnificent business venture which Dan suggested to him only a year before Teresa met with the accident at the Arcady Theatre.

Charles Dean, Dan's political chieftain and patron, was the owner of the Tivoli Theatre in the Bowery. If you have ever been there, you know that to the right of the main entrance is a recess made by the closing of another entrance which formerly led to Mr. Dean's private office, and on the left a corresponding entrance which leads to the saloon over which is Mr. Dean's name. The street entrance to the office had been closed because people so often mistook it for the entrance to the theatre, and men who called on Mr. Dean generally had important and confidential business which should not be interrupted; so a less conspicuous entrance was made from the lobby of the theatre. This left a recess, a waste space, twelve feet wide, and about half as deep, opening on the sidewalk, which Dan's practical eye observed just at a time when he was casting about in his mind for some manner of compensating Dominico for his valuable assistance in training the Italian hand in the way it should vote.

He spoke to Mr. Dean, the source of all power and benefits, and that night waited for Dominico, eager to tell him that if he had the enterprise for the scheme (Dan was his banker and knew he had the capital), he could at once become a merchant; could leave his life of peddling, and go into business at a permanent fruit-stand in front of the Tivoli. Dominico could not comprehend it all at once. He walked up the Bowery with Dan and they measured off the space, took note of all the surroundings, observed that the light in front of the theatre would save the expense of specially lighting the stand, and Dominico remarked with excitement the

number of people who went into the theatre carrying bags of fruit and nuts. They called on Mr. Dean, whom Dominico had never seen, and the Italian blushed and stammered with pride and delight when the great man shook hands with him and said, in a perfectly friendly manner: "Dan tells me, Minico, you've quite an idea of doing politics. You'll lose nothing by it while you stick to me; no one ever did."

Dominico was so overcome by the great man's condescension that he forgot for some time to wonder why Mr. Dean had not worn a resplendent uniform. He had always pictured him in his mind in that garb. Mr. Dean told him he could use the space if he would build a booth that would not deface the front of the building, and added "whatever Dan says about the rent will be all right."

Dan, who would have been a great politician if he had not been such a conservative, told Dominico: "The rent will be all right, Minico, if we carry our ward for Mr. Dean's delegates to the County Convention."

Heaven forfend that I should let a line of politics creep into this history, but I cannot refrain from recording that by an unexpectedly heavy Italian vote Dan's ward secured for Mr. Dean a solid District Delegation in the County Convention, which enabled Mr. Dean to name the Delegates to the State Convention from his District, who, voting solidly under his direction, turned the scales in favor of the man who was nominated for Governor—and elected; and who probably never happened to meet Dominico Cortese, fruit pedler.

CHAPTER IV.

A NOTABLE CONCESSION TO CUPID.

So it came to pass when Maggie Lyon half carried Teresa up the three flights of tenement stairs and led her to the room where Tom was with Carminella, and Teresa fell on her knees, sobbing and praying, and kissing the baby, and Maggie took Tom away, there were two aristocrats on that floor, for Dominico now shared that distinction with Dan, and both aristocrats were slaves of the beautiful little daughter of the tenement, Carminella. When Teresa could stop crying for the joy of holding her baby in her arms again, she saw that the room she was in was furnished with all of her belongings, her bed, her scant furniture and trunk, the baby's crib, and their few clothes. Her room fronted on the court, and as Dominico had the only other room on that side of the hall, these, with Dan's three, were all the rooms on that floor of the narrow and shallow tenement. "So you see, Teresa," said Maggie, when she went back to her after Teresa had become quiet, "it's not so bad. Uncle Dan has his rooms taken care of every day, and swept once a week, and he makes Dominico do the same with his, and there's plenty of girls in our business who live in no better quarters, if they are in a better part of the city." She added with a laugh, "It's a mighty sight better than I had when I lived on Cherry Hill."

"And better than I ever had before I came to this country," said Teresa.

"Until you go back to work again you can take care of the rooms. The woman who lived here and did that has gone away, and you can eat with Uncle Dan, who'll be glad enough to have some one around, because it will help keep Tom off the street at night, which is the dread of Uncle Dan's life, so it's not so bad, is it?"

Teresa kissed the handsome, big-hearted Irish girl, but did not make any other answer, for she was crying again. Then Tom came in, and the baby set up a shout of laughter, for she and Tom were already tremendous friends. That was the way Dan found them when he came up, pretending it was for his lunch, although it was really to see if Carminella's mother had arrived all right; and the women cooked him such a meal he declared that if he were not an oldster he'd be thinking of giving Tom a new mother, and keep Teresa there altogether.

"But she has a man already," laughed Maggie, "and you're not to marry again, Uncle Dan, until after I get what's coming to me from your will."

"And I'd make a sorry husband when you're reading my will, Maggie," said Dan, and then asked seriously: "Are you hearing anything from your man, Teresa?"

She had heard nothing. Maggie said the orchestra leader had heard he had gone west, and added a fervent wish that bad luck would go with him. But she did not add that, good or bad luck, a chorus girl had gone with him, although she and all the people in the company knew such was the fact.

That night, when Carminella had been put to bed, Teresa went to Dan's room, where he wanted to show her Tom's drawings. Dan was immensely proud of

this accomplishment of the boy's, and wanted Teresa's opinion about sending him to a night-school where drawing was taught.

"He has great learning already," said Dan proudly, "and he's not to go to work until he's fourteen, though what there can be to teach him for four years more I can't understand, unless it is some fancy dido like this drawing; they do say if you get to be a boss at that there's great wages in it."

Tom brought out his drawings, which were on cards and half pages of office writing-paper, and a curious assortment of waste sheets Dan picked up from the floors of the offices in the Niantic Building, after the offices were closed for the day and before the sweepers went to work. Teresa looked over the crude, untaught sketches with wonder. She recognized a glimpse of the street, a scene in the court, and a dozen heads of Carminella. Tom blushed and was mighty proud of that. Teresa told him that she had seen the work of great masters in Italian cities where she lived as a girl before she came to this country, and said his pictures of Carminella were as like her as the pictures by the great were like the people they painted. You see, Teresa was not an artist, except in the way of being agreeable when she wanted to be, so there was an excuse for her ignorant slander of the great.

"It's what Minico is always saying!" exclaimed Dan. "He is saying that if Tom could be apprenticed, like, to a boss at this job, he'd be making more money than any of us. There's a fine night-school up at Cooper Institute, just at the head of the Bowery, where they teach this drawing, and I'll be thinking of sending the boy there when he's a little older."

"If it's like dancing he can't begin too little," Te-

resa said, in her slow, cautious English. "I'll begin to teach Carminella dancing when she's three. I wish they'd begun with me then. You can't learn to do the best if you begin bigger."

They sat about Dan's lamp talking, Tom trying with eager diligence to draw Teresa's face, until Dominico was heard coming heavily up the stairs. Dan called him. The Italian looked into the room, saw Teresa, slammed the door, and they heard him hurry to his room.

"What's happened the man, I wonder?" said Dan.

What happened to Dominico was that, seeing Teresa, he went to his room, lit a candle, and shaved off a two days' growth of beard, thick as plush, and then, after scrubbing his reddened face until it seemed ready to bleed, and putting a bright red and yellow silk scarf into the collar of his blue flannel shirt, he returned and made an awkward bow to his countrywoman. He spoke to her in Italian, and she answered in English.

"That's right, girl!" exclaimed Dan, "make him talk American. Sure the man's a citizen and a merchant, and he talks like one of us natives when he ain't excited."

Tom was sent to bed so that Dominico might have a chair, and Dan asked the merchant about his business. There was trouble, Dominico said. He was at his business from six in the morning until midnight, except at dinner time, when he left the stand in charge of a pedler he paid to relieve him. He believed the pedler was the greatest thief outside the Tombs, and that was discouraging in general, and in particular, because, if he had some one he could trust to relieve him, not only at meal times, but at the dull hours of the day when he could sleep, he would keep the stand open all night

in pleasant weather. There was a good all-night trade on the Bowery, and he felt he was losing the chance of his life not to take advantage of it. He called upon Madonna to tell him why all pedlers he could hire were cheats and thieves and robbers, in addition to being pigs.

Dominico talked so fast and in such indifferent English, Teresa could not understand all he said. She was accustomed to the more precise speech and clearer enunciation of the stage, as you could easily guess if you heard her English, but she had understood enough to know that Dominico wanted to employ help he could trust. She had in sight an income of only a dollar and a half a week for taking care of the rooms on the floor. That would only pay for her room, and Carminella must have clothes and delicate things to eat which Dan's larder did not afford. The next day she went to Dan and asked if she could not help Dominico. Dan said he would think about it. He never decided weighty matters of business off-hand. He did think about it and talked to Dominico. The Italian said it would be just the thing. He could trust her: he knew that, he said, the minute he saw her; and a handsome woman would attract customers, for did not the wife of Riccodonna sell more fruit at their stand near Dominico's in six hours, than her husband sold in eighteen? and while she was pretty, as the women of the Bend went, Madonna knew she weighed surely three hundred pounds, and was a hag in comparison with Teresa; besides which, Riccodonna sold second-grade fruit and was no better than a bandit. Dominico's enthusiasm suddenly abated when Dan mentioned the subject of wages. He could give Teresa two dollars a week, he thought, and Dan thought he could give her five: two for her services, three for her beauty.



RICCODONNA.

"Sold second-grade fruit, and was no better than a bandit."—Page 40.

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They compromised on four dollars a week, if, as Dominico had incautiously suggested, Teresa not only enabled him to keep the stand open more hours, but attracted customers from Riccodonna. Within a week after she first came to the Bend Teresa went to the stand in front of the Tivoli to learn the mysteries of the retail fruit business. She went at hours when Tom was at home to look after Carminella, and in two weeks Dominico was serenely sleeping during those hours. Then the stand was kept open by him all night, and he actually began dreaming of having a real store of his own, so much did his trade improve.

But there was something else he dreamed about, waking and sleeping, and that was Teresa, his handsome countrywoman. He did not sigh and keep these dreams to himself. Dominico was young, good-looking and successful. He knew that there was not a maid of Mulberry Bend he could not have for the asking, but he had not cared to ask. His best quality was his proper appreciation of his own merits, and until he saw Teresa he had not met any woman, he frankly stated, deserving of him.

He told all this and much more to Teresa, nor was he discouraged when she urged the impediment of a presumably living husband. There is a thing known in Mulberry Bend, yes, and in other parts of the city, as "common-law marriage." Dominico was a trifle vague in his understanding of what kind of law common law was, but he knew it was binding in the affair of matrimony. How the existence of another husband would complicate the situation he did not know, but he would consult Dan, who knew everything. Dan, of course, took the subject under advisement, and he first went to see Maggie about Teresa's mar-

riage, and was assured by her that it had been proper and ceremonial, with priest and ring. When the situation was explained to Maggie, she confided to her uncle that there would be no trouble, if Teresa wanted her liberty. There were members of the company who had knowledge of Ettore, Teresa's husband, relating to the chorus girl who had disappeared when Ettore did, which would warrant a Court in giving her her freedom.

Six months later Teresa was divorced. Dan arranged the marriage settlement. He did more; for it was his advice which finally induced Teresa to accept Dominico. He told her that her lover was destined for great things. He already had five hundred dollars to his credit in Dan's bank-account. He was industrious, sober, and strong. Her marriage with him would insure Carminella proper care and education. Minico would make any reasonable provision which Teresa demanded for her daughter's future.

Teresa seemed unreasonable in her demands. She insisted that if she married they should not live in less than two rooms, one of which should be Carminella's; that they should not have lodgers; that Carminella should be kept in school until she was fourteen years of age; and that each week until she left school, Dominico should put one dollar in a savings bank for Carminella.

When Dan submitted these conditions to Dominico the Italian called upon Santa Maria to say if he were a millionaire, and if he had not always sold the first grade of fruit when his competitors sold second grade at the same price! Had Teresa been reared in the lap of luxury all her life that she should demand such conditions; or had she worked hard for a living and been

deserted by one husband? And had not he, Dominico Cortese, paid the cost of her divorce? Gesu!

But Teresa was obstinate, and Dominico was in love, and so they were married. It was a civil marriage, for Teresa divorced could not be married by a priest. "But we'll have the priest," said Dan, "when your first man is dead; and they do say the West is a terrible place for killing people, and that's where Ettore is now."

To tell the truth, and in this instance I tell it with pleasure, Teresa was nearly in love with Dominico. He belonged to her class, which Ettore did not; he was fond of Carminella, and Ettore had hated the baby; he had employed her where otherwise she must have begged; and he was an honest and kind-hearted fellow, whereas Ettore!—But above and beyond all other things, Carminella had been provided for until she could provide for herself. Teresa had a secret plan for the child which she hoped this marriage would permit her to carry out. At fourteen she could be sent to Italy to study with the money which would then be hers, and taught to be a great dancer. Perhaps she would have a voice—Ettore had a fine one—and would become a great singer.

And there, with my story just begun, I have married Teresa twice, and, do the best I can for her, I fear it looks as if her second marriage, as much—or nearly as much—as her first, was actuated by worldly pride and ambition. I really did think, before I learned her story, that one could have done with the vanities of the world by going into the slums, but there, too, it appears, are both false pride and mere worldly striving, both of which I condemn and despise. Honest, simple worth for me. The poor should always be lowly, for

where can you find anything more compelling of admiration than among the lowly poor? Let those who will find aught to admire among the rich and proud. By the way, we jump twelve years in the next chapter, and some chapters later meet people of wealth and position. Not comparative, but actual great wealth, I'll have you understand, sir, and position than which there is none higher, finer, or more enviable in the city, madam!

CHAPTER V.

A DANCER'S GIRL, A JANITOR'S BOY.

TWELVE years! Really it is not such an age of time if you look at it from a certain view-point, and are lucky enough to have that view-point to look from. There is Jack Daring, if you please, who walks over exactly the same miles, yards, and feet of Fifth Avenue sidewalk to-day that he did twelve years ago, every day he is in town; rides over exactly the same number of miles of road daily when he is in the country; takes exactly the same number of cocktails before dinner and the same number of glasses of whiskey and water after dinner, for he is a conservative in the matter of changing the quantity of his stimulant; goes to the opera with Mrs. Jack the same number of subscription nights; and can recall but two events which fix certain of those passing twelve years. Six years ago (Jack can give you the day and month), he beat Colonel Bob Billings six straight games of pool, which never happened before or since; and four years ago his butler died of a stroke of apoplexy. Jack has not had one since who could mix a cocktail fit for a gentleman to drink, and therefore Jack remembers the year in which the man was so thoughtless as to die.

But on the other hand, to Tom Lyon, twelve years since we saw him last had brought experiences beyond his wildest imaginings: had been a whole lifetime to him; had unfolded new and undreamt-of worlds. He

✓ lived yet in the only rooms he had ever known as home, in the same back tenement in Mulberry Bend; and although he chafed at times over that, he had agreed with his father to stay there until the block should be converted into a park, and the city had already begun proceedings to that end. "Then," said Dan, "we'll have a home of our own, where you can bring your fine friends," and more than this Dan would not say, although whenever he made the remark he showed plainly that he could speak volumes more on the subject if he would.

Tom had remained in the public schools, as the methodical Dan had planned, until he was fourteen years old. A teacher of drawing came to the school the last two years. The teacher was not a very good artist, in fact he was a very poor one, but he was befriended by a great man who had influence with a small politician who was acquainted with a school commissioner who had the appointment to make, and with whom he divided the money the great man paid to have the artist provided for. Once a week the artist went to Tom's school for an hour, and the scholars devoted that hour to skylarking, until the drawing-master, who was simple and conscientious, arranged to take the few scholars who showed any evidence of aptitude with their pencils, into a separate class-room. Then Tom made progress, such marked progress, that the master one day gave him a letter to his father advising that Tom be sent to the night art-class at Cooper Union.

When Tom was fourteen he went into Mr. Dean's service as an office boy, but in two years was employed as call boy on the stage of the Tivoli Theatre. When he was eighteen he was assisting the scene painter, and then he went to his father and told him he was going

to use part of his wages to enter the Life Class in the Art Students' League. He had submitted a drawing to the League and found that he could enter the class, and his mind was made up.

Dan pretended to "take the matter under consideration," as was his wont, but he saw that he had to agree. He was proud of Tom, who was a stalwart, handsome boy, was proud of his behavior, his good morals, his honesty about his wages, and was fearful with a fear that he never expressed, but which sometimes made him start from his sleep at night in terror, that Tom would break away from his home restraint and good habits, and become like Bill, a wayward outcast. Dan had some appreciation, too, of the fact that Tom's love of art and devotion to its study were in a way an expression of the things in his nature or temperament which had saved him. The old man was close with the boy in money matters. From the first he had insisted upon having all his wages, but he made him a weekly allowance, raised from time to time as Tom developed his one extravagance, a love of fine clothes—sinfully fine, Dan thought, for a boy in his position. So the allowance was increased again for the moderate expenses at the Art Students' League, and Tom began his morning trips to the League class-rooms, but performed all of his duties on the paint-bridge of the Tivoli, too. He grew thin and peaked with his long, hard study and work. It was Teresa who noticed this first, but Tom only laughed when his father told him what Teresa had said about it. The fever of his art burned in him, and ambition was born. Sometimes, when he took beautiful fourteen-year old Carminella to the free galleries to see the exhibitions, or to the Museum in Central Park on free days, he would tell her what he knew

of the great masters whose work they saw, and when she would say, "You will be great like them too, some day, Tom," he would set his teeth and lips as if to lock his speech, but then pour out to the half-comprehending child the strength of his hope and ambitions, and laugh for pure joy of expression.

Carminella never told at home of these confidences. She had some comprehension of a difference between Tom and the other people of the Bend. His study and working hours, especially his association with the pupils and masters of the Art School, were refining him, and had a supple nature to influence. In their youthful excursions together to the city art galleries and parks, where their pleasure was on a plane far above the hard material conditions of their home surroundings, Carminella grew to mentally group Tom with the other gentler people she had known—the women who came to teach in the mission schools where her own character had been moulded during these twelve years.

When Carminella was four years old Teresa had taken her to a charity school near the Bend. Teresa anxiously studied the refined face of the woman she met there and talked with about Carminella. She should bring the child every morning and call for her every evening, she said. The child should never be alone, never go or come without her. Would she be taken care of and taught? The lady had Carminella on her knees and was wondering at her great beauty, and wondering, too, in a practical way, at her whole and wholesome clothing, and at the precise, slow English speech of the mother. "Would the child be under the care of a lady; hear a lady's language?" Teresa asked.

"Just now she will be under my care, and always in

the charge of some Daughter, as we call ourselves," the lady answered, smiling.

Teresa started to go, then turned, bent over the lady's hand, kissed it, and sobbed, "God will bless you if you will be good to my baby. I want her to be good. Good! Do you know?"

"I think I know. We are here to make good men and women by teaching the children what goodness is," the Daughter said, simply.

To that, and to other mission schools Carminella went until she was fourteen; never without Teresa or Tom in going and returning. When she was not in school Teresa watched Carminella hourly. On holidays, Teresa took the girl with her to the stand, and Carminella, with book or sewing, sat by her mother's side in the recess at the back of the stand, or helped her when customers were plenty.

One thing Teresa herself taught her, to dance. Patiently, laboriously, tirelessly, with infinite care, the woman who could dance no more, for that slight lameness had never entirely disappeared, trained the child's muscles, bones, flesh, blood, almost, so that she could dance. In all of the mere physical accomplishments of a great première danseuse Carminella excelled at fourteen. All that she lacked was broad practice. It was as if one had been drilled for years in piano playing and confined to technical skill and rapid reading in difficult exercises, and had never played, or been shown, an imaginative composition.

Teresa wanted to send her to Professor Polli, who had become a famous ballet-master, but to this Dominico would not agree. He could not spare the money it would cost. Times had not always been prosperous at the fruit-stand. The despised Ricco-

donna and other equally despised keepers of neighboring stands had made competition sharp, and they undersold Dominico. Then Dominico tried their trade trick of dealing in second-grade fruit, and nearly went insane when he lost much of his custom thereby. The monstrous Riccodonna heard of this and improved the quality of his stock just as Dominico lowered his, and, as with rage and despair Dominico saw customers he had had for years buying of his hated rival, he grew gray and wrinkled. There were other troubles that unhappy Italian had; Teresa always insisted on the two rooms, and when he urged that to mitigate the direful state of finances brought about by his extravagance in rooms, and Riccodonna's monstrous trade tricks, they might at least take in three or four lodgers, who could easily be accommodated in one room, Teresa took Carminella in her arms and fled to Dan's room, and it required all of Dan's diplomacy to bring about a reconciliation.

"You made a contract, my man," Dan said to the distressed and weeping Dominico, "and you got a good woman by it."

"But is Carminella a princess that she is not to live in rooms with lodgers, and is not to work until she is fourteen?" exclaimed Dominico.

"It's against the factory laws for the children to work before they are fourteen," replied Dan, who was not only wise in the laws for the poor, but a staunch upholder of them.

"What is the law?" wailed Dominico. "There is Riccodonna, a pig and thief, who has two children, ten and twelve years old, and they make together two dollars a week. It is so that he puts in the bank a hundred dollars a year from their earnings."



DOMINICO.

“But is Carminella a princess?”—Page 50.

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"But he must have the certificate that they are over fourteen," said Dan, in surprise.

"The certificate!" exclaimed Dominico, in disdain. "You know how to keep the laws, not how to get around them. There is the notario publico in the saloon across the street who gives all who want such certificates for twenty-five cents each."

This was true enough, and it was true that Dan did not know of it, for he had never sought means to evade any law. When he found out that Dominico was right, and had the commission of the complaisant notary public revoked, he was cursed for a meddling aristocrat—and a rival notary over on East Broadway profited much.

So Dominico let Carminella remain in school the agreed time and did not take lodgers, but he would not pay for instructions under Professor Polli, because that was not in the contract.

Teresa had long ago abandoned her hope of sending Carminella to Italy. That dream vanished when she found that the dollar a week Dominico gave her for Carminella would not stay in the bank, hard as she strove to keep it there. Not a penny of it was ever used for herself, but Carminella had to have comfortable and respectable clothes, and books, and the allowance did little more than satisfy Teresa's pride for Carminella in these respects.

During the last two years of her school life, Carminella had been something like a special pupil of the mission teachers. She was older than the other scholars, more intelligent, more companionable, because of her mind and body untainted by the slums; and her beauty won the heart of every woman who went among the tenement schools doing Christ's work. In the last six months she had really aided the latest

recruit who had come from that mysterious other world of homes, to brighten and better this world of tenements.

"I am sure I could not teach you anything," the stranger had said to Carminella, "you must be so much wiser in these matters than I ever hope to be; I will be the pupil, or at best your assistant." Those last six months were happy days for Carminella. Her teacher then was Miss Eleanor Hazelhurst, who, as everybody knows who is familiar with the directory of the old families on Washington Square, is the younger of the two daughters of Dr. Hazelhurst ("Doctor" not in medicine, but in nearly every other science and art whose degrees are in the gift of the Universities of America and Europe), who married into conjugal bliss, a Washington Square home, a comfortable fortune, and leisure to pursue his studies in "Egyptology antedating Rameses I." Although you are to be formally presented to the learned doctor and his charming family under polite circumstances (and I for one wish this story would promptly reach those same polite circumstances; for it begins to appear that the poor are with us not only always, but allwheres!), I feel that a word about Eleanor Hazelhurst should be inserted here the better to understand the personal influence which, more than any other, affected Carminella's character. Eleanor was only twenty-one years old when she first appeared, one morning, as a teacher in the mission-school class Carminella attended. She was the youngest of any of the teachers Carminella had ever known, and more beautiful than the child thought a woman could be. The Italian girl's ideas about the young teacher's beauty were undoubtedly affected by Eleanor's character, which, indeed, was beautiful, and, as I have ex-

plained, her friendly attitude toward Carminella. She imparted to the Italian child's responsive, emotional nature something of her own simplicity and high-mindedness. As Teresa had taught Carminella to stand erect and yet at ease, to walk with grace and buoyancy, to move all her muscles with decision and fearlessness, yet with a reserve of force which could check, extend, make slow or quick, suave or elastic, and in all ways instantly control physical action, so Eleanor's example and teaching affected the girl's mind and spirit. Perhaps I should have said her teaching by example, for Eleanor had had no training in the fine art of imparting knowledge. She had taken up this work because of an interest excited in tenement mission-work by stories told by a young newspaper man named Philip Peyton.

"But my dear Helen," exclaimed her sister Minnie, the worldly, "that's no reason why you should go into the slums any more than I should, or papa or mamma. He tells the stories to us all. It comes of Phil Peyton pretending to be a newspaper man, and learning all sorts of ridiculous things about parts of the city which never bothered us until we came to know about them. I think it's absurd to want to know about a thing which you know perfectly well is going to make you unhappy when you know it. If I were papa I should forbid you."

The smile with which Eleanor received this last denoted exactly how much danger there was from paternal injunction.

Mrs. Hazelhurst said (this was at dinner), with an air which seemed to hint, however, at parental interference, "All charity is lovely and sweet, of course, and I hope we shall always give in accordance with our

means; but there are numerous societies organized for the proper distribution of such gifts. It seems to me the danger of Eleanor's proposed undertaking is in the possible publicity. I'm sure, Doctor (raising her voice slightly), you would be distressed enough to have the name Hazelhurst spread out in all the papers with pictures of Eleanor in——"

This suggested a picture which was too much for the worldly one's sense of humor, and Minnie spoiled her mother's effect by interrupting gravely, "With pictures of Eleanor in bloomers, addressing a Salvation Army meeting at Five Points."

The doctor looked up and said placidly: "Well, well, I guess we are all distressing ourselves unnecessarily about this. There are societies to direct this work, to be sure, but they doubtless need field volunteers of a class which cannot be hired; so if baby wants to try the experiment it may be wisest for us not to discourage her."

Dr. Hazelhurst was engaged in researches wherein events most closely related by time were thousands, possibly tens of thousands of years apart, and it seemed absurd, something like a presumption, for the child who was a baby twenty years ago to be anything else now, and Eleanor was to him always "baby," Minnie "daughter," collectively "the children."

Eleanor had not entered into the discussion. It was a family trait that the one who purposed doing a thing should not discuss it, for the reason, perhaps, that no member of the family ever abandoned a purpose once announced. The others discussed it as they might the weather: with interest, but without hope of changing it. To soothe the family dread of "publicity,"

she agreed to be known in her work only as "Miss Helen."

Thus it came about that in the last part of the important twelve years, whose passing has been sketched in this chapter, Carminella came under the benign influence of Eleanor Hazelhurst.

CHAPTER VI.

ELEANOR'S GLIMPSE OF TENEMENT HADES.

CARMINELLA was a marvel to Eleanor Hazelhurst, and she had heard there were beautiful faces, and sometimes beautiful forms, to be seen among the young women or older girls in the slums. But here was this child in years, although nearly a woman in stature, who not only had a face so beautiful that it startled, and an erect, slight figure carried with grace, but who was gentle in manner and speech. She expressed this surprise to an associate in her work once. "Oh," replied the more experienced woman, "you have our prize product, our daughter of the tenements, as we call her. All her life nearly she has been associated with teachers in our schools, or similar ones, and we boast of her, and point her out to our patrons as an example of what we could make of children here if we had them under our influence long enough. But they are usually taken from us at six or eight years of age to help their fathers and mothers sewing at home for sweaters. Before children are Carminella's age they are usually employed in a factory with certificates that they are fourteen, and long before that our efforts to save them have been nullified by their home and shop surroundings. Her mother is a monomaniac, and her mania, happily, is the care and education of that girl. I wonder what her life is to be?"

After this, Eleanor made an equal and a companion

of Carminella in their school hours. Carminella planned, advised, and helped in the school work, and "Miss Helen" talked with her in their moments together as she would to an equal; gave her books to read which filled the child's mind with wonder and exaltation, and brightened her life until her candle-lit room in the dingy, crowded tenement was peopled with the world's greatest, real and ideal; moving in scenes which Carminella could not but think must be wholly ideal, so completely they satisfied her stirred and broadening imagination. While Eleanor was giving Carminella glimpses of what to the child of the tenements was almost a dream-life, Carminella in turn showed the woman to whom until now every refinement of luxury had been accepted as a matter of course, realities which were to her as new and startling phases of life as anything she had revealed or suggested to Carminella had been to the child.

Eleanor had assumed and performed her task as a teacher in the charity school for some months before she saw the inside of the homes from which her pupils came. One six-year-old Jewish child, a pinched and withered little girl, had been in her school several weeks. Eleanor had observed and wondered that under the influences of fresh air and sunlight, of freedom from care and toil, of friendly treatment, of the laughter and frolic of the games she constantly provided for the children, the worn look of an aged toiler had slipped from the child's face, and been replaced by a look of baby joy and happiness. But for several days this child had been absent from the school. Instead of making inquiries through an inspector employed for that purpose, Eleanor decided to go and see for herself what the home lives were which produced the start-

ling effects she saw in her pupils and sought to efface. In leaving her schoolroom one evening, the next day being a school holiday, she arranged with Carminella to meet her there in the morning, when Carminella should guide her to the home of the absent little Jewess. It was Eleanor's custom to drive as far down Broadway as Leonard Street, and leave her carriage at the side of the big white marble insurance building, to which place the carriage would return for her in the evening. On this morning, as there were to be no classes, she ordered the coachman to wait for her, and she walked as usual across the few blocks from Broadway where her quietly appointed equipage would be passed by endless throngs of people unremarked, into that other world where her liveried coachman and footman would have been assaulted on sight.

Carminella was waiting for her at the school, and they set out at once for the home of Lena, the absent one.

"It is in our block," said Carminella, "but it is on the Baxter Street side. It is a back tenement almost in a line with ours."

Perhaps with an unconscious intention to delay the revelation which she felt her companion did not foresee, and partly with a child's delight in showing off what to her were the attractions of her own side of the block, its brightness and gayety, Carminella led Eleanor up Park Street and turned into Mulberry Bend toward Bayard Street. That stretch of the Bend is one of the two places in New York City so affected by the adjacent conditions of living that the police there openly permit during certain hours of the day violations of the law concerning street obstructions. From seven until ten in the morning market stalls and booths are allowed to

obstruct the sidewalk. The space in the houses, even to the ground floors and the cellars, is so urgently demanded as living and work room that without this street market the swarming inhabitants would have no place to conduct their daily household trade.

Eleanor and Carminella moved slowly along the Bend, for the obstructions were too numerous and the crowds too dense to permit of more than a slow working forward. It was a bright, early spring day, and it seemed to Eleanor as if every man, woman, and child must have left the old rookeries on either side of the street to enjoy the sun and the gay companionship of the market-place. The gossip of the women, the strange cries of the vendors, the shouts of the children were all animated, light-hearted; the dress, even the rags of the poorest, were bright-colored, and the marvellous things they sold lent attractiveness to the scene; the glinting bronze of the open kegs of humble herrings, the scarlet of ropes of peppers, the green of barrels of olives; the gleaming white and purple of onions; the silver shining fresh fish heaped high in wagonloads; the cords of high-stacked monster loaves of bread in every shade of brown; the almost startling degree and variety of color in the open booths where women's shawls, children's stockings, and men's neckerchiefs were displayed and offered for sale by women who laughed as they bantered their neighbors—rubber-booted men from the fish-market docks counting out eels from barrels, or a gardener from Long Island with bushels of dull-tinted winter vegetables, or a fruit vendor with a load of his red and gold and purple commodities, gathered from across oceans and continents.

Many of the women and some of the men stopped

their barter and banter to good-naturedly hail Carmi-nella as she passed, and ask her in their own language if the Signorina with her was the teacher from the mission, and would she not like to replenish her wardrobe or her cupboard from their wares. Before they had walked ten yards Eleanor was conscious that she was the object of polite attention. Once a fish vendor left his wagon to light his pipe with a coal from the brazier on which some dish was cooking in front of an area-way bread-stall. As he stood, big, square-shouldered, and seemingly immovable, holding with his fingers a live coal to his pipe, he was so engrossed with his occupation, and perhaps with the pretty eyes of the bread vendor, that he did not hear the first shout for him to clear the way for Carminella and the lady. Then forty people, men, women, and children, shouted at him, and some of the objurgations must have been very emphatic, for he jumped, startled, to the curb, and there, as they passed he stood smiling apologetically, lifting his soft woollen cap from his curling black hair and bowing with an accompanying backward sweep of one rubber-booted leg.

In the course of human events, as they are directed and advanced by municipal energy, Mulberry Bend is to be converted into a park. For the sunlight and air so introduced into that neighborhood we shall all feel appropriately proud of our share in the achievement, yet I cannot but regret that even with all the deliberation our rulers may exercise in this matter, the transformation of the Bend into the park will have taken place before any American painter shall have found time from working up his "Naples sketches" and elaborating his "scenes from Cairo streets" into ambitious canvases, to step over into the Bend and preserve its



SWEATERS' FREIGHT.

"Hurried along, not speaking to those they passed."—Page 61.

distinctive color and action for those of us who care. He might even conceal his indiscretion by labelling his picture "Street Scene in an Italian Town," and sell it, i' faith!

As they turned down Bayard Street, and then into Baxter, Eleanor shivered as one who steps from sunlight into the silent, solemn shade of a vault. Every condition of life which could affect mind or body was reversed. The people, from the youngest to the oldest, were speechless and grave and hopeless-looking. Men staggered past, their bodies bent almost double under what seemed impossible loads of clothing they were carrying to and from the sweaters' and the workshop-homes; women carrying similar bundles on their heads, or perhaps a bundle of wood from some builder's waste, hurried along, not speaking to those they passed; none of the children seen was much more than a baby in years, and they were silent too, and had no games: they were in the street because while the sweaters' work went on there was no room for them in their homes. In the dress of none was any bright color seen, and the only sounds were the occasional cry of a hurt child, the snarling of the low-browed men who solicited trade for the clothing stores, quarrelling for the possession of a chance victim; and always, as the grinding ocean surf mutters an accompaniment to all other shore sounds—always, always, always!—was heard the whirring monotone of the sewing-machine.

Carminella, who was looking for a number, stopped before the entrance to a low, dark, tunnel-like passage-way, by the side of an equally low, dark and forbidding drinking-saloon.

"It is the back tenement of this number," said Carminella, and as she saw a slight, instinctive shrinking

in her companion she took her hand. They walked through the long entrance, which was damp with the chill dampness which even midsummer heat never wholly dispels. They came out into a small, narrow court roughly paved with stone and bricks and so overshadowed by tall buildings it was only a little less dark than the passage-way. An Italian had just brought into the court an enormous sack of waste paper, which his wife and three children were aiding him to assort.

"There are few of my people on this side of the block," said Carminella, as if she were sorry they had happened upon this group. "These have just come from Italy," she added, with a quick noting of their clothes, "and they will be on our side of the block as soon as some one dies there and makes room." Eleanor was looking at what seemed to be a low bank of refuse lying against the south wall of the court.

"Cannot we make some one at least take that away?" she said to Carminella. The child spoke to the man in Italian. The man grinned, and made a reply. Then Carminella said, "It is snow, Miss Helen. It must stay till it is melted. It takes a long time to warm these courts, and then to cool them." Carminella asked the woman if she knew in what rooms Lena's family lived: no, she did not know, she had only been there three weeks, and knew the name of no one in the tenement. Carminella stepped toward the open stairway, but Eleanor did not follow at once. She looked affrighted, and as Carminella returned to her, she heard her whisper: "God in heaven! Can nothing be done for such as these?" And then in a tenser whisper, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these—" Carminella interrupted her by laying a hand softly on her arm. "Wait," the child whispered, "wait till you

have seen the others. My people can smile. Did you not see these smile? The others never smile. They cannot."

This was the first actual glimpse Eleanor had ever caught of the picture which society, ever weaving pleasing harmonies in bright colors in the light, weaves in the dark on the reverse side of the social tapestry: but as yet merely the edge of the fabric had been turned for her inspection. Gathering herself with a start she followed Carminella into the entrance and up the stairway of the rear tenement. The effluvia from the reeking wooden stairs, the odor of cooking cabbage which came in clouds of steam from some of the open doors, the sense of what she had seen, the dawning suspicion of what she was to see, overcame her for a moment at the first landing. She clutched Carminella in the dark and gasped as though she were stifled. "It is silly, but I cannot go on now. How much further?"

They found their way at last and by a process of rejection, going one flight further when every tenant on a floor had professed ignorance of Lena.

At the rear of the fourth landing an open door led into a small room with two windows looking on a narrow court, little more than a passageway, facing some wooden sheds used to stable pedlers' horses. In this room, as in nearly every one they had passed, people were at work making clothing. Here there were four men, a woman, a girl of probably sixteen years of age, a boy younger than she, and two younger girls. The youngest of the girls was seated on the floor with disordered heaps of clothing all about her, pulling threads from finished garments the other workers tossed to her. Three men were running sewing-machines; the others were doing hand-sewing, or press-

ing, and the arms of all were black to the elbow from the dye of the coarse, cheap stuff they worked on. As Eleanor and her companion stopped at the open door all of the toilers looked up for one hasty glance, but without an instant's pause in their labor, all but the youngest child. It was Lena. She gave a little cry of recognition, and laid down her work as if to rise, but a scowl from one of the men, her father, caused her to continue her endless task. Lena could speak a little English, the two hundred words or so, of English, such as it is, which is the common language of all the children of the tenements, whatever may be the native tongue of their parents. Carminella knew this language and also knew a few words of the Hebrew jargon which was Lena's vernacular, and which she mixed with her street vocabulary. As Carminella stepped into the one little unoccupied space just inside the door, Eleanor leaned against the door frame, glad of that partial rest, for she was faint. Both the windows were closed, and on a little coal stove against the sides of which were propped a number of pressing irons, was a steaming kettle of cabbage. The men at work each wore above his trousers only a widely-gaping, sleeveless, cotton undershirt; the woman and the children, including the sixteen-year-old girl, were clothed above the waist in much the same fashion as the men. After the first short, suspicious scrutiny, none in the room except Lena showed any consciousness of the presence of the visitors. She, continuing her work with one hand, made an effort with the other to catch together at the throat the one garment over her shoulders, and she looked up at Carminella as if aware of the object of the visit, and ready to reply when she should be questioned. And when Carminella did question her, Lena explained



THE STRICKEN SLAVE.

"Staring at her with irrational eyes."—Page 65.

in language which was nearly as incomprehensible to Eleanor as it was to Lena's work-fellows, although they considered it English. She had been kept from school by her father and mother to do the work an eight-year-old sister had been doing until she was taken sick. When she was well Lena would return to school.

Lena did not explain that her father wanted her to stay in school until she could speak and read and write English so that she could communicate with the Christians who gave out work, and thus, perhaps, avert the calamity of idleness when the family could get no work from its own people.

Carminella translated what Lena said for Eleanor, who, when she heard of the sick eight-year-old, tried to peer into a dark inner room adjoining. "Ask her if her sister is in there or at the hospital, and what she is sick with," she said to Carminella. Lena explained again: her sister was sick of a fever; she did not know what fever. A woman in the tenement, whose husband was a rag-picker, had said she would tell him to stop where the doctors were and tell them of the sickness.

Lena's story was interrupted by a startled cry from Eleanor, who had seen in a corner of the room a stricken, fevered child's face rise slowly, staring at her with irrational eyes across a wall of unfinished work, built above a pile of finished clothing which made the child's sick-bed.

"It is the sick one," said Lena.

"Has she no bed?" exclaimed Eleanor. "Not even a cot in the other room?"

"No, the boarders"—Lena indicated the three men working by her father's side—"sleep in that room." The family, seven, all slept in the room in which they were working.

"Has the child no care, no nursing, no delicacies?" Eleanor asked.

Carminella could not make all of this understood by Lena. She said at last, however, that her, Lena's school-dress, had been pawned that morning, and with the money her father bought a quarter of a chicken in Hester Street, and it was now cooking in the pot with the cabbage. The others would have no chicken, they would have cabbage and black bread for dinner.

"Is it all you want to know?" whispered Carminella to Eleanor.

"No," said Eleanor, with tightly drawn lips, "I want to know all I can. I thought I knew something of this life; I know nothing. Ask her—ask her why, because her sister could not work, she could not go to school."

The sewing-machines clicked and whirred, the needles of the hand-sewers flashed in and out with the steady regularity of machinery, and all the toilers bent steadily, sombrely over their tasks as Lena, not neglecting her own work, however, again explained.

It was pitiful that she could explain, not so little, but so much as she did. This child—who in another condition of society would be treated as only emerging from babyhood, as just maturing at best into a mental capacity to be safely vexed with the mysteries of A, B, and C, with the sums of one and one, and two and two—told with a surprisingly flexible use of her frugal vocabulary (yet a vocabulary born of the necessity of understanding such matters, if nothing else, and God knows how seldom the understanding of anything else comes into their lives!), explained, I say, this six-year-old sweaters' slave, as her bare, thin, dye-blackened arms moved with sharp activity which never ceased from daylight until far into the night, when nature dragged

them, listless, to her side and her head sank in restless sleep on a pillow of her own work, while her elders yet toiled on—that, when they all worked, the family earned six dollars a week! Not every week: sometimes more, much more than that. But sometimes, also, the cutters who prepared their work for them in the big shops were out on strike, and they earned nothing; sometimes trade was dull, and they earned less than six dollars a week: sometimes, too, when ships brought to the city many loads of their people who had escaped from the other country, wages went down, as now, when for finishing “pants” they were paid but five cents a pair; for “knee-pants” forty-two cents a dozen; for covering wooden buttons, the children’s task when other work was light, four cents a gross. In good times and bad their wages came to six dollars a week at the end of the year, so she could not go to school when the fever took away one of the family from the work. When her sister was well she would be back in school, and then she would only have to work from daylight until school-time, and after school hours until dark.

“But it will be better than this, something must make it better than this,” interrupted Eleanor, with a sobbing break in her voice.

When Lena was made to understand the question she spoke to her father and translated his reply, given somberly as he worked, “Nothing would ever be better. The wages always went down. The rent never did.”

“Is there nothing to hope for then?” exclaimed Eleanor. Carminella tried, but tried in vain, to render this question to the little interpreter. Lena shook her head. She could not understand. The word hope was as foreign to her vocabulary as the thing it meant was to their lives.

Eleanor felt herself growing faint again, the air of the hot, close room was lifeless: the odors from the perspiring, unclean bodies of the workers, the coarse fumes from the boiling cabbage, the steam arising from the dampened shoddy under the hot iron of the presser, the indescribable scent from the fever-scorched, uncared-for patient, and the utter misery of it all made her weak and dizzy. She had just made a faint motion for Carminella to come away with her, when a health officer, of whose approach her ringing ears had taken no note, stood by her side at the door. He recognized her as a charity worker in the district in which his paid services were employed, and raised his hat respectfully as he said: "A case, supposed to be fever, has been reported from this apartment. Have you been investigating it?"

"I only learned of it by accident," Eleanor replied.

He noted her weak voice and swooning look, and promptly strode over the strewn confusion of garments to the windows and threw both of them open. The instant he entered the room the boy, probably ten years of age, and a girl a year his senior, cried, parrot-like, "Fourteen!"

"They are telling their age; they think he is a truant officer," Carminella whispered in explanation to Eleanor. "That is what they are all taught to say, so they will not be sent to school. It is the same in the shops, when the factory inspector comes."

Eleanor was not listening. She was eagerly watching the health officer, who had gone to the sick child, and was closely examining her. Then he went over to the door and said to Eleanor: "Do not be alarmed at what I say, but my duties require me to exercise some authority over your immediate movements. I happen to know who you are, and that Dr. Bailey is your fam-

ily physician. I was in his office as a student. You have been exposed here to typhus fever. You must go home at once and send for Dr. Bailey."

He stopped as if in conjecture. Eleanor looked as if she had not understood a word he had spoken.

"How will you reach your home?" he asked, and added, "you would expose others in a street car."

"My carriage is just at Broadway," she answered.

Again he paused, as if determining a plan, and then said rapidly: "I will go and bring your carriage as far as Centre Street. You will reach there no sooner than I do. You will drive then to your stables, not to your house. I will telephone to Dr. Bailey, who will meet you there."

He started to go, but turned to the workers and asked sharply, "Any one speak English here?"

"Me," Lena replied. No one else even looked up.

"None of this clothing must be taken out, and none of you must leave the room until I return. You understand?"

"Yes," said Lena.

Eleanor reached the carriage, nervous and distressed. The health officer mistook the cause of her agitation and began to reassure her as to the remoteness, in her case at least, of the danger from contagion.

"No, no, you do not understand," she cried impetuously. "I do not fear or care for myself, but I have exposed this child, Carminella, here. It is I who am to blame if anything happens to her. She must come with me."

The officer forbade this. Carminella was near her own home, where he could take immediate precautions for her. He would go with her himself to her home. For her to go with Miss Hazelhurst would be only

an additional possible danger to whoever attended them.

"Promise me then that Carminella shall have every attention from you Dr. Bailey will give me. There must be no question of expense," urged Eleanor.

"I promise you," he said.

Before the health officer had completed these promised arrangements for Carminella's safety, Lena's father had secured the aid of a tenant from another floor, who was soon staggering toward a clothing factory, bent beneath the mound of garments which had made the typhus-fever patient's bed; each garment to be offered for sale over some counter the next day; a bargain, verily, for a death-warrant would be included free with every garment!

CHAPTER VII.

THE CRIME IN THE NIAN TIC.

I'VE been wanting these many pages to get away from the tenements, and I feel much pride and satisfaction in the fact that now we are going on a visit to the Niantic Building. It has already been said, I think, that the Niantic is in Exchange Place between Broad and William streets, and that is enough for those who know. That locates it as one of the old-fashioned, five-story, granite office-buildings where commercial aristocracy transacts its business affairs in the same manner as when the tenants of the building lived on Barclay Street, or Park Place, or thereabouts, and took drives to the homes of that venturesome colony of other aristocrats, who had located out in the country, as far up-town as Washington Square.

Only one modern improvement had been made in the Niantic in the memory of man: an elevator, the smallest and slowest of its kind, had been selected after years of thought and consultation between the owner, the agent, and the janitor, Dan Lyon.

The offices in the Niantic are large, none of your modern cubby-holes chiefly occupied by steam heaters and various electrical contrivances. In these big offices there are open grates for fires, and when the head of an office wants any one in his employ he rings a hand-bell, which sooner or later brings a "junior clerk," who summons the person wanted. The business transacted

there seems principally to relate to "The Estate of," for old-fashioned Dutch names appear on nearly all the office doors, and generally under the name is the legend: "The Estate of."

There is one suite of offices occupied by the American agent of the Anglo-African Trading Co., and the secretary of the American Society for the Deportation of Escaped Slaves to the West Coast of Africa. The agent and the secretary are the same man, but his name does not appear. Perhaps because he is modest, but more likely because his predecessor did not have his name up. The reason for doing most things as they are done in the Niantic is that they were done so in the beginning.

There is a lawyer, and a very great one, in the Niantic who, influenced by the atmosphere of the building, declines to use the typewriter, and all his papers are copied by hand and by clerks who write with quill pens. Some other lawyers say that his handwriting and quill-pen scheme retains the Niantic lawyer a very desirable line of clients; so there may be something practical, after all, in being old-fashioned.

Once the agent of the building, a philistine with an office on Broadway, suggested to Dan that he and the elevator boy should wear uniforms as janitors and elevator conductors in all big buildings did, and Dan promptly threatened to resign his place. The owner heard of it, and sharply told the agent that Dan was not to be coerced in the matter of uniform or anything else.

"And I guess he was right," said the agent, good-naturedly, telling Dan about it afterward, "for I believe if you left us every tenant in the building would move out and we would have to put up a new building, for



MARK WATERS.

"His brow habitually wore a frown."—Page 73.



no one else would come in here and pay the rent these dear old fossils do."

Dan was dumb with amazement at this heinous libel on the Niantic tenants. Not till the agent had left did he make vocal his indignation, and then he said to Dick, the elevator conductor: "The Niantic has the finest lot of gentlemen in the city—barring one—and these patent, new, cubby-hole, up-in-the-sky buildings would be glad to have them. How would I look in buttons and gold lace; me, an American-born citizen? I'd be a disgrace to the Niantic."

Dick knew who Dan referred to when he "barred one" from his classification of the Niantic tenants as "the finest gentlemen in the city." On the fourth floor were two offices occupied by the latest tenant in the building, the only one to move in, in fact, during the past ten years. On one of the doors of these fourth-floor offices was a sign which read "Philip Ormsbee Peyton," and in smaller letters the words "Estate of," and lower down, at the bottom of the ground-glass panel, "Mark Waters." Waters was the only man in the building with whom Dan was not on friendly terms. The new tenant, who had been in the building two years, was a man about forty-five years of age, rather imposing in stature, with a fairly good face so long as you were not conscious of the coarse lips nearly concealed by a heavy, reddish moustache. His brow habitually wore a frown, which you might take to mean sullenness and suspicion, or studiousness and concentration of mind, as you disliked or liked him. Waters had a disagreeable scene with Dan when he first moved in, because Dan had entered Waters' private office, when he wanted to speak to him on business. Waters had sworn at him and threatened to have him discharged for daring to enter

his office unasked, although the door was open and Dan had business, but Dan's surprise and total freedom from alarm in receiving the threat had caused Waters to alter his manner. When the new tenant learned, as he soon did learn, that Dan was treated by the other tenants as an old and confidential personal employee, he endeavored to efface the first bad impression he had made. But Dan was proud, and was not without suspicions. He returned the modest check Waters gave him the first Christmas he was there, and thereafter spoke to him only when obliged by his own duties as janitor.

Late one warm spring afternoon—it was the first of May, indeed, and on the first of any month many people go to the Niantic Building to pay rents to the various “Estates of” Mr. Waters remained in his office until after the occupants of all the others had departed; had joined, as they went their various ways, the rivulets running toward the streams rushing toward the torrents pouring into the ferries, the elevated, and surface cars, and the out-of-town steamers, which every day drain the lower end of Manhattan Island of its sea of humanity the reservoir-like office buildings gather and store and discharge every day. And Lord! what is the use of it all?

Waters was in his private office, which, like his clerk's, had a door opening into the hall, and both doors as well as the windows were open, for the heat of the day had been excessive and was still radiating from the mountains of steel and granite near-by and keeping the air hot. Waters was looking at some papers which he had taken from a long, folding pocket-book, open on the desk before him, when his clerk timidly called him.

He started nervously, closed the pocket-book over the

papers and turned toward the door leading to the other room where his clerk stood.

"There are some letters to sign," the clerk said.

Waters rose and stood pressing a thumb on the pocket-book. "And I suppose you want to go," he said to the clerk gruffly.

"If I don't catch the six o'clock train I can't take one which stops at my station until seven," the clerk said apologetically.

"Yes, I've heard that a thousand times before. Bring the letters."

The clerk took a step toward him, when Waters, casting a glance at the papers open on the desk, walked hurriedly toward the clerk, and said: "I'll sign them at your desk."

At the very instant he left his office a Chinaman walked into it from the hall, through the open door. He looked into the other room, saw that neither man there had noticed him, stepped over to the desk, picked up the pocket-book, and noiselessly left the office, and as noiselessly, but with rapid steps, walked down the stairs and out into the street. There he reduced his gait to the usual lazy swing of his people, walked to the corner of William Street, when he turned and looked back. There was no one in that early-deserted block, and he turned and walked again to the Niantic Building. He went to the elevator entrance and rang for that sedate conveyance. When it reached the ground-floor Tom Lyon stepped out, said good-by to Dick and hurried away. Then Dick said to the Chinaman: "Everybody gone, John. Elevator no run."

The Chinaman turned as if to go, but said: "Want to pay lent to Mista Walta. Him gone?"

"Oh no, I guess not. Get aboard and pay your rent."

The elevator had just started when a hoarse cry was heard from the fourth floor. "Janitor! Lyon! Elevator boy! Somebody, quick! I've been robbed. Get an officer quick. Somebody who left the building this minute has robbed me!"

The elevator from below, and Dan Lyon from his little office on the half-floor above, reached the fourth floor at the same moment.

"Who has left this building within five minutes?" shouted Waters.

His usually deeply flushed face was pale and streaked, and he was evidently trying to control a tremendous agitation.

Dan looked at Waters, then at Dick, seeking some explanation. The Chinaman, apparently oblivious of any excitement, smiled and bowed and said, "Boss send me with lent, Mista Walta." Waters did not notice him: "Can't you speak!" he roared at the others. "Who just left the building?"

"Who?" repeated Dan, looking to the elevator boy.

"Tom; no one else."

"No one has left since the offices closed, but my son, Tom," Dan then said to Waters.

"He robbed my office, then; where is he? Where——"

Waters suddenly stopped and stepped back, for Dan advanced toward him with a look that would have cowed a braver man than he.

"My son Thomas robbed no one. Don't say that again," he said in a voice that was low, but terrible with rage.

"I took Tom up to Dan's office. He spoke to his father in my sight, while I waited for him, and he went down with me. He was on no other floor," put in Dick eagerly.

Waters' manner suddenly changed. "I was excited," he said. "It's been a hot and busy day and I've been annoyed. I missed something from my desk and thought it had been stolen. I'll look for it again. Here you," he exclaimed to the innocently smiling Chinaman, "where's your rent? Take it to my clerk," and Waters went to his office, closing the doors behind him. "That janitor's cub stole the book and they are trying to shield him," he muttered excitedly, when he was alone. He made another hopeless search of his desk and the whole office for the missing book. The clerk had receipted for the rent of the Chinatown store, which honest Chung had brought from his employer, and Chung, smiling and bowing, left the office and walked out of the building in a careless, lounging manner, richer by how much he knew not, for he had not yet examined the pocket-book mere chance had thrown in his way.

Chung was not a professional thief. He was employed in the store of his uncle Fong, a merchant of Mott Street, and though he was much fonder of gambling and smoking opium than selling lily-bulbs, bad tea, and poor china for ten times their worth to white sight-seeing customers, he had never been in open conflict with the law. He entered the Niantic Building that afternoon on business; to pay the rent his uncle owed the estate of Philip Ormsbee Peyton, as was his custom on the first of every month. He was late, the elevator was not in sight, the halls were deserted and quiet, and prompted in part by his belief that the elevator had ceased running for the day, and led partly by the fascination of wandering alone through the silent halls of a building which, to his mind, was the repository of boundless wealth, he had slowly, noiselessly, strolled

up the stairs. He saw no one; no one saw him. The elevator was waiting at the landing by Dan's office, where Tom had gone with a message to his father from Mr. Dean. Chung reached the open door of Mr. Waters' private office just as Waters stepped into the clerk's room. The Chinaman's alert eye caught sight of the pocket-book. He knew that his cloth-soled shoes would make no sound on the carpeted floor, and without a moment's hesitation he seized the opportunity to take what he hoped would provide funds wherewith he might turn the long opposing tide of fortune at the gaming tables. His cunning in returning as he did prevented the slightest suspicion against him, and as Waters sat staring at his desk he became convinced that Tom Lyon had stolen the book. Waters was strangely agitated. The unnoticed clerk made a dozen futile attempts to attract his employer's attention, that he might ask permission to depart, and wondered at the evidence of fear as much as rage he saw on Waters' face. He knew his employer's habits well enough to know that the pocket-book did not contain much money, not more than a hundred dollars, probably. To Waters that would be a small loss; for, besides the estate of Peyton, Waters was the manager of several properties, richer estates and trusts, which paid well, as the clerk knew. Waters, harsh and brutal as the clerk knew him to be, was not a penurious man—except in the matter of salary, sighed the clerk. He wondered if he was to be kept from his suburban home until after the seven-thirty train had left, and incur the expense of a dinner in town. He coughed apologetically as he thought of this, and Waters, hearing him, exclaimed: "I thought you had gone. Go home."

The clerk picked up his lunch satchel and hurriedly departed.

"If those papers fall into the hands of that damned janitor who hates me, I'm done for," groaned Waters.

He made a sudden resolve, locked his office, and hurried down the stairs. He passed Dan at the street entrance and tried to appear good-natured as he nodded and said: "It's been a hot, busy day, Dan, and I was tired and worried. Don't think about what I said."

Dan did not reply, and Waters hurried into Broad Street, where he found a hack waiting for such belated office-men as he, and glancing over his shoulder to see that Dan was not watching, he whispered to the driver as he entered the hack, "To police headquarters."

CHAPTER VIII.

WAR, ART, AND A BREAKFAST.

WHEN Tom left his father's office he returned at once to the Tivoli Theatre to keep an engagement there in which he was much interested. He was to submit to a newspaper man a drawing for an illustration in the *Daily Guardian*. This chance, which had been one of the day-dreams Tom most cherished, had come about by accident, an accident which did much to influence Tom's career. The night before there had been a casualty on the Tivoli stage reported in brief notes in most of the papers in traditional language, as "A Scene not Down on the Bills." A burlesque, "The Forty Thieves," was being played in which the fair Morgana was represented by—but I shall not tell you her name. She is known in the Bowery theatres, where she is yet playing, as Aline, and that is not at all like the name she bore when she charmed an older generation in Broadway theatres. Aline confessed to forty years, and has for a decade, and I am as certain she was not sixty as I am that she still looks not over thirty. As Morgana she is as fair and sprightly and smart as her daughter, who is playing the same line of characters in uptown theatres without half mamma's *chic*. Anyway, Morgana breaks Bowery hearts with the same ease and frequency she shattered the harder hearts of Broadway a score of years ago.

The night before the theft in the Niantic Building a sailor-man, pursuing the object of his devotion with

Jack-ashore impetuosity, had managed to elude the stage-doorkeeper of the Tivoli, and appeared before the amazed Morgana just as that lady was posed behind a piece of scenery which was to be run back to disclose her to an admiring audience. There was no time to protest, no time to explain. Jack threw himself down on his knees before his fair enslaver, and holding in his outstretched hands a monster bouquet of faded roses wired to a fat bundle of sticks, was pouring forth an impassioned declaration of love when the scenery was run back, and the unexpected picture disclosed to a hilariously delighted audience. Jack favored the audience with a profound wink, and awaited his Morgana's answer. There was a sudden explosion of curses in the wing where the stage-manager and his assistants were, and their cries of despair deepened as a wilder roar of laughter followed a sudden hot renewal of Jack's love declaration.

Tom happened to be standing in the wing, and his wit came to the rescue. There was much opening and closing of traps in the piece, and Tom knew that the mechanics beneath the stage were alert for signals. Marking that Jack knelt directly in the centre of a double-door trap, Tom gave the signal to open it. With the mysterious suddenness which belongs to such disappearances Jack was swallowed out of sight in a black hole, the doors swung back into place, and the incident was ended: all but the laughter and cheers, and the enthusiastic demands for Jack's reappearance.

News of the incident reached the row of reporters' offices opposite police headquarters, on Mulberry Street, and the reporter who went to the Tivoli for all the others was Philip Peyton, of the *Guardian*.

Tom told him the story with such good nature and appreciation of its value that the newspaper man said

in parting, "This is worth only an item in the morning but I think there is a Sunday special story in it, with more incidents of the same character. Do you think you can give me some stuff if I call to-morrow?"

Tom said he thought he could and the next day, soon after noon, Peyton called at the Tivoli. Tom had made some pen-and-ink sketches of the Jack-Morgana incident and was excitedly wondering how he could bring about an opportunity to submit them to Peyton. The latter made everything easy. His first question was, "Have you been to lunch?"

Tom had not.

"Then let's go over to Faylor's and have something to eat. I have not had breakfast yet, and besides it is more comfortable to talk over a table with something on it to eat and drink."

Tom agreed. He had never been at Faylor's, but he knew where that fine, old-fashioned restaurant was, as he knew every place of note of every kind south of Fourteenth Street. He had no more thought of it as a place he might patronize than he had thought of ever entering any of those quiet, old, red-brick homes in the lower end of Fifth Avenue and on North Washington Square, which, to his mind, instinctively represented the best of civilization which wealth gives to the educated. Much of the rough finish of Mulberry Bend had been smoothed down on Tom by the attrition of the Life Class. Not all. There were places on the surface of his character where the manner and morals of the Bend had cut in too deep to be polished out by a few years of casual rubbing against less rugged planes. Something happened before they left the Bowery which showed this. Tom had stopped to speak to a messenger who ran after him from the theatre, and Peyton strolled



THE PULLER-IN.

"The low-browed, brutal-faced pest."—Page 83.

Figure 1 shows a 3D scatter plot of simulated data points. The points are distributed in a 3D space with axes labeled X1, X2, and X3. The points are clustered into two distinct groups, representing two different classes or conditions. The axes are labeled X1, X2, and X3, and the plot is titled 'Figure 1'.

slowly along. As he was passing a cheap-clothing house, its sidewalk solicitor, one of those whose energetic efforts on behalf of trade sometimes lead to murder, the low-browed, brutal-faced pest known as the "puller-in," with the sole purpose to annoy, nagged the newspaper man to enter the store. Peyton paid no attention to his tormentor, who finally placed a heavy, dirty hand on his shoulder. Just as Peyton brushed the dirty hand from his shoulder Tom came up. The puller-in again attempted to put his hand on Peyton, when, with a lightning-like suddenness and precision, Tom struck the fellow in the face with his fist, tripped him with his heel, throwing him heavily, and then kicked him in the jaw. It was not a light kick. It was a heavy one, meant to stun, and it did. The three movements by which the ugly brute had been laid low and senseless did not seem to take a second of time, and the next second Tom had slipped his hand in Peyton's arm and was walking him westward, unmindful of the din and outcry behind him, and winking at a policeman who hurried the other way. Peyton was shaking with excitement. It was minutes before he spoke.

"Why did you do that?" he said. He was surprised at the entirely unagitated manner in which Tom replied: "Why, that mug was looking for trouble. He didn't do a thing to a man except kill him less than a year ago in a scrap he brought on by doing just what he did to you. He got off on the grounds of self-defence. I've just been crazy to get a crack at him ever since. If you had struck him, the gang from inside the store we heard yelping would have jumped you, and you'd have been minus your watch, scarf-pin, and probably an eye and a tooth or two, in a minute. They did not dare to jump me, because they knew me,

and knew that if I'd been jumped my friends would have cleaned out the shop. That puller-in would not have tackled you if he had seen that you were with me. I had to give it to him as hard as I did, for if I'd let him up he'd have probably pulled a knife."

Tom said all this in an indifferent and somewhat feelingless manner, as if he were telling a more than twice-told tale of the killing of a rattlesnake, long after the adventure.

"But why did you run all that risk to save me the annoyance of having that foul pig touch me again?" Peyton asked.

Tom said slowly and seriously: "Because you are my friend for one reason, and because he could have done you."

"Done me? I don't quite understand," said Peyton.

"Done you; I mean whipped you," laughed Tom.

"But I am heavier than you, and possibly as good a boxer," the other said, examining his companion critically.

The men were of about the same height, an inch, perhaps, to Tom's advantage. Peyton was sturdier in build, as twenty-eight is apt to be sturdier than twenty-two. The newspaper man was dark with a closely shorn and pointed beard. Tom was light in all his coloring, smooth-shaven and nervously thin, but his muscles were all trained and hard. The two men regarded each other for some time in half-amused silence, and Tom ran the tips of his fingers knowingly down Peyton's shoulders and arms, humming:

"Study the ankle, the elbow, the knee;
Pectoral muscles which no one can see.
Shoulders and hip-bones must always agree:
A la mode Kenyon Cox."

"What's that?" Peyton asked, laughing.

"That's one of our Life-Class songs. You are well muscled, Mr. Peyton. But when you want to thrash the kind of a beast that puller-in is, you do it with your nerves."

"Well, then, I thank you for your expenditure of nervous force on my behalf. But what was that about a Life Class?" said Peyton, in a manner dismissing the other subject, in which he saw he could not interest Tom. The new subject interested him intensely, and at once. He told his new friend of his start in drawing at the public school; of the years in which he advanced as far as he could be taken in Cooper Institute; and of his last three years in the League Life Class. And now, he said, his teacher there had advised him to try outside work, beginning, if he could find opportunity, with pen-and-ink drawings for the newspapers.

Philip Peyton observed curiously the sudden change in his companion. When he had been talking of the incident which had made the gently-bred man tremble with excitement, Tom had talked glibly, but as one almost hardened, and the slang of the Bowery had been close to the tip of his tongue. Now, when he talked of his studies and his hopes, his manner was almost diffident, and his words cautiously chosen and slowly spoken, as if at times he had difficulty in supplying a conventional word in place of some first suggested and illuminative term from his slang vocabulary. As Tom talked, his companion recalled a German teacher who, with his classes, spoke in English and German indiscriminately, and in other company bridled his tongue while his brain sought for the unaccustomed English phrases.

At Faylor's Tom produced his drawings, and Philip,

after ordering breakfast, examined them. Tom at the same time examined his surroundings. They were as new and strange to him as they would have been to a Hottentot. But in a way which he could not have explained if he had thought about it, he absorbed the conventions, the atmosphere of the place, and made them part of him; was expanded by them, and to the extent that they affect and educate, was ineffaceably influenced by them.

I should remind you, perhaps, that Tom had never, for instance, had a table napkin in his hand; had never seen more than one knife and fork placed beside a plate; had actually never been served at table by any person other than one who was eating with him; had never seen wine drunk at meals. The restaurant was nearly filled with ladies; detachments of the army of shoppers who, not to delay their feverishly important operations in preparation for the summer campaign, like Sherman's army, foraged freely on the neighboring plantations; and Faylor's has long been one of the most popular plantations with that fair and peaceful army.

Peyton looked up from the drawings and was surprised and puzzled not to see Tom eagerly waiting his judgment. "Isn't it all fine: picturesque, alive, well colored and—and illustrative and, and—isn't it bully?" Tom whispered when he saw Philip looking at him.

"What! the drawings?" Peyton almost gasped.

"Oh, damn the drawings!" Tom exclaimed impatiently. "I mean this—this scene, the people!"

"Why, yes," Philip replied a little doubtfully. "An old-fashioned, or rather a conservative and quiet set of people come here; the kind that still come this far down-town to shop."

Tom did not comment or answer. He only half

guessed Peyton's meaning, and the first course of the breakfast arrived just then to divert them. Peyton had no knowledge of Tom's history or antecedents. If he guessed much during that breakfast he did not show that he guessed at all. Tom's observation was quick and trained, and he had an almost marvellous adaptability to his surroundings. Before the meal was finished, and it was somewhat elaborate for the place, only a close observer could have detected that Peyton's guest was not accustomed to mid-day *déjeuners à la fourchette*. The two men found each other sympathetic. Peyton told Tom that he thought there was much merit and decided style in his drawings, and if they were acceptable to his paper's art department he would try and get him an order to illustrate the other stories he had told him for his Sunday special article.

"There really should be nothing but original features about this special article," Peyton said, "for the mere suggestion of a special article by me is the most strikingly original thing that has happened in the *Guardian* office in years. You see before you," he continued, in a lazy, mock-serious manner, "one of the most picturesquely complete failures ever developed in newspaperdom. I have been advanced the noble sum of five dollars a week twice since I began my professional career on the *Guardian*, and am now drawing the glittering compensation of twenty-five dollars per week. I have been tried in nearly every department of local work, and in each have made a failure more signal than its predecessor. I have been besought, ordered, begged, commanded, and advised to do special work, and this morning when I made my first suggestion for a special, 'Stories of the Bowery Stage,' my city editor, a patient, long-suffering, but optimistic gentleman, experienced a

slight shock of paralysis. He recovered sufficiently to tell me there was hope for me yet, and to implore me to get my copy in early in the week. So I have a day off from Police Headquarters, where I am working at my latest failure, to get this story from you. I shall see you early this evening to let you know about the other illustrations. Until then may heaven's choicest blessings abide with you, and let us now go and barter for some good cigars."

This kind of fooling was new to Tom and delighted him, as did all his experiences with his new friend. He thought Peyton a wonderful man, his talk wonderful, his breakfast wonderful, and most wonderful of all was the fact that he was going to have two or three and perhaps more of his drawings published in the *Guardian*. They parted good friends: each conscious of the other's high regard.

When Tom hurried back to the Tivoli he reflected, for the first time, that Peyton did not know really anything about him, except that he was an assistant scene-painter, and had been a pupil in the League. He wished he had told him where he lived, and his heart sank with the sudden thought that his friend might not have treated him just as he had if he knew he lived in a Mulberry Bend tenement. He had met him under false pretences! he accused himself. He dressed better than his class, and that had deceived Peyton. When he reached the Tivoli he found Teresa and Carminella at the fruit-stand, and he rattled off a lively story of his adventures. "And oh, Carminella, I wish you could meet him!" he exclaimed. "He's a swell, a real swell, I could tell that in a minute."

"How?" interrupted Carminella, with serious, big-eyed interest.

"Oh, the—his ensemble," Tom answered, calling upon his League-Class vocabulary at this trying juncture. "His general appearance, walk, language, manner—the way he made me feel at ease." This last with conclusive emphasis.

"You would feel at ease anywhere," said Teresa, with her impressive, slow speech, but she smiled good-naturedly at her handsome young tenement-mate.

"Except in jail, Teresa," Tom laughed, as he ran into the theatre.

CHAPTER IX.

BEFORE AN INSPECTOR OF POLICE.

THE Bowery was awake for the night as Philip Peyton crossed it that evening on his way to the Tivoli to keep his appointment with Tom Lyon.

The Bowery! Tell me not its ancient glory has departed. As Philip saw it on that warm, bright, spring evening he realized, as he never had before—this born New Yorker just now making his city's acquaintance—that the Bowery presents, to him who can see, a microcosm. There is man in worldly condition from wealth to bitterest poverty; in morals, from him who is devoting his life to following Christ's example among the poor, to him to whom every crime and vice are familiar by practice; in social planes, the absolute dictators of their set (not uninfluenced by the conditions which control the scions of wealth and ancient lineage further north on Manhattan Island), to her who cannot even be called a social outcast, for, not having been born into a family, she never was cast out of that unit of the social structure, yet knows enough of that social structure to sullenly realize, sometimes, how admirably it is built if its purpose be to keep her always in dumb, unprotesting piteous degradation. One could carry on this kind of contrast to the end, on the Bowery. There is the clubhouse called after the man who once went to the amazed gentlemen composing the executive body of a National Political Committee, and with grave brevity demon-

strated that he controlled enough votes to throw his district one way or the other; that the way his district went the city would go, and as the city went the state would go; and as the State of New York went that year, the Presidential election would go. Then he reminded his hearers that a man with less than his cunning and power, an ignorant bully, self-placed in control of the criminal population of a seaside resort, once, in pique, changed his politics, and with them the politics of the administration of this great and glorious and free American government. Next, he made certain conditions and gave the gentlemen an hour to accept them—and they were accepted. Standing in front of that club-house, when Philip passed it, was a battered, mumbling mass of flesh and bones and rags, a man, picking at his own fingers, and vaguely longing for another election day; for he recalled that on the last one he had voted three times, had been paid fifty cents for each vote, and had thereby, for once, been able to get himself so drunk he forgot that he lived. It was a glorious memory in the mangled mind of that citizen.

But it was not these phases of the Bowery which entertained Philip. From the east, pouring in from Grand Street, came troops of young men and women from the homes of the well-to-do shop-keepers. They were smartly dressed in the bright hues called out by this first warm spring evening, and they made gay with color and sound the Bowery throngs they joined. From the west, from the streets between the Bowery and Broadway, came the yet more brightly, if less smartly dressed Italian women and girls; boisterous Irish-American lads and lasses from the south, Monkey Hill and Cherry Hill way. From the north, from Second Avenue, Germans, by families, prosperous, pleasure-

seeking, beer-hall bound. And from the fashionable world stylishly-dressed parties of men, sometimes with women, seeing the Bowery. There were scarlet women in silks, with brilliant faces; scarlet women in rags, with pinched, unpainted faces; thieves and confidence men close after rural visitors; Jacks ashore; soldiers from the harbor forts, gay in the company of rogues who, later in the evening, will add some drops from vials in their pockets to Jacks' and soldiers' beer before they rob them; slum lassies from the Salvation Army; policemen, philosophers, fools, and—hummed Philip, "I with my harp was there."

The broad, clean thoroughfare was alive with the cars of a dozen surface lines; thundrous as an island beach with the roar of the elevated trains, the roar picked out here and there with the shrill piping of museum or concert-hall orchestras; it flashed with the added lights from in front of half a score of theatres—from a hundred saloons; was sombred in spots by the dark fronts of massive bank-buildings; and everywhere made lively and alert by the scurrying games of thousands of children, whose parents, contented shop-keepers, were enjoying their first sidewalk festival of the year.

Philip found Tom waiting for him in front of the Tivoli, into which a crowd was pushing its way, eager for the fun of frolicsome Aline as Morgana, in "The Forty Thieves."

Tom's heart bounded and sent a flush of blood to his cheeks at Philip's greeting: "The Czar of the Art Department says you'll do, and you are to furnish six more drawings, and you are to call on him and acquire useful knowledge concerning the limitations of the mechanical process by which your works of genius are transferred to the virgin pages of the *Guardian*, and,



A VOTER.

"It was a glorious memory in the mangled mind of that citizen."

—Page 91.



please, he wants the drawings in a hurry—and, great heavens, what a gloriously handsome young woman! or is it a child, or a vision, or what?"

Tom, who was in a thrill of excitement and joy at what Philip said regarding his work, started, and vaguely followed the other's glance at the last of this rattling talk. "Oh!" he said, "that is Carminella; she is just leaving the fruit-stand with her mother: Dominico, her father, has come to let them off. I wonder what Cullen wants. He's been watching me for ten minutes."

Cullen, our old friend officer Cullen, now in citizen's dress, for he has been promoted to be a detective sergeant and is known as a "Headquarters man," stepped toward the two young men and, seeing that he had attracted Philip's attention, motioned to him.

Philip went over to the detective, whom he knew through his Police Headquarters reporting, and they walked a few steps more away from Tom.

"Is he a friend of yours?" Cullen asked of Philip, indicating Tom, who had gone to speak to Carminella.

"He is," Philip responded promptly and decidedly.

"Well, I'm glad of it," said Cullen, a little uneasily. "He's a friend of mine, too. That is, his father, Dan Lyon, put me on the force, and got me my promotions. I earned my promotions right enough, but that doesn't always get them for a man. His father has been my backer ever since I put on the buttons. I've known Tom since he was four, and now I've got a damned hard job to do."

The detective's manner more than what he said, even, startled Philip. He looked at the officer for a moment in alarm, and then suddenly said: "Oh! that puller-in has sworn out a warrant for him."

The detective shook his head. "Oh, no!" he said. "I heard of that. The puller-in threatened to have a warrant on Tom, but the officer on post told him if he did he'd arrest him for assaulting you. It was a technical assault, you know, putting his hand on you, and the puller-in let the matter drop mighty sudden, for he has had one narrow squeak in the courts, and he knows if we ever have him up again we'll make it rough for him."

"What is it then?" Philip asked anxiously.

"I don't know exactly myself," Cullen replied. "The Inspector wants him, and I asked for the job of bringing him in, for an officer who didn't know him would go to his home, and then Dan would know. I want to keep this from Dan if I can. I was not at Headquarters when the complaint was made, but my side partner was, and heard that a business man in an office where Dan Lyon is janitor charges Tom with having lifted a purse or pocket-book. Now, Tom Lyon never lifted anybody's purse, or anything else; I know his stock and there's none better."

"Who is it makes this charge?" Philip demanded indignantly.

"A fellow I've heard of as a sort of second-cut swell, a Mark Waters."

"Mark Waters!" exclaimed Philip, with sudden astonishment, "Mark Waters of the Niantic building?"

"Yes. Do you know him?" Cullen asked curiously.

"Well, I ought to know him," said Philip slowly, in a tone of contempt. "Yes, I ought to know him much better than I do. I am a fool for not knowing him through and through, and letting the world know as well. But perhaps I know enough. What must you do now, Cullen?"

"I have no warrant. This Waters, they tell me, was in a terrible state of mind, but wanted the Inspector to recover the article without any arrest. The Inspector is at dinner now, and he left orders for Tom to be brought in when he returned. I came here hoping to find Mr. Dean, who could square anything for Tom, but Dean is out of town. Seeing you with Tom I thought I'd speak to you, for he needs a friend."

"And he has one," Philip exclaimed stoutly. "He must be told: let's call him up."

Tom had just said good-night to Carminella and her mother when Philip called him. He came up laughing with a story that the reports about Morgana's adventure with her sailor lover had crowded the house, but stopped suddenly after glancing quickly at the faces of the two men. "What is it, Cullen?" he asked, almost repeating Philip's question. "Has puller-in Cohen sworn out a warrant for me?"

Cullen told him briefly. Tom laughed at first, but when he saw they were not joking with him, he staggered and leaned heavily against an iron pillar of the elevated road.

"Purse stealing!" he gasped. His face changed as Philip never before thought face of man could change in a second; but he knew he looked into the eyes of an honest man.

"Now, old chap," said Philip assuringly, putting his arm over Tom's shoulder, "I'm going to Headquarters with you as your friend. Cullen will give us all the time we want to do what is necessary. Mr. Dean is not here; is there any one else you want hunted up?"

What Philip said did not seem to convey a meaning to Tom for some time. He looked at him blankly, and after a silence said: "My father must not know. It

would break his heart. Why!" he added suddenly, "I was not in the Niantic building five minutes, and was not out of sight of the elevator boy. Before Mr. Dean left the city he gave me a message for dad—some political message he only trusts to me—and I delivered it late; the building was empty, I thought; anyway there was no call for the elevator, and the boy waited for me while I spoke to dad. I steal a purse?—I—I—My God, Cullen—Peyton——"

"We'll get that elevator boy and go around to Headquarters," interrupted the detective sharply. He wanted to give Tom something to do, for he seemed like a man stricken in body and brain.

It was nine o'clock when they reached Headquarters, accompanied by Dick, the elevator boy. Dick told them of the scene Waters had made in the Niantic building, and that Tom's father had cautioned him to say nothing about it to Tom; thinking that nothing more would be heard of it.

Cullen took Tom into the Inspector's office alone first. He bore a message from Philip to the Inspector, saying he was there not as a newspaper man, but as Tom's friend.

When Cullen came out for Philip and Dick he whispered to the former: "Waters is in the next room and the door is ajar. I thought you might have something to say for his benefit."

Philip nodded and they entered. "You give me your word this is not for publication, Mr. Peyton," said the Inspector, as he nodded Philip to a seat.

Philip walked over to where Tom was standing, white and trembling with rage.

"I give you my word, Mr. Inspector," Philip said. "I am interested in this case, first, because this man,"

he laid his hand on Tom's, "is my friend, and also because I have a great curiosity to know on what grounds Mark Waters can charge another man with being a thief."

As he mentioned Waters' name there was a slight stir behind the partly open door. The Inspector motioned to Cullen to close it, but at a sign and look from the detective the Inspector smiled an instant, grimly, and turned to Philip saying: "Cullen tells me you have brought a witness for Lyon."

Philip indicated Dick, and the Inspector turned to the boy and said: "Well, what have you to say, young man?"

Dick told his story simply, and in a few words.

"That is exactly as you told the story," said the Inspector turning to Tom, "and you say your father—I know him well—would be a witness to the same effect?"

"He knows the facts," answered Tom.

"I guess, then," said the Inspector, slightly raising his voice, as the quick, grim smile came and went again, "if the party complaining wants any further investigation on this line he must go to court. I am much obliged to you for coming without any trouble, Lyon. You probably know as well as I that I could not compel you to come without a warrant. The party complaining did not seem to want a warrant, and this is sometimes the quickest and simplest way of clearing up a little matter of this kind. Good-night."

Cullen, at a word from his superior, went out with the others. When he was alone the Inspector called "Mr. Waters!"

Mark Waters came into the room, crimson and perspiring. "How did that cub, Philip Peyton, get into this affair?" he growled.

The Inspector eyed the enraged man a moment in silence before he replied, and then it was with a poorly concealed sneer that he said: "He spoke loud enough for you to hear, and if you did hear you know as much as I do on that head. Now, Mr. Waters, this matter has turned out as I predicted. You are on the wrong scent. If you expect me to do anything more in the case, you must give me some clue. I do not ask you to tell me why you value the papers in that pocket-book so highly, but I must know to whom else they would be of value, or what they relate to. I must have something more to start with than the mere fact that you have been robbed of a pocket-book containing less than \$100, for which you are willing to pay \$1,000, although the papers are valueless. I can imagine a case, of course. A man is sometimes willing to pay as much to recover a love-letter, for instance, but I cannot work entirely on imagination."

The Inspector seemed to be talking solely for the purpose of giving himself an opportunity of studying Waters' face. He was eying him as if he would read every twitch of his muscles, every flood and ebb of blood which made the man's face alternately crimson and gray, every contraction of the lips.

Waters suddenly looked up and the Inspector carelessly lighted a cigar.

"There are circumstances connected with this case which make me want more time before I consult you further about it, Mr. Inspector. I am obliged to you for what you have done; I'll call on you again. Good-night," said Waters hurriedly.

"Good-night, sir."

When the Inspector was alone he said musingly: "That may be only a case of letters from another man's

wife, but I think it is bigger game—it's dirtier, anyway."

Cullen and Dick left the other two at the corner of Houston Street, and Tom and Philip walked on down Mulberry Street in silence for several blocks. Then Philip felt the man by his side shaking with convulsive sobs. He slipped his arm into Tom's but did not speak until his companion was quieter. Then he said: "It isn't anything, old fellow. You've been accused of nothing. A brute like that Waters cannot be prevented from being himself. He is quite as likely to charge me with the offence as you, for I go to his office sometimes."

"Why," Tom suddenly exclaimed, "your name is on the door! I thought the name was familiar: 'Philip Ormsbee Peyton.'" He sharply recoiled. "Have you anything to do with him?"

"That is my father's name on his door," replied Philip. "As to what I have to do with him I'll tell you some time. If I were not a lazy, ignorant fool I'd have more to do with him; probably not to his profit or peace of mind. But let me tell you about my experiences with the police. Is this your first arrest? Oh, you are only a novice! Listen."

Philip told in extravagant language of college pranks which had led to his arrest not once, but three times, and of one appearance in court, where he was fined and lectured for having aided and abetted a party of freshmen in transferring from its rightful place to a conspicuous position over the door of a noted faith-cure apostle, an undertaker's signboard. He quieted Tom with his nonsense, and that was something. He stopped short just after they had passed Canal Street, and looking about him asked in surprise: "But where in the world are we going—slumming?"

"I live in—in the slums," Tom answered bitterly. "I beg your pardon for bringing you this far. I did not think."

"I beg your pardon," said Philip simply. "May I go home with you?"

Tom was silent for some time before he answered frankly: "Yes, I should like to have you. It will please my father to see me with a—with you, when he knows what has happened. I must tell him now."

Dan was at home and in deep trouble. He had not thought at first that Waters would make any further effort to implicate Tom, but when Tom did not come home as he usually did, with Teresa and Carminella, Dan had gone to the Tivoli and there learned from Dominico that Tom had gone away with Cullen and a strange gentleman.

The instant Tom stepped into his father's room each saw in the other's face the tragedy of great pride bruised and hurt deep. The old man came forward and took both Tom's hands, and turned his pained face defiantly toward the stranger.

Even so slight a thing as taking his boy's hands was a rare demonstration of affection for Dan, and Tom choked a little as he said: "This gentleman, Mr. Peyton, is my friend, dad. He has been with me. He will tell you all about it."

Philip sat down close to Dan, and simply and quietly told the story of the evening's adventure. He felt that he was speaking well and sympathetically, as Dan's stern old face relaxed and the tears slowly welled to his eyes and fell.

"And now," said Philip, when he had finished his story, "no one knows of this who will talk about it. Mark Waters has injured you. I believe he has injured



FATHER AND SON.

"Turned his proud, pained face defiantly toward the stranger."

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a great many people. He may have injured me and mine more than any one else. It may be right for me to tell you about that some time, but now I do not see that anything is to be done in relation to him."

Philip could not help but be aware that he had done good by going home with Tom. He saw that there was comfort for Dan in having such a friend for his boy at such a time. And he saw, too, and never forgot it, such pride in both the father and son as he would not have believed could exist in the tenements. Philip was thinking of this, they were all silent, when he was conscious of Dan's close scrutiny.

"You are Philip Ormsbee Peyton's son," Dan said quietly.

"I am."

"I remember him when he was not much older than you are now. My father was a porter in his store. He was a good man: kind to the poor. I thank you, sir, for doing so fair by my boy. I am glad it was your father's son that did it. Tom will be walking with you to your car."

As they arose, and Philip shook hands with the old man, there was a knock at the door, and in answer to Dan's, "Come in," Carminella entered.

She looked shyly at the stranger, and then turned to Tom. With a sudden impulse his tortured mind could not control, Tom took her hands and said, with a poor attempt at playfulness: "Carminella, you'll not be liking your cousin Tom when you hear he's charged with stealing."

The girl straightened up with a spring, drew both of Tom's hands to her breast, turned on Philip with blazing eyes, and cried:

"It is lies! Who says so?"

Philip was almost frightened at the sudden fierce passion of the girl, as he gasped: "Surely, not I."

Tom explained a little, but did not mention Waters' name, and Carminella, as suddenly melted as she had been aroused, turned to Philip, and said softly:

"I beg your pardon, sir. I did not know you were his friend."

CHAPTER X.

A FALSE START AND A FAIR.

CULLEN's description of Waters as a second-rate swell would have maddened him to crime, further crime, had he heard it. Waters had an ideal dearer to him than anything else on earth, to realize which he had already sold himself to the devil and wrecked the life and fortune of the only benefactor he ever had: to be known as a member of a set of men, gentlemen, whose lives are devoted to those various games, pastimes, chances, and recreations we have elected to classify as "sports." For many years before Philip's father's death Waters had been his confidential manager in the old business on Pearl street, where the Peyton fortune had been made by Philip's grandfather, owner of many whaling-ships.

Philip's father had taken the business and fortune left to him, and managed both with excellent care and judgment for many years. It was not until the young clerk, Waters, had shown inclination and capacity for relieving the merchant of many important and irksome details of his business that Peyton indulged to its limit his extravagant fondness for sports. There was no gambling instinct in him whatever. When he raced horses which he bred, it was for the sport, not the possible gain of racing; his yacht was not one of those which were placed in commission for the regatta seasons only, for he found sport in cruising, and his yacht was in commission for the use of himself or his friends the

whole season. His rented trout streams in Canada, and the cost of his yearly big game expedition to the Rockies were expenses which were four times Waters' liberal salary, and this Waters noted with rage and envy in his heart; but more and more he took the affairs of business from Peyton's unresisting hands.

One time, after the merchant had given up going to his office more than once a month, some important business demanding his personal judgment, he sent for Waters to come to him at his Westchester County place on the Sound. It was on the eve of a yacht regatta, and Waters, who remained for dinner and all night, met half a dozen men he had read about in the papers with awe and fierce envy for years. Not in the annals of fashionable society, although he knew them to be men belonging to fashionable families, but as promoters of horse and bench shows, of driving and hunting clubs, of gentlemen's riding races, international yacht racing; of every sport and sporting enterprise in which a gentleman may engage. To Waters these men's lives, their achievements, but most of all their renown in the world, were more enviable than vast wealth or conspicuous social eminence would be to another man differently constituted.

Waters was first dazed, then thrown into an ecstasy of gratification, by their treatment of him that evening. He was suspiciously alert for any difference in their manner toward him from their manner to each other, but he discovered none. They were quiet and somewhat scant of speech in their intercourse, and so frank and simple that Waters was amazed, although he studied and copied them with diligent fervor. When he went to his room he exulted aloud. He could not know then that not one of the men he had met that evening would



THE YACHTSMEN.

"Ugly-looking brute, that business man of Peyton's."—Page 105.

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ever recognize him again unless he was met under exactly similar circumstances; and, of course, he did not hear one guest say to another, as they walked to the yacht club-house, for a late last consultation with their skipper:

"Ugly-looking brute, that business man of Peyton's."

"Yes," responded the other, "looks like a beast who'd give Phil a bad throw unless he felt a tight rein all the time."

One of his friends, more intimate than the others, suggested some such opinion as this concerning Waters to Peyton; but the unsuspecting, almost unsophisticated man of the world, only laughed and said:

"You can judge a horse, a yacht, or a wine, Jack, but not a man out of your class."

Peyton was one who, having once placed his confidence in another, would no more think of withdrawing it until he was conscious of some flagrant abuse of that confidence, than he would ask for a change in the conditions of a yacht-race after the starting-gun had been fired, but he had not "the art to read the mind's construction in the face." Even in the year before the financial storm which wrecked so many commercial enterprises better piloted than Peyton's, when Waters began urging the necessity of mortgaging real estate to secure money required to save the business, even then Peyton did not suspect. Banks were shy about lending money to them, Waters said, but the banks saw the storm approaching and were close-reefing in every direction. Property after property was mortgaged, and just as the storm broke over the commercial world, an actual storm sent to the bottom of the North Pacific Ocean a fleet of whalers, and with it the result of a year's whaling which had been depended upon to help

the old Pearl-street house ride safely out its stress of weather.

When the crash came, Peyton was ill in bed: nothing more than a very severe cold, the doctors said, contracted on a duck-shooting expedition. The day he made an assignment to Mark Waters for the benefit of all his creditors, Peyton's illness developed pneumonia, at least that is what the doctors said; some of his friends said that his heart was broken when he had to tell his two sons, George, his oldest, and Philip Ormsbee, his youngest and namesake, of the miserable failure in which his life was ending. The sons thought afterward that there was more he had wished to tell them, something which distressed him, but for that reason they would not let him talk any longer about business. They pretended to laugh at the failure which had robbed them of inheritance, boasted of their strength, and their ability and willingness to meet the world, tried in this way to ease his mind, and held his hands and kept back their tears while he died.

"Thrown by that damned man, Waters!" some of Peyton's friends said.

If this were so, it did not seem likely that there would be any exposure. Waters and George were named as executors in the will. Waters was already assignee, and when he qualified before the court as executor George did not qualify, because of a plan, formed even then, to go to the far west. He knew nothing of the shameful facts, and suspected nothing. He was told, and believed, that although the creditors would be paid everything, there would be nothing left to the estate but an encumbered piece of property in Mott street, occupied by Chinese. The income from this property might pay the interest on the mortgage, the taxes, and other expenses, Waters

hoped. So George and Philip held what they called a business conference. They had sold all their personal property, actually everything but their rather extensive wardrobes. "But we really need clothes, Phil," George had said. Their funds combined made one thousand dollars after they had paid all their personal debts.

"You take it, George," said Philip. "Father intended you should go into the business, so he must have seen that you had some business sense."

"We'll be business partners, and this will be our capital," George said, for he already had a plan. "I'll take this for both of us. In whatever I do, in whatever I may earn, we will have equal shares."

This impressed Philip as having a very sound and business-like ring to it, and George, too, felt that he would have made a great business success if he had only devoted to commerce the time he had spent in perfecting himself in driving a four-in-hand. "Now we'll sign articles of agreement," he added.

Together, and with much seriousness, they drew up a paper which had many of the phrases used in agreements for foot-ball matches and yacht-races, and when they both signed it they felt that this business conference had been conceived in wisdom and carried out with judicious foresight.

George was the older and the heavier. Both were impressed by the fact that he weighed more than Philip as a point in favor of the one who should be intrusted with their capital to make the serious battle in life for the firm. "It's the weight that counts in bucking the centre, in hauling on the main sheet, and nearly everything," Philip said thoughtfully.

"But you: what are you to do, Phil?" George asked, when the signing was over.

"I have reserved this to surprise you. I am going to work. I'm engaged as a reporter," said Philip.

"A re—reporter!" gasped his brother.

"I know there is something vaguely humorous about it," Philip responded, smiling. "Do you remember Osgood, of your class?"

"Yes, a reading man, wasn't he?"

"Yes. And then he became a writing man, and now he is what they call City Editor of the *Guardian*. Well, I met him the other day, and he was mighty nice about the—the affair you know. He didn't sympathize, nor anything of that kind, but in a bully, frank manner asked me what I was going to do. I told him I might train down for a jockey, or apply for a position as skipper, or at least mate, of a yacht. He ignored my feeble attempts to treat the matter humorously, and explained briefly this situation: the *Guardian*, it appears, does not hire experienced newspaper men: each fall, it takes on (that's what they call it) its local staff a crop of college graduates. This year's crop has proved a failure, blighted by too much impressionism, I think Osgood said. It seems they are going to plant another crop, and, like the brick he is, he told me that if I wanted to try he would put me on the paper."

"Osgood is a brick," said George emphatically. "I wish I'd known him better at college, but he didn't go in for athletics much. I remember, though, he used to cheer like the devil at the games. What's the pay? Not more than a hundred a week, I suppose."

"No," said Philip, laughing a little, "he was very explicit about that. I am to have, to begin with, fifteen dollars a week——"

"But Phil, that won't do. You can't live on that."

"Oh yes, I can," Philip answered conclusively.

"Other men do. Besides, if I am approved I'll have twenty dollars a week in two or three months, and in six months more, twenty-five. In a year, if I'm a success, they do something to me he called 'putting me on space.' That struck me as if I were to be dropped off the earth, but he encouraged me by saying that newspaper men on space do sometimes earn the sum you named."

A week later George Peyton went to bid good-by to the very worldly, the cynical, the merciless, the cold—she was variously called all these things by people who thought they knew her—Miss Minnie Hazelhurst. George saw that she had been crying, and that nearly did for him.

"I say, Minnie, I'm not going away forever," he exclaimed, trying to be brave about it.

"But you are going away without marrying me, and that hurts my pride."

George laughed at this and said: "But I am going to marry you, only you know you wouldn't have me if I married you now, when I haven't a penny."

"I've plenty of pennies."

"That's the trouble, Minnie."

"You know perfectly well, George Peyton, there is no sentiment in this." She said this rapidly, as if she thought in that way to stifle a sob; and she did, but she had to dab her handkerchief at her eyes. "It's entirely a matter of pride. I ordered you, when I was four and you were six, to marry me, that is the tradition in both our families, and I've been ordering you ever since——"

"Except when I took a turn at the ordering, Minnie," the man interrupted.

"Well, you shouldn't have ordered. Now you are thirty and will soon be bald and fat, and I'm an old

maid of twenty-eight, and will soon be thin and sour, and all because you have a stupid pride about my having money and you having none. I'm not talking very coherently, but you know what I mean; that in this year, when we always said we'd be married, it seems wicked for you to think you have to think you are obliged to make money, and can only make it where I'm certain they don't play polo, and you can't get a thing to eat—and——"

And then that woman, whom the world thought to be so cold, could not check the sobs any longer, and threw herself into the arms of her big sweetheart. When he had petted her for a time, somewhat as an affectionate bear might have done, she suddenly exclaimed: "George, I'll go with you."

"To play polo with me?" he asked.

He told her that every one made fortunes out in the West, and he was sure he'd have money enough in a year to preserve his self-respect in marrying her. In two years certainly, he said, and he kissed her and went away and walked from Washington Square, through all the crooked streets of Greenwich, to the North River, before he discovered that he was not going toward Broadway.

The next morning, with his thousand dollars, his irreproachable wardrobe, and some excellent letters, he started for San Francisco, and Philip in the afternoon reported a meeting of a Presbyterian Synod, and in the evening assisted a sporting reporter in sending the news of a prize-fight from Coney Island.

Mark Waters bade George good-by with expressions of regret, but he walked out of the Grand Central depot, after seeing George's train depart, with a sigh of relief and a much lightened heart.

Philip Peyton, the merchant, had been trustee for several rich old estates, as his father had been before him. The affairs of these trusts he had always personally attended to with scrupulous care that none of them should in the slightest degree ever become involved in his own business. Nor had he ever allowed Waters to acquire any implied authority in the conduct of these trusts, as he had in his own business. This was not an evidence of any suspicion of Waters; it was because the trusts were, in Peyton's mind, something sacred which he was in honor bound to personally guard and care for.

Thus it was that, when the crash came, the affairs of these estates were found in sound and excellent condition. Waters, before his benefactor had been put in his grave, had gone to the principals, and the lawyers representing the principals, concerned in the estates, and by blackening the character of Peyton, and making it appear that it was only his, Waters', zealous and unceasing watchfulness which had preserved the estates intact, and unentangled in the affairs of the collapsed business, he secured to himself the management of several of the most profitable. Then it was he moved his office to the Niantic building; and although, where it had served his purpose to do so, he had maligned the business integrity of his old employer, he was yet shrewd enough to know that in the new business community he sought to enter no name would be so potent for him to conjure by; and on his office door he had lettered:

PHILIP ORMSBEE PEYTON,

ESTATE OF.

Then he pursued, more openly than he had dared to do while Peyton lived, his life's ambition: to be known as a man belonging to the one class in New York he envied more, even, than he envied the possessors of great wealth, except as such possession enabled them to indulge their inclinations; that class, grown up within a generation, of men who devote their active energies to the encouragement and practice of fashionable and expensive sports and games. Waters believed himself fitted to shine in such a set, as the coward dreams of deeds of gallant daring; as the low-born lout believes that only opportunity is lacking for him to radiate a courtier's graces; as the pot-house politician fancies that if a purblind public but saw aright, another Jefferson or Hamilton would be raised in his person to illuminate American statecraft.

Waters boasted to all who would listen, of his acquaintance with the men he had met at his dead employer's board, and haunted public places where he would be likely to meet them again; haunted the places with rage torturing his heart even after he had learned how calmly each of them could cut him. He joined such clubs as may any man who will pay the dues; even owned and ran a race-horse one season; was swindled on every hand, and yet did not find his name in the ravenously devoured racing reports; attempted to drive a decent team on the road, and felt the fear of death when the horses, knowing a coward 'prentice hand was guiding them, ran with him; whereupon he left them at a wayside inn, and sold them the next day for half of what they had cost him; eagerly sought the acquaintance of such celebrities as were easily met, and who were willing to exchange a nod for his expensive suppers; felt murder in his heart when at times he would



THE FALSE SPORTSMAN.

"Even owned and ran a race-horse one season."—Page 112.



see the penniless, arrogant son of his benefactor, Philip Peyton, in familiar comradeship with those men between whom and himself, even his dull sensibilities at last perceived, there was a wall he could neither batter down nor scale. Then he resentfully accepted his level, and became a familiar figure among the overdressed, vulgar habitués of conspicuous cafés, stage entrances, and the apartments of comic-opera stars.

But while in his heart he was conscious of his failure and raged against it, he did not deny himself the pleasure of boasting of what he had attained, for I do assure you there are not lacking men a-plenty who envied him because in their minds his position was as glorious and desirable as, in his, the heights he had aspired to in vain.

You see it takes as many kinds of men to make a world as, bless me! it takes kinds of chapters to make a book.

CHAPTER XI.

MISS HELEN'S ENCOUNTER WITH DOMINICO.

WHEN Carminella had completed her fourteenth year, and with it she finished six months of what to her was almost a dream-life, Dominico announced that she must leave school and help at the fruit-stand. It would be two years before she could go on the stage in any capacity, and in those two years she must do all she could to help the family fortune. The proper, the natural place for her to begin was at the fruit-stand, in the recess of the closed entrance in front of the Tivoli Theatre. Teresa wept, but Dominico was not to be moved. Teresa planned a thousand schemes of escape for Carminella, but they each required money, and Teresa had no money.

Is an honest man, asked Dominico, who works always when he does not sleep, and who sleeps as little as possible, to support a big girl of fourteen in idleness that she may read more books? Did not his neighbors reprove him and laugh at him for trying to make his wife's daughter a lady? Show him in all the block, from Baxter street to Mulberry, from Bayard to Park, a girl of fourteen, yes, of twelve, of ten, he could say, who did not work, and then he would do more for Carminella, who already had more books in her room, and more book-learning in her head, than could be found anywhere else in the Bend.

Teresa threatened to appeal to Dan, and Dominico

threatened to beat her if she did. Dan could judge when their contract was in question, but there was no contract now, for Carminella was fourteen and must work. If Teresa did not like her to work at the stand, where at least the policeman on post could have an eye on her, and Tom was close at hand, then Carminella could work for the sweater: work half-undressed in sweltering rooms, with men—and other girls. Did Teresa know what the other girls were like?

"Gesu! I'll kill her first!" cried Teresa.

Eleanor Hazelhurst did not let Carminella go without a struggle. She saw that it was a bitter thing for Carminella to leave her, and the child's love of her and the school touched her. And besides, Carminella really was a help in the missionary work. Teresa had schemed and planned, ceaselessly and tirelessly, to keep Carminella from the people and the life in the Bend. She felt no call of duty to aid in ameliorating the condition of any there except her child. Without complaining she considered the whole life there an immitigable evil from which she strove to protect her child by her care, as the Esquimau is protected from the ever-present lethal cold by his encasing furs. The mortal polar blasts are no more a fixed evil in their latitudes than was, to Teresa's thinking, mortal corruption uneradicably rooted in the tenements. But Carminella had been taught in the mission schools to observe and think about the life around her as a soluble social problem. Her sympathies were deep and quick, and these taught her knowledge of existing conditions which Eleanor Hazelhurst eagerly sought to obtain and make known to the thousands of wise and charitable men and women she knew to be the friends of the tenement mission-work. She longed to be able to present some scheme,

not fundamentally destined for the alleviation of the conditions there—she saw such schemes either failing of their object or fertilizing the vicious fields—but a constitutional cure. In the mean time, however, one of the immediate conditions which demanded her attention was the state of Dominico Cortese's mind concerning his right to the profit of Carminella's services. "Your father must let you stay here; I cannot get on without you," she had said to Carminella.

"You speak to my father, then, Miss Helen. He may consent. No one can refuse you anything," Carminella besought.

But Dominico could and did refuse. Eleanor went to him at the fruit-stand. Dominico was cross. Did the lady want Carminella's mind filled with notions which would make her never satisfied to do as her mother did, help at the stand? When did most of her pupils leave school? Ah, at eight years old. To be sure. Children must work there when they are able. Surely they are able at eight. No? Perhaps she had never been on the other side of the Bowery, over Hester and Orchard street way. There they were at work for the sweaters at four and five years old. Carminella was nearly as big as a woman. Girls of her age helped their fathers drag hand-organs about the street. Then Carminella could help at the stand. If Carminella was such a help at the school as the signorina said, then let the rich and fashionable people who amused themselves by coming down there, bothering the poor with notions about living which they never had the wages to carry out,—why then let the rich and fashionable pay him for Carminella's services at the school. Or, concluded Dominico, with a grin, if the rich and fashionable folk were not satisfied with the way the people lived down



TERESA.

"Gesu! I'll kill her first."—Page 115.

there, why not give these people some of their money so they could live differently?

All of Dominico's scolding was not lost on Eleanor. She thought all the way home of what he had said about paying Carminella for her services at the mission school, and at home talked it over with her sister, Minnie, the worldly, the cold-hearted.

"I suppose," said Minnie, after she had listened to all her sister had to say, "there is no reason why you shouldn't do this sort of thing the way you want to, so long as you are determined to do it at all. If you want to hire this Carminella about whom you have raved to me so, and have spent all of your allowance in this cheerful work, as I suppose you have, it does not seem that there is anything else to be done except for me to pay her father, who seems to be the only person with a particle of wisdom you have met down there, whatever wages his daughter is worth to you. I suppose that is the reason why you have been so charmingly confidential with me about this."

"It's awfully sweet of you, Minnie, to offer to do this, for I really haven't a cent in the world. You have no idea how much money one can give away down there when you come to know the distress. If you could only see this Carminella of mine, I know you'd feel repaid for what you are going to do for her."

"Yes, I dare say," Minnie replied, "but as she is likely never to leave the slums I am just as likely never to have that pleasure. By the way, doesn't the poor youngster want some clothes? I was thinking about that to-day. I could make her up a trunkful of mine."

Eleanor laughed outright as she exclaimed:

"Oh, Minnie, those people are as unknown to you, and always will be, I suppose, as the inhabitants of Jupiter!

The simplest gown you have Carminella could no more wear in Mulberry Bend than you could wear her finest gown to the Patriarchs' Ball. Besides, somehow, I wouldn't care to offer Carminella clothes."

"Oh, in her case you confine yourself to providing spiritual raiment only. It must be very interesting. I'm going to dress for dinner," said Minnie.

But Eleanor's plan, financed by Minnie, came to naught. She proposed it to Dominico and Teresa at the fruit-stand one day, and observed two remarkable exhibitions of character. Teresa's eyes filled with tears and she began with quick emotion to express her gratitude. She checked herself at a look and a smothered curse from Dominico. It would be entirely a question of money, he said, crowding in front of Teresa. How much would the signorina pay for his daughter's services? The lady should pay well, for Carminella could not only help with the care of teaching the youngest pupils, but could sweep and scrub and wash.

Dominico translated the look of annoyance in Eleanor's face to mean that he had overreached her by his shrewdness and cunning, but Teresa saw and understood and blessed Eleanor, who would not treat Carminella as a drudge.

"Carminella should be dressed," began Eleanor with some hesitation, for Dominico was eyeing her with almost fierce greed, "should be dressed a little differently." She glanced at her own quiet gown. "I will provide her with proper—with other—clothes."

Dominico looked elated, Teresa indignant. Eleanor saw and added quickly, looking at the mother, "which she can repay me for from her salary."

Dominico scowled and Teresa looked relieved.

"I shall inquire," continued Eleanor, "what the pay

is of teachers of the youngest classes in the public schools, and——”

“Oh no!” interrupted Dominico roughly. “Fools may teach in the public schools if they have the politics to get appointed. Carminella must have more: much more if she is to be made to dress like a lady.”

Eleanor looked hopelessly at Teresa, who made a little sign: “We must talk it over with Dan: Dominico’s friend Dan,” she said. If Miss Helen (Eleanor was still known only as Miss Helen in her charity school work) would be so good as to see them again.

Eleanor said she would, and went her way.

When she left them the Italians quarrelled sharply. Teresa said passionately that Carminella was her child and Dominico had no business to interfere to prevent the girl from taking service which would make a lady of her. Yes, said Dominico, she should make a lady of herself, but she should make money for them too. She was their only child and made nothing; their neighbors had many children and all earned wages. Was he to be a fool and not make the most of his chance? He knew the rich. They beat the poor whenever they could. But he was too sharp for them. He would make them pay back some of the hard-earned money he had wasted these many years on Lady Carminella. His neighbors would not call him a fool any longer.

The case was presented to Dan, who took it under advisement. At the first it seemed to him that this was a fortunate offer for Carminella, but then he thought of the contingencies. When Miss Helen left the work, as she surely would—they all did—Carminella might have no friend to keep her in the place. It would be harder then for her to go back to the fruit-stand than if

she had never been associated as an equal with fine folk. Tom was making fine friends, to be sure, but Tom had a fine trade, and could make his own way. Besides that—but this Dan did not discuss with Dominico and Teresa—he, Dan, had something which warranted Tom in seeking a life better than the tenements. This was something the cautious old man discussed with no one. For many years he had been saving his own and Tom's wages (Tom had not controlled his own until he was of age), saving them and investing them until now—but they would know pretty soon. When the Bend was made into a Park—Dan grumbled sometimes because the city was so slow about that Park—he would surprise Tom, surprise the world.

But about Carminella. To be sure it was right for those who did not like it to try to get out of this tenement life. But they must be careful with the first step, else they might slip back further than from where they started. He had seen plenty of that tragedy. There was Bill, his foster-son! But Dan would not even think about Bill. His pride, but not his affection, had been hurt there. Bill was not of his or even Tom's blood. Dan had tried to do well by him, had failed, and finally cast him off, but not until Bill had come into conflict with the law—the law that Dan so profoundly respected.

Ah well! he would consider the offer of Miss Helen to engage Carminella, Carminella for whom Dan had almost the affection of a father; Carminella their daughter of the tenements.

CHAPTER XII.

A BOWERY BALLET-DANCER'S DÉBUT.

IN the mean time Carminella had taken her regular watch at the fruit-stand. This, Teresa had arranged, was in the lightest business hours of the day, the morning hours, and Tom went and returned with her as he went to his work and returned for lunch. Although they had been the dulllest business hours Carminella's beauty drew so much custom to the stand that the trade grew until the morning watch returned more profit to Dominico than any other. All of these new customers were not polite. Sometimes when Tom came from the paint-bridge of the theatre to walk home with Carminella, who was relieved at noon by her mother, his blood boiled at the frightened look on the girl's face and Teresa's wrathful eyes which told him plainly enough of some attempted familiarity, some rough pleasantry, not evilly intended perhaps, but which had frightened or shocked the girl. Tom then felt as if he saw Carminella pinned down by immovable timbers which held her against all struggles, a victim for swiftly oncoming flames. Sometimes, as they walked home together, when Tom's heart had been stabbed by the sight of that frightened look on the girl's face, he would groan aloud, and Carminella, understanding, would press his hand and tell him not to care.

Then it was that Tom first thought of how some day,

if when this child became a woman she would love him, he would save her from every trial and trouble and heart-ache by making her his wife. But he never breathed this thought to her whom he still looked upon as a child; for it seemed so little while ago that he "minded" her, was the big protecting brother of the dark-eyed, beautiful baby.

Miss Helen duly made a definite offer for Carminnella's services, and Dominico piggishly fought for more pay, although Teresa pointed out that her proposed salary was as much as a roomful of their neighbors' children made at covering buttons, finishing "pants," or sewing sleeves in coats. Some of Dominico's churlishness was reported to Minnie Hazelhurst by Eleanor, and Minnie's prompt proposal to have Dominico sent to jail for being such a brute seemed quite a reasonable plan to the charity-school teacher, so baffled and annoyed she was by the Italian's greed and ill-nature. Minnie at last announced that she would go down and see Dominico herself, but when Eleanor pictured the lurid scene likely to result from such an interview, she begged her sister to abandon her heroic purpose.

One noon, just as Teresa arrived at the stand, Dominico came up with a fresh purchase of fruit. Tom and the Tivoli stage-manager came out of the theatre and the latter went to the stand and bought some oranges from Carminella. As he turned to go, after a pleasant word with her, he stopped, eyed her critically, observing her height, her lithe, gracefully poised figure, and then turned to Dominico and said: "It's a pity the girl isn't sixteen years old, Minico. I could put her on in the ballet at the next production if she was legal age."

Teresa's heart gave a great bound, but she was silent. as Dominico hoped she would be. Then Dominico

looked hard at Mr. Foster the stage-manager, and said significantly: "She might be sixteen if it is a good job."

Foster understood. At the Tivoli, in the heart of a community where thousands of girls worked under age in the factory, his ballet had frequently been recruited by the quickly developed Italian girls of fourteen and fifteen years of age, bearing certificates attesting their age to be sixteen.

"Well," said the stage-manager after a pause, during which he curiously eyed Teresa, for her face was flushed and her eyes shining strangely, "you never can tell how a new production will go. Can you, Mrs. Cortese?"

Teresa shook her head.

"But," he added, peeling an orange methodically, "Mr. Dean is letting us spend a lot of money on this one, and it is going to be a stunner for this part of town. It ought to have a three months' run, at least. We begin rehearsals next week. You can send the girl in if you want to. She'll get five dollars a week."

Teresa heard this with a tumult of emotion. It was the opening which might lead to Carminella's profiting by all the years of training her body had received, and might lead—for now more than in the mother's time on the stage "speaking" characters were developed from the ranks of the ballet—it might lead, also, to Carminella's profiting by the training her mind had received. The career of a teacher, which Miss Helen's offer had hinted at, was remote at best, and between the child and that career were many great obstacles, as Dan had pointed out. But for a stage career she was equipped as well as any beginner, better as to physical training, than the majority. And on the stage her antecedents,

the class from which she sprang, would be no obstacle, as it surely would be in the other career Miss Helen's offer had suggested.

They talked this over long and anxiously with Dan. Dominico favored it. He was resentful and bitter toward Miss Helen, and in his secret mind he argued that the rich lady would be brought to his terms when she saw that Carminella was being placed forever beyond her influence. Teresa raised points which Dan had to arrange. First, she would not sign a certificate that Carminella was sixteen, as Dominico urged. She would consent that Carminella should enter the ballet, and take chances of a question being raised as to her age.

Teresa was no longer fearful of "the Society." She admitted that that once-dreaded institution might interfere with Carminella's stage career for a year or two, but she did not fear, as she once would, that the Society would rob her of her child. She had become acquainted with something more powerful even than the Society: Charles Dean's influence with all persons in authority. Teresa could trust to that magically potent influence to save Carminella from annoyance if the question of her age was raised. If it was, why Carminella could be taken from the theatre and that would end the matter. But it was not likely to be raised. Carminella, they all agreed, looked as old as girls of eighteen of American parents. Then arose another and greater obstacle. Teresa made as a condition to Carminella's accepting Mr. Foster's offer that Dominico should employ assistants not only to take Carminella's place at the stand, but her's, Teresa's, as well.

"Why yours?" demanded Dominico.

"Because," said Teresa, and she spoke in the manner Dominico well knew admitted of no successful oppo-

sition: "Because Carminella must never be out of my sight. At rehearsal or performance never out of my sight. Never; I know what it is. No, the girl could go to the sweat-shops, if Dominico insisted, but not on the stage unless her mother was there. Always there!"

Dominico stormed, and wept, but it made no difference. He tried to bully, but Dan shut him up.

"It is a gamble," said Teresa. "If Carminella succeeds she may earn twenty dollars a week. Yes, possibly, twenty-five. If Dominico did not want to take the risk, well."

At the mention of these figures Dominico's eyes gleamed. Dan considered, and said Teresa was right. Both the women's places at the fruit-stand could be filled for two dollars a week, and then there would still be left a profit of three dollars from Carminella's wages. Dominico groaned and pretended to be much abused, but agreed to all the terms.

The next week Teresa appeared with Carminella at the Tivoli stage for rehearsal. The dim lights, the hurry and crowding and preliminary confusion, the clatter and shouts of the stage-hands, even the musty smells, were as music and incense to the women. She was trembling with the excitement of recollection as she stood in the wings while the ballet-master classified the raw and seasoned material before him. First, there was a class of trained ballet from the up-town theatres who had been "specially engaged" for this production, and accounted themselves lucky, for if the production was a success it would carry them through the dreaded summer season when the up-town theatres were closed and their earnings cut off. They were nearly all Irish-American women, not at all unfamiliar with the surroundings, for most of them had been born in that part

of the city, lower down, and many of them were graduates of the Tivoli and other Bowery stages. The next class were the most experienced of the Tivoli ballet. They were mostly Jewesses, foreign and native born, with a few Irish-American among them. The third class were young women who had occasional engagements at the Tivoli. They were a solid rank of New York born Jewesses, young, handsome, Oriental-looking, slovenly dressed. The last class intended for figurantes were all novices and nearly all Italian.

The successive waves of immigration which had swept in and over the lower east side of New York might have been noted in the four ranks by a student of social phenomena of that neighborhood.

The ballet-master, an excitable little old Italian, also "specially engaged," soon had his material in four ranks, and inspected them as an adjutant inspects soldiers at guard-mount. The first row was passed over quickly. They were veterans, that could be seen by their manner of standing still. An easy thing to do, you say? Ask a ballet-master. It takes anywhere from a week to a month to teach the most promising candidate to stand well; from a month to a year to teach her to walk across the stage so as not to be noticeably awkward.

With the inspection of the second rank trouble began. The master called upon some invisible deity located apparently somewhere up in the flies, and asked with hopeless shrugs of the shoulders if in his old age he was to be punished by having such material imposed upon him. The front rank giggled, the second rank wept, and the third rank trembled. However, he only ordered out one of the seconds, and replaced her with a waiting candidate. There was more anguish with the third



THE BALLET-MASTER.

"An excitable little old Italian, specially engaged."—Page 126.



rank. Four were expelled from that. When the places of three there had been filled from the substitutes in the wings, the master's eye fell upon Carminella.

"Step forward," he suddenly said to her. Carminella marched forward one, two, three, four paces, when the master clapped his hands, and she stood still while the ballet-master studied her pose critically.

"You come here," he said, and Carminella was advanced to the third rank. Teresa's heart beat as might another mother's watching a daughter reading the valedictory at the Commencement of a fashionable college. "It is my teaching," she said to herself, and she wondered where she had seen that ballet-master before.

There was a piano for them to rehearse by, and Carminella's rank had only marching to do, yet as she swung up and down the stage, obeying the frantically shouted orders of the ballet-master, wheeling, stopping, repeating over and over some single movement, the child felt as an eagle, born and taught to fly in a cage, must feel at its first moment of liberty.

The ballet-master observed her, puzzled. "She is a beginner?" he asked of the stage-manager. Suddenly he thrust out a second-rank woman, told her to take her place in the third rank, and promoted Carminella. For an hour without stopping, the women were drilled in the simplest of their evolutions, and then a halt was called for rest.

The ballet-master sank down in a chair near where Teresa and Carminella stood. "She has style: she promises well," he said in Italian to Teresa, indicating Carminella by a wave of the handkerchief with which he had been mopping his face.

"I am glad," Teresa answered in English.

The man stared at her and said: "You worked at this. I have seen you. Where?"

"I was Teresa Cesarotti, of the Arcadians," she responded, and felt as if she were speaking of herself in another state of existence.

The master stared harder than before, and then suddenly exclaimed:

"Teresa! of the 'Longs'! and you have forgotten me? Ah, I am growing too old to be remembered by any one but the devil. Poor old Polli!"

Teresa remembered him then, and he asked her if she was looking for work in the production. If she was he would put her in the first row. He would be glad to have her. Women were not trained for the ballet nowadays as she had been trained.

"I cannot do this work any more," she answered, smiling sadly, "I am lame."

Professor Polli was tearfully sympathetic in an instant. Yes, he recalled. An accident, was it not, at the Arcady? Ah, the ballet women could dance in those days! Did she remember Maggie Lyon? Yes? She is Marie Léon now, and a London sensation. Speaking parts! Yes, indeed; speaking and singing. Too stout to dance, Polli had heard. And who was this promising girl by Teresa's side? the old ballet-master prattled on.

"It is my daughter; my name is Cortese now," Teresa answered.

"Oh, that was the secret! Teresa had trained the child," Polli exclaimed, relieved to find an explanation of the puzzle. "Since she was three? That was right. She might become a dancer." Then he spoke rapidly in the patois he recalled Teresa spoke, hoping the girl could not understand, saying that he would not advance

her to the front rank, although with three weeks' drilling at rehearsals she might do there. Let her get her stage ease first in the second class. In the next production there would be a good chance for *La Cortese*.

Polli directed the rehearsals for two weeks, and then left them in charge of the "house" ballet-master, the director in permanent charge of the Tivoli ballet. This man found Teresa's aid useful in the last week's rehearsals, and in that way she became tacitly considered a stage attachée. Without salary to be sure, but Terèsa did not care; she was glad to have established a position there which would allow her to be near Carminella at all times. Her suggestions to the costumer were useful, too, and on the evening of the first production Teresa helped Carminella and a room full of women in their dressing. With Carminella she was like a mother dressing her daughter for her début ball, and when the first call for the ballet was shouted, she critically examined every detail of the pretty sailor-boy's costume Carminella wore, and then, excited and proud, she took her place in the wings by Tom's side. Tom had given seats to his father and Dominico in the balcony, and there were four eager pairs of eyes watching for one figure in the ballet group which came on next to the last; for they entered in reverse order to their importance in the composition, as "originally arranged and personally directed by Professor Polli," said a line in the programme.

More than four eager spectators picked out Carminella as her line entered, came down the stage with a sharply accentuated zig-zag skip, alternated with a long, graceful, sweeping step, their arms hauling on invisible halyards after the fashion of all sailors in the ballet, divided at the footlights, and took their

places in front of the line of glittering troops belonging to the army of no less distinguished a personage than the Maharaja of Muggy-Poo, which had preceded the sailors. Carminella stood at the down-stage end of one line of the sailor crew, and the large percentage of foreigners in the audience, more critical in such matters than the Americans, singled her out not only for the grace, precision, and springiness of her movements, but for the ease of her pose as she stood at salute, hand at cap, prepared to welcome the entrance of the resplendent admiral; who, being a woman and the star of the piece, ventured to dispense with the trousers of the American Navy uniform in favor of pale-blue silk tights. Every instant of time Teresa watched Carmi-nella and noted a dozen trifling faults for correction, and yet she felt satisfied and hopeful, and dreamed of successes for her child she had once dreamed of for herself.

When the curtain fell on the first act, Mr. Foster, the stage-manager, listened with acute anxiety to the applause. His ear detected the clatter of the claque and cast it aside; and he smiled and drew a deep breath of joy as above and beyond the claque there mounted the welcome roar of spontaneous and enthusiastic applause for which the curtain had to be raised for the ensemble dance twice. In his office Mr. Dean gravely received the congratulations of his friends.

"It's a return to the old-time glory of the Bowery," said the heavy, slow-spoken, ruddy-faced, gray-moustached elders of the neighborhood, whose pride in the Bowery is their religion.

In the second act there was an interior of an Indian palace, and the instant the calcium light flooded its brilliant and harmonious colors and revealed its stately, far-vistad columns and suave arches, there started in



PATERNAL PRIDE.

"That yell was as Irish as the green sod of Galway."—Page 130.

the galleries, where the Orientals swarmed, and quickly extended to the less impressionable Americans in the lower parts of the house, a tumult of demand for "Artist! Artist!"

The stage was empty. There was long delay, but the cries kept up. Finally, the scene-painter appeared, half dragging a reluctant figure from the first entrance. It was Tom. The older man bowed but waved his hand in acknowledgment to Tom, as if asking the audience to include him in the praise of their applause.

Dan, in the gallery, seeing this with bulging eyes, suddenly sprang to his feet and emitted one short, sharp, piercing yell, which stopped all other noises in the theatre, but for an instant only. Dan was—luck go with him, is—an American. He can prove it by documents, but that yell was as Irish as the green sod of Galway whence it originated. He was standing up in the front row of the gallery with his old-fashioned silk hat held aloft, for once all his caution and conservatism shaken out of him. The whole audience turned to look at the man with the close-cropped gray hair and the smooth stern face, and so did Tom. Catching his boy's eye Dan, with a quick jerk of his hat, again sent forth that challenging and triumphant yell, and every Irishman and son of an Irishman in the theatre—a solid lot of men, the rulers of New York—dived a hand under his seat and the next second, with defiantly upheld silk hat, sprang to his feet and answered the yell in kind. Then there was a roar of laughter in which the yellers joined, until some one sang out, pointing to the promoter of all this excitement: "True for you, Dan Lyon. Galway forever!" There was another roar and another cry: "The artist is Dan's boy Tom," and once more Dan, now utterly lost to his surroundings, a perfect example

of atavism, an absolute reversion to the men of his ancestry, led the yell; and the cheering and laughter kept up until Tom, blushing crimson, bowed, broke away, and made a hasty exit.

Philip Peyton was in the audience—he should have been at Police Headquarters—and saw and heard this. He knew that the *Guardian* had not sent a man to write a notice of the Tivoli production, so he went back to Headquarters, wrote a notice, sent it to the night city-editor with a personal note, and the next day Tom Lyon's name was mentioned in connection with "the very artistic scenic effects," in a new extravaganza at the Tivoli on the Bowery. Philip was back at the Tivoli, his own work done, in time to catch Tom leaving the theatre with Teresa, Carminella, and Dan; and he insisted that the party should celebrate the evening's success with him at the Arctic Garden.

He was in a gale of good spirits; he took the party to a box in the garden, ordered beer and frankfurter sausages in the most reckless manner, congratulated Tom enthusiastically, praised Carminella, and joked Dan about the yell, which he said was the best part of the show. Carminella regarded him with big-eyed wonder, and blushed when he called her Miss Carminella, for she had never been called that before; liked him when he called her mother Mrs. Cortese, instead of Teresa, as every one else did; and laughed with the others at his pretended enjoyment of the performance on the Garden stage. Tom wanted to pay for part of the supper, but Philip would not let him. "No, my young artist friend," he said with much grandeur, "do not let your success turn your head, and make you ambitious to share the expenses of this Lucullan feast, for you see in me, your host, a bloated capitalist—a gold-mine

owner. Yes, children, I speak not in parables nor in hyperbole. A big brother of mine, Harvard University crew, 188-, is at present engaged in the joyful occupation of digging gold from the rocky fastnesses of the witching West. Not untold gold, perhaps, but he remitted to me, his silent partner, this day, per express, charges prepaid, one hundred dollars, half of the profits of last month's 'clean-up,' as he drolly expresses it."

Carminella had never seen or heard any one like Philip before in her life, and in her wondering study of him forgot, even, the events of her first night on the stage.

CHAPTER XIII.

A TODDY, AND GLAD TIDINGS.

PROFESSOR POLLI'S prediction of Carminella's advance in the ranks of the Tivoli ballet was more than verified, for she was placed at the end of the front row before the production had run many weeks. It ran many months and made a large profit, I am glad to say, on the seemingly reckless expenditure Mr. Dean authorized for it. I know, Mr. Reformer: I know all about Mr. Dean and the political crimes and corruptions he is charged with, so there is no need of your wagging your outraged head at me about him. He is the ruler of that District; carries it in his vest-pocket, if you like; is its political dictator, too, if you please. I will grant you that he is just as wicked as, with unceasing clamor, you accuse him of being; and that in his District his will, not the will of the majority, rules. Permit me to shock you by saying that that is a fact for which Mr. Dean deserves your profound thanks: yours and every other law-abiding, property-owning, tax-paying citizen of this ignorance-beset city. Do you happen to know what the majority of that District is like? What its ideas of "government" really are when the ever-cautious police permit their expression, taking watchful heed those ideas are not carried out; thus preventing the pillage and burning of your peaceful, diamond-back district homes? Do you happen to know what is the average intelligence of the majority there? Do you

happen to know that Mr. Dean is enabled to control there because the morals of the majority are so much worse than its political principles—it would rather sell its votes than rule? So far as Mr. Dean contributes rulers to the general government of the city, state, nation, I prefer taking my chances of safety under them than under such as that District would contribute by the free and untrammelled rule of the majority, my dear Mr. Reformer. Teach that majority what American institutions are, before you demand that it shall have a free hand in their conduct.

But there! may I never lose another enemy if I again break my promise not to introduce the subject of politics.

I was remarking that the famous production in which Carminella made her first appearance had a long run. In fact, there was no announcement of the “closing weeks” until preparations were begun for the Holiday spectacle. The house ballet-master urged Teresa—ever-faithful, ever-watchful, ever-cautious Teresa!—to allow Carminella to dance a solo, or “do a specialty,” as he called it, before the new piece was put on. But Teresa said “No.” There was danger in pushing the girl too fast; in depriving her of the hard routine drill which would make her muscles sturdy without diminishing their suppleness, which would give her perfect understanding and command of the stage as a dancing platform. So during all the hot months of summer, and long into the fall, Carminella nightly made her appearance in the palace of the Maharaja of Muggy-Poo, on the deck of the U. S. S. Constance, and on the beach of the Island of Delight; drinking pasteboard goblets of champagne unbrahminically introduced into the Indian palace; tossing off bumpers of grog on the deck of the Constance; and feasting on the tropical fruits of the

Island of Delight. Then she and Tom and Teresa would leave the stage-door together and walk over to the Arctic Garden and have a real supper of beer and sandwiches. Philip Peyton would frequently join them at these suppers, which then would become great larks. As they were regular and late patrons, the singers and dancers on the Garden stage came to know them and would "play at them;" and Philip would send glasses of beer behind the stage to the performers, and hear the fact alluded to in the next song. At that hour, between eleven o'clock and midnight, most of the Bowery sight-seers from up-town would be gone, and the hungry and thirsty patrons of the place were "natives" and many of them known to Tom. The table always reserved for them near the big orchestrion (so that Philip could ask for their favorite selections) became the centre about which the young fellows Tom or Philip cared to introduce would gather; drawing their supper tables nearer and gossiping about their work and interests. There were some newspaper men Philip introduced, who somehow that summer acquired the custom of stopping at the garden for supper on the way up-town; some bright, keen-eyed schoolfellows of Tom's, now law or medical students, some already admitted to practice, but not yet strong enough to fly out of the native field. Give them time, messieurs, they will be with you, further up-town, later.

"I'm thinking of taking lodgings down here myself," Peyton said one evening. "It's only necessary to be an American and start down here to be a success. Now I am an American, but successful only as a failure. My night city-editor informed me this evening, with tears—which I took to be tears of delight—streaming down his pale, nervous face, that I had at last turned in



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"The singers and dancers would 'play at them.'"—Page 136.



a story with every essential fact included and all absolutely correct. As I rose, choked with emotion, to thank him, he added that the story I had turned in happened not to be the story I had been sent out on—another man had brought that in earlier in the evening, and it was then in type; and would I trot out again, dig up my own story, and kindly hustle!"

"Whenever you're ready to change lodgings just let me know," said Tom, "for I'm beginning to feel as if I belonged in a *Guardian* man's rooms. Your art department is sending me something to do nearly every day now. I am to have a four-column illustration in next Sunday, and I am to sign it, too, if you please, so I'm thinking about looking for apartments up your way."

Tom took from a wide, flat parcel on a chair by his side a sheet of cardboard on which was a nearly finished drawing. "I've been working on this whenever I could get a chance at the theatre," Tom added. Philip took it and asked: "Is this the one you're to sign for the Sunday *Guardian*?" When Tom said it was, Philip impudently took from his pocket one of those perpetually inked pens, and wrote in the corner of the sketch: "T. Fitz Gerald Lyon." When Tom saw this he exclaimed indignantly, "Now wouldn't I look nice with my name parted in the middle like that!"

"You take my advice, my son," Philip said, with much gravity: "The signature, 'T. Fitz Gerald Lyon,' will prompt a hundred people to inquire about the artist, yes, and to commend the art, where five would take notice of 'T. F. Lyon's' feeble efforts to please the eye."

Tom only laughed at this, but he did not change the signature, and that, if you care to know, is the way the precise form of Lyon's signature, with which we are all so familiar now, was invented.

"Oh, you're not the only one who has successes," said Carminella, teasing Tom a little: "what do you say to my going into a Broadway-theatre ballet which Professor Polli is to rehearse?"

Both men answered exactly together: "I say, no!" said Tom, and he really looked a little bit anxious.

"I say, good!" Philip exclaimed, but he had not changed from his bantering mood.

"I only didn't want you to have all the glory," Carminella said, "or I would not have told, for I am not going."

Both the men looked so inquiringly at Teresa, who they knew, of course, would make the decision, that she answered: "Carminella will dance a solo at the next piece at the Tivoli. Better for her to stay there until she goes to Broadway as a soloist or specialist."

"You are right, Mrs. Cortese," said Philip. "Miss Carminella will come to Broadway as much a stranger, coming from the Bowery, as from Vienna; so she had better wait until she can come with a press agent, lithographs, stories of stolen diamonds, a French maid, and an English fox-terrier."

Carminella laughed as Philip ran on in this way, but Tom, somehow, did not seem to find as much simple fun in that Bohemian evening as in others. Perhaps his drawing had been passed over too lightly; perhaps the party had not taken seriously enough his announcement of the fact which had made his blood tingle all day, that his name was to be signed to his work in the columns of the great *Guardian*. Perhaps, too, Tom could not regard with great satisfaction the prospect of Carminella leaving the Tivoli, which would mean her leaving the Bend. Then he would see her neither at work nor at home. I guess that was the cause of his very

unusual depression. The fact is that in the last year or so there had been a check to Tom's growing impatience with his father's loyalty to their old home. He did not know the particulars of his father's worldly affairs; but he was not ignorant of the general belief that Dan's long and patient industry and thrift, and the real liking some of the business men in the Niantic building had for him, who would be likely to advise him wisely in the investment of his savings, had resulted in the old man acquiring enough of this world's goods to make it possible and proper that they should permit themselves a better manner of living. Tom, I say, had chafed under his father's insistence upon remaining in the Bend under these circumstances until the last year or so, during which Carminella had grown to a more companionable age. Since she had begun to work at the Tivoli they had been much together. They had gone out together in the mornings for long walks in the beautiful parts of the city on pleasant days, or Carminella had posed for Tom when he wanted a woman's figure in a drawing for the *Guardian*. During this time he had been perfectly contented with the Bend as a home.

That evening, as Tom, Teresa, and Carminella parted at the entrance of the Garden from Philip, who was going up-town with some companions, and they started to walk down the Bowery, Teresa said to him:

"We are not going to leave the Tivoli yet, Tom, but we are going to leave the tenement."

"Leave the tenement?" repeated Tom, his heart sinking.

"Has not your father told you?" asked Teresa, with surprise. "Then I should not have told you."

Tom found his father waiting up for him. This was

an unusual occurrence, for, except when political duties interfered, Dan's bed-time was nine o'clock.

There was a sly, pleased look on the old man's face as he watched his tall, handsome boy throw off his coat and vest; fill his beloved pipe of the Art League days, and sink into a chair, pulling his rather long, reddish hair over his forehead; the picture of a very dejected young man, and therefore looking very unlike Tom Lyon.

"What's this you have in the paper, Tom?" asked his father, pointing to the package Tom had thrown on the lamp-table.

"Some drawings," answered Tom; "this one is going into the *Guardian* on Sunday."

"And what's this I see," said Dan, putting on his spectacles to examine the signature. "Sure that's a stylish way of writing your name. Your mother was a Fitz Gerald, and none better ever came over. What struck you to write your name all out like that?"

"I didn't write it, dad; Mr. Peyton did."

"Mr. Peyton, eh? I'm proud of your having fine friends like that, Tom; I'm thinking sometimes that you'll be ashamed of the old home you stay in for your dad's sake." As Dan said this he lighted his own pipe, and walked around behind Tom, and he was smiling with great satisfaction as he smoked.

"Well, dad," said Tom, holding up a drawing, squinting at it, and blocking out a portion of it from his sight with an intercepting thumb, "it doesn't do me any harm at the Tivoli to be known to be living in Mulberry Bend; but if I should take a studio,—that's a sort of an office to do my work in, you know,—and give up scene-painting and try to make a living as an artist, I don't suppose it would help me to get buyers to have it known that I live down here."

Dan's smile faded for a moment. Perhaps he had hoped for an expression of ready willingness on Tom's part to remain in the Bend as long as his father thought best, but the old man's smile of satisfaction returned when Tom added, after a few vigorous puffs: "But if you're stuck on staying here, dad, till the city clears these rattle-traps out to make a park of the Bend, why of course I ain't going back on you. What's good enough for the old man ought to be good enough for the kid, I guess!"

Tom shook himself, gave one of his natural, jolly laughs, jumped up from his chair, squared off at his father, pretended to aim a death-dealing blow at him, tapped him lightly on the cheek and added, "Especially when he's been as square an old man as you have been to me. Take that, and that," and he tapped Dan twice more. Dan countered the last blow, struck Tom on the chest, and, as his son sank into a chair, pretending to be knocked down, Dan took a seat opposite and said:

"Have your manners about you, T. Fitz Gerald Lyon, or I'll show you the way the Ridge-street boys used to lick the Cherry-hill gang. Now as I'm having a long story to tell you, before I begin fetch what you find in the cupboard, on the bottom shelf."

Tom found there a bottle of whiskey, which he had expected, for Dan took a glass of whiskey and water, and only one, every night of his life. What was unexpected there was a pitcher of ice-water, some lemons, and a bag of lump sugar. They were all strangers; as strange in frugal Dan's cupboard as in any other in that tenement.

"Bring them here, Tom, and I'll show you the right way to mix a toddy," said Dan. "It's fifteen years since I treated myself to one, but we'll finish that bot-

tle to-night, my boy. A glass of plain whiskey and water has been my daily allowance for fifteen years."

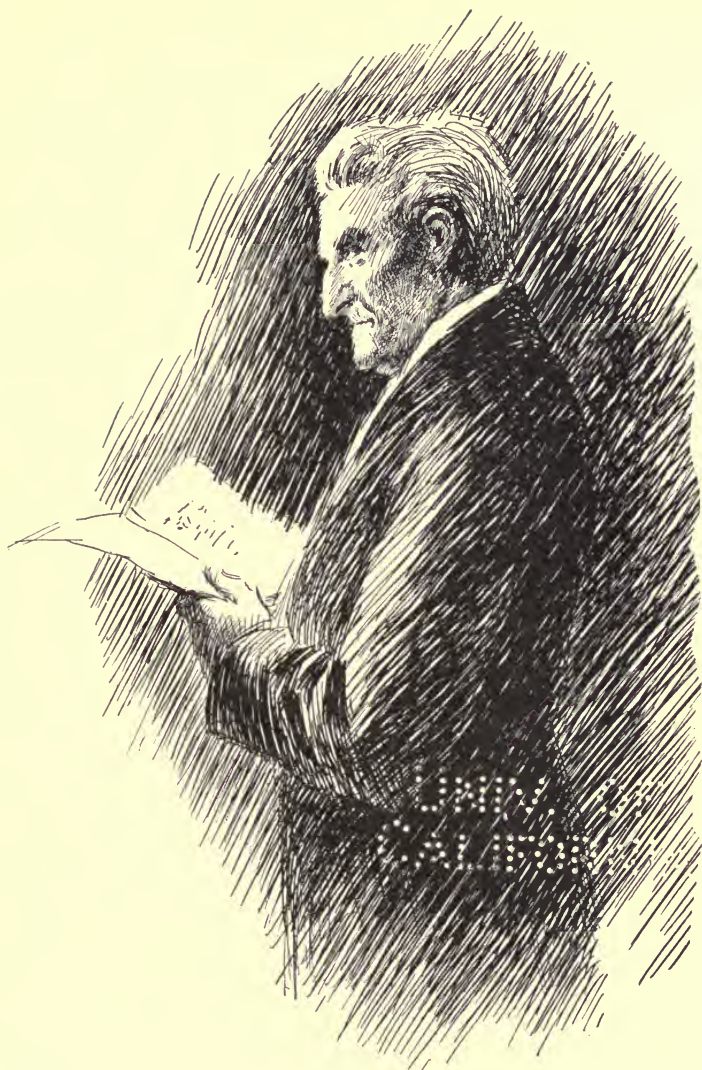
"Why, dad, what's the matter?" exclaimed Tom; for he suddenly discovered that his father's smiling lips were trembling and his eyes were filled.

The old man did not answer by word, but reached over to the bed for his coat, and drew from an inside pocket a long envelope from which he took a document and gave it to his son. Tom opened it wonderingly, looked at it long and hard, and then laid it down, saying:

"It's all Greek to me, dad, except that it's a deed to something, and that it is in your name."

Dan told his story with a hundred explanations which were, naturally, of the liveliest interest to Tom, but might not all be to my readers, so I will make of it a briefer tale:

Fifteen years before, Dan Lyon had accumulated and placed on deposit in a savings bank \$1,000. He went to the oldest tenant of the Niantic building, to Mr. Fordham, the lawyer, who has been referred to as declining to substitute the typewriter for the quill pen in his office business, and asked him if he could invest his money in any better way than leaving it on deposit. The lawyer liked Dan; they had grown up together in the building since the lawyer had left his college, one to wealth and position, the other to the respect of all men who knew him. There was something alike in them, in their caution and conservatism. With the same start in life they would doubtless have attained much the same position. Mr. Fordham said he would bear Dan's case in mind and he did. His own country home was in Long Island in the hills north of Hempstead plains. It was an ancestral place and Mr. Fordham knew the



MR. FORDHAM.

"The lawyer liked Dan."—Page 142.

country well for miles around; saw the gradual decline in the value of farming lands thereabouts, and was one of the first to note the indication of the approaching fashionable drift which at last made an "abandoned farm" in that neighborhood so valuable that it paid speculators to give fancy prices for prosperous farms and then announce them as "abandoned"—and for sale! He observed this tendency before it affected values much, and made an uncommonly wise estimate of the extent to which it would run. Near his own place was a pretty twenty-acre farm and colonial farm-house with shingle sides which was for sale, not as "abandoned," for it was good land though out-at-elbows as a farm, but at a reasonable price at a farm valuation. Mr. Fordham wanted the property to add to his own and would have bought it could he have obtained an intervening piece of land. He thought of Dan, had him over there one Sunday and showed him the place, explained the probable future of the neighborhood, told what should be done to the house and land, and what the improvements would cost, and then told him he would secure the place for him for his \$1,000, and would undertake to find some one who would "carry the place on a mortgage at terms which Dan could meet." That was Mr. Fordham's manner of concealing the fact that he intended himself to carry through this momentous investment for Dan. For laborious days and nights Dan figured on unaccustomed questions of mortgage, interest, cost of improvements on land and buildings, on possible revenues from the farm converted into an orchard and vegetable garden, and on his own capacity for saving, and then announced to Mr. Fordham that he thought he could clear the transaction out, making all the payments and meeting the costs of all the improve-

ments suggested, in fifteen years! The security was perfectly good, and, although the interest rate Dan paid was low, Mr. Fordham said he thought "his client would be satisfied," and Dan saw the beginning of the consummation of his life's ambition. Once started, the struggle proved easier than Dan had counted upon. His services to Mr. Dean paid him twice what he had estimated they would, and for the last five years he had practically had the management as janitor of a building next to the Niantic, but he never thought of changing a condition of the investment as it was first planned. The increasing fashionableness and population of the neighborhood made a better market for the farm products, and Dan's income from that source exceeded his estimate. There were many times when he had to struggle hard not to let Tom know of this good fortune, but it had always seemed to him that nine-tenths of the glorious satisfaction of telling Tom that he actually owned a home of his own which would support him would be lacking if he had to add that it was mortgaged. So when at last the whole encumbrance was paid off, and this was on the very day Dan told him of it, besides having this wonderful thing—this unencumbered deed to a home for them—Dan had money in the bank wherewith to furnish the farm-house as Tom might like.

"I wouldn't furnish it, Tom, without you to say how, for Mr. Fordham is telling me the artists are doing great tricks with those old farm-houses; making them look like the old days again on the inside, he says, and you'll have full swing there. And now, my boy, when your fine friends say, 'Where are you living, T. Fitz Gerald Lyon?' you'll take your time answering and say, careless-like, 'Oh, down at me father's country place in Long Island. Couldn't you run down and spend a

night with us? The old man'll be glad to see you, and he makes a fine toddy. He's the same Dan Lyon that worked in the Niantic building, boy and man, near fifty years!' Tell 'em that, Tom, and your old dad will be waiting down there for you, never going back on your promised welcome, though you bring a dozen of your fine friends at once. Tell 'em that, Tom."

CHAPTER XIV.

THE EXODUS FROM MULBERRY BEND.

DAN LYON had considered Dominico's affairs as well as his own in his closing days at Mulberry Bend, and had talked them over with Dominico and Teresa. Dominico's business had thrived greatly of late, owing to the large patronage of the Tivoli Theatre; and besides this betterment of the Cortese fortunes, Professor Polli had taught Carminella some solo dances which he had invented for her, or, more properly, had arranged to suit her form and stature and the special directions in which she had shown the greatest facility in her dancing. The new dances had been rehearsed on the Tivoli stage for the finishing touches, and Dominico, who had watched, not the dancer but the faces of the house ballet-master, the stage-manager, and Mr. Dean, had stoutly held out for a salary of twenty-five dollars a week for Carminella in the new piece, and had nearly died of joy when he gained his point. He would undoubtedly have died of rage had he known that he could just as readily have demanded and obtained fifty dollars a week. The new piece, a Christmas spectacle, was almost ready when Dan had settled all his affairs with the men in the Bend for whom he had been so many years a careful financial agent; closed up his political accounts with Mr. Dean, and installed his successor in the Niantic building.

As Carminella's increased wages would soon begin,

Dan advised Dominico to move into a better neighborhood for her sake. To both Tom's and Teresa's surprise Dominico offered little objection to this change, which meant considerable addition to the cost of their living. That worthy and prosperous Italian had lately developed some tastes and manners which might have suggested to Dan, had he been a judge in those matters, that Dominico's yearnings for a more fashionable life would prompt him to lead, rather than reluctantly follow, the northward march. Dominico had discarded the shapeless woollen cap of Mulberry Bend for a velvet yachting cap of most extraordinary size and plethoric puffiness; no longer did he reserve his red and yellow neck-scarfs for Sunday and other fête days, but they gladdened and rejoiced his razor-scraped neck seven days in the week. The earrings of Naples were made to relinquish their accustomed hold, but more glittering than they was the plated-gold watch-chain which hung in graceful waves from pocket to buttonhole and from buttonhole to pocket of his highly colored velveteen vest. The pearl buttons on his corduroy coat grew in size from week to week to the hilarious approval of the Bowery. The brogans he was wont to wear no longer covered his ample feet with comfort and protection, and in their stead he stood in glorious anguish in a pair of tight and high-heeled boots. He loved, on warm summer and fall evenings, standing beneath the electric light in front of the Tivoli Theatre with naught of his refulgence concealed, to discourse with his customers on subjects pertaining to the stage and of his daughter's success. He was a very butterfly of fashion, and when it was proposed that their increased incomes warranted a move into fields where his bright colors would be more in harmony with his surroundings than in the

back tenement of Mulberry Bend, Dominico exclaimed with enthusiasm: "Are we pigs to always live in this sty? No, let Riccodonna and his kind, whose daughters could earn but two or three dollars a week sewing at the machine from daylight to dark, stay there and rot." Had not he, Dominico Cortese, an honest man if ever one came from Italy, begged the stupid thief, Riccodonna, to keep his children in the schools? Had he not said, "Riccodonna, friend, make your daughters learn everything as I make mine learn. Beat them if they do not." "Let us go farther north, even beyond Cooper Union, and live fashionable lives, with a room in which to eat our food separate from the room in which we cook. Let us have the good red wine of Italy for fifty cents a gallon, and drink it when our best friend, Dan, visits us from his palazzo on Long Island."

Dan, indeed, had to modify the transports of Dominico, or that socially revolutionized man would have placed no limit on the delights and luxuries he promised the family.

Before the new piece was put on, Teresa found a flat on Tompkins Square into which they moved. It had four rooms, besides its own bath-room, and they paid twenty dollars a month. Dan made Teresa a present of his furniture, which, with what they had, and a carpet and a curtain for Carminella's room, a present from Tom, set them up in housekeeping in such fashionable style that Dominico wept that Riccodonna could not see.

But in the enthusiasm Dominico felt and imparted in some degree to Teresa, Carminella, and Dan, one of the party, Tom, did not share. He was going to give up his night-work at the theatre, when he and his father moved to Mulberry Court, the name Dan had given to

his Long Island home. He had begun that night-work, as an assistant to Mr. Foster, the stage-manager, years ago in lieu of the morning hours he then devoted to the Art League. Now he would return to his all-day work on the paint-bridge of the theatre, so that he could return home for the evenings. He would not see Carminella much, he thought, except at rehearsals. Near the day for the separation, at one of the suppers they took at the Garden, Tom spoke of this rather ruefully, and Carminella had said: "But you will become a great artist, will have your own studio, and then you will not be at the Tivoli at all."

Poor Tom could not see that the brightness in the girl's eyes as she said this was all for pride and hope in him. She, so much more intuitive than he, though she did not divine all, saw that Tom was in a mood dangerous to his prospects, his ambition. Now, just as the world was opening before him with a fair field for his talents, he seemed for the first time in his life to be satisfied with things as they were. She saw so much, and said what she did to spur him back into his old-time restlessness and high ambition. She did not know, and perhaps Tom did not wholly realize, that because Carminella was so much in his life there he was at last content with it. So he was dissatisfied with her that she could speak without regret of his leaving the Tivoli altogether, and was silent and miserable during the rest of the supper, although Philip was there and kept the others laughing at his nonsense. When they separated Tom said he would go home at once to be with his father on this last night at the Bend, and Philip Peyton went away to Tompkins Square with Carminella and Teresa. Tom turned his way; and as he heard the others laughing, waiting for a street car, felt something

so heavy and miserable about his heart he wondered what he had ever found in life which could make it seem gay and bright. "Anyway," he thought, "it is a great satisfaction if I can't be as much with Carminella as before, that so good a fellow, and such a good friend of mine, as Philip Peyton can be," and he turned and saw Philip helping Carminella into the car, and she was again laughing.

The new dances were a success from the first. Carminella appeared in the second act of the Holiday spectacle as a Spanish gypsy, dancing before a camp of British soldiers, whom she charmed into forgetfulness of their duties while a gypsy prisoner, her father, made his escape from the camp. Why he had been made a prisoner, or what he did with the liberty she secured for him, Carminella never discovered, although she was a central figure in the incident every night for a month, and, indeed, had a few lines to speak of a nature calculated to sooth the mind of the commanding Britisher.

It was discovered at once that a dramatic motive for her work, a cause for her appearance in the scene, added something to the brilliancy of Carminella's manner, and a spirit to the poetry of her movements in the gypsy dance, and Mr. Foster at once set to work to have a dramatic introduction written in for her second dance, in which she appeared as an Egyptian slave; the British Army having moved to Cairo in the entr'acte. In each character Carminella spoke her few lines in a thrillingly sweet contralto voice, and in such English accent as Bowery theatre-goers had not listened to since the days when the great stars of their profession shone on the stage of the old Bowery, where the Hebrews swarm now to hear the drama in their vernacular. In every piece produced at the Tivoli that winter there was a



A WAIF.

"Forced to appear on the streets."—Page 151.



speaking part of a few lines written in as a medium for the introduction of Carminella in some character in which she could dance. Mr. Foster refrained, as long as his shrewd business sense permitted him, from making a "feature," as it is called, of Carminella's dancing. Not that he apprehended a visitation from the agent of the Society which is overcome with such spasms of horror if a young woman under sixteen years of age appears on the stage, while fifty thousand children of much less than that age are prevented from appearing in the public schools for lack of school accommodation, and are thereby forced to appear on the streets or in the shops or sweaters' dens. There was no danger of such a visitation, for any one would readily accept without question the assertion that Carminella was eighteen. That was not why Mr. Foster hesitated; it was to prevent a dreaded ebullition of Dominico's expensive passion for more salary. Partly for this reason, and partly not to attract the attention of Broadway theatre-managers, as little as possible was publicly made of Carminella's success. But when it became manifest beyond possibility of denial that Carminella was a great drawing attraction at the Tivoli, all of her new dances were promptly advertised in newspapers and show-bills, and the relentless and exuberant Dominico was not satisfied until he had at last secured a contract by which Carminella was paid sixty dollars a week! Twice as much in a single night as he, honest Dominico, had earned by a week's hard work, many and many a week! On the day the contract was signed Dominico invested in a paste-diamond pin of astounding size and dazzling brilliancy, and so startlingly bright became his neck-scarfs, his raw-red throat paled by contrast. When that contract was signed (it engaged Carminella until

the following fall), Mr. Dean and Mr. Foster, left alone, heaved sighs of relief together. "The girl is worth a hundred dollars a week to any Broadway house that could use her work," said Mr. Foster.

"Yes, and most of them are running to that kind of work, too," Mr. Dean added.

But as little as Broadway knows of the Bowery, which is as little, generally, as the Bowery cares for Broadway, the fame of the wonderfully beautiful girl who was making another fortune for Charles Dean by her character dances at the Tivoli spread to the haunts of those who, soon wearing out the entertainment offered by the up-town theatres, are ever alert for the novelties which are offered to the east, the west, the south, yes, even to the north of the zigzag path which Broadway cuts through their accustomed part of this Island of Manhattan. And among the men who welcomed the news that there was "something worth seeing at the Tivoli" was Mr. Mark Waters.

CHAPTER XV.

A TENDERLOIN DISTRICT BOX-PARTY.

"I'LL send for a box, and we'll take in that Tivoli show," Waters said to a party of his friends who were discussing the news of the attraction which some adventurous rounders had reported from the Bowery. In his box party, the night they appeared in evening dress at the Tivoli, were two pale, smooth-faced, loose-shouldered young men, who looked so bored it seemed a pity they were compelled to endure the flatness of this life another minute. They were two friends of whom Waters was so proud he visibly swelled and puffed whenever he was seen in their company. One was the son of a Western millionaire, who was gratifying his own ambition and breaking a simple mother's heart by the frequency with which his name figured in sensational incidents which aided, during his career there, to give characteristic color to life in that section of our beloved but sometimes unfortunate city known as the "Tenderloin:" a section wherein, by some strange meeting of social tides and currents, a whirlpool is formed which, for once, commingles the scum and dregs, the froth and sediment, that which glitters and the debris from which it has once been separated; as a mountain torrent sometimes sweeps through the miner's sluice-boxes, a wild and muddy stream scouring up from the bottom the separated gold, adding it again to the earth from which it has been washed, pouring all

into a seething pool with bruising boulders, tossing tree-trunks, with slime and gravel and wreckage of carefully constructed works meant for the separation and refining of the gold from the dross; and there, sometimes floating on the surface; sometimes drawn beneath the waves, appear and disappear, stained and rent, wild-flowers, torn from their quiet cañon homes by the flood which has brought them to this turbulent water and there will strand them.

The Westerner's companion was a New Yorker, whose family name has been exalted for three generations in an honored profession. His features were strikingly handsome, and the hard mask his life was already imposing over his young face as yet but half concealed an inherited expression which, in his father's, had been pride of name and place and achievement. In him it was—what? An evidence of the commingled precious metal, which in his ancestors had been cleared of its debris, and was now being torrent-swept back into its native grime again?

Waters' third guest was an old man, ten years Waters' senior, but in many ways the youngest-looking man in the party. Although his trimmed and pointed moustache was nearly white, his complexion was an even, pale red which, at a little distance, looked like the undamaged pink of youth. His eyes were a little—surprisingly little—the worse for late hours and tobacco and wine, and behind his rimless eye-glasses yet seemed bright, especially as they lighted with pretended interest. There was really nothing in the world which interested him except to affect an interest in all things, and this, and his slender sprightly figure, aided his youthful appearance. He was one of those amazing but picturesque products of the Tenderloin made possi-



THE NEW YORKER.

"The younger men were living that life from choice."—Page 154.



ble by a physique which must have been inherited, unaltered, from some cave-dwelling, bear-fighting ancestor.

The younger men were living that life from choice, and they fraternized with Waters because they found him one of its elements. The young New Yorker belonged to some desirable clubs, and at such intervals as their rules permitted, took Waters to them for dinner, enjoying in a languid way the disapproval of his fellow club members thereat. But he had wealth and position (at least his family held a position for him which he might choose some day to accept), and his taste in club guests was not too openly condemned.

All of Waters' party at the 'Tivoli "had money"—a status not enjoyed by many of his customary companions—and he was proud and happy in their company. The old man paid close and apparently absorbed attention to the stage performance, applauded everybody and everything while waiting for "La Cortese's" appearance; during which time the young men stared moodily at the audience, and Waters followed their example, copying their looks and manner as nearly as possible. But when from the gallery, where Italians were numerous, came cries of "La Cortese! La Cortese!" announcing Carminella's appearance, there suddenly ceased in Waters' box, as everywhere else in the theatre, any pretence of indifference.

Carminella's first dance was in the character of a French cantinière, in a zouave uniform, with a skirt reaching to her leggings, and jaunty scarlet fez capping her loose black hair. In the story of the play she was supposed to be practising a dance she had learned from native Algerians, and, as Professor Polli had arranged it, the cantinière found it impossible not to interrupt the slower and more sensuous movements of the Moor-

ish, with the livelier and to her more familiar steps of the Parisian dances. Carminella, using her unswung canteen as a tambourine, carried out with artistic spirit the pretended fun and confusion of the errors and mistakes of her dance; and the alternate applause of the French and Algerian troops, as she glided smoothly from the favorite dance of one to the other, was taken up by the audience, until on both sides of the footlights there was an uproar of cheers and "bravas!" in the highest tumult of which "La Cortese" broke from the stage in an instant's riot of the *can-can à la Polli*. In response to the roar of applause the favorite reappeared, bowing, her fez in one hand, her long hair tossing about her shoulders.

Waters leaned forward motionless, his heavy lips parted and trembling, his usually dull eyes glaring hotly. The two younger men were applauding with a frank vigor of which they would have been ashamed had they been conscious, and the old man, really the least affected of the party but pretending to be quite carried away by artistic fervor, was the first to think of an appropriate display of enthusiasm. With the appearance of one acting from uncontrollable impulse he tore his boutonnière from the lapel of his coat and cast it at Carminella's feet. The gossip that a party of fashionables from up-town was in that box had passed from mouth to mouth behind the scenes, and Carminella, who had heard it, gave one quick, curious glance at the four standing men just as the other three followed the old man's example. As the flowers fell at her feet Carminella smiled, stooped, picked up one, fastened it by a quick movement to her zouave jacket, and bowed herself from the stage and into the enveloping cloak held by Teresa's outstretched arms.

By chance the flower she had picked up was the one Waters had worn, and as he saw it fastened on her breast he flushed heavily and his heart beat so that it hurt him.

"Lucky boy, Waters!" exclaimed the old man, who had noticed all.

"I say, but isn't she a howling beauty!" the young New Yorker said, and then added, "We must find out where the cage is that keeps that bird when she is not let out on exhibition. You know Dean, don't you Waters? Let's give him a jolly and learn something useful about La Cortese."

They found Mr. Dean in his private office, and after Waters had introduced his companions, and ordered a bottle of champagne served to them there from the bar across the lobby, he said, "That's a great little woman you have—La Cortese, old man."

"Not so very little, either," answered the proprietor of the Tivoli, smiling calmly.

"That's so," Waters said. "I was thinking of her age, really. I suppose she is not much more than nineteen or twenty."

"Not much more than that, I guess," Mr. Dean said, with sudden caution.

He knew instantly and perfectly what his visitors were there for, and smiled a little to himself. The only quick-perceiving visitor, the old man, saw Dean's access of caution, and motioned the waiter to bring another bottle of champagne.

"They don't make them as good dancers as La Cortese at that age on this side. I suppose she was trained in Italy," Waters continued when the second bottle had been opened and passed.

"But she was trained here, right enough," Mr. Dean

said. "Her mother was in this business before her, and brought the girl up to it. You may remember (he turned to the old man) a troupe of burlesquers who made a sensation here, years ago, at the Arcady?"

Waters' champagne-glass fell from his hand. He stooped over, wiping the wine from his trousers, before he asked, "And was her mother one of the Arcadians? It seems to me I recall them."

"Yes," Mr. Dean said, "she was one of the squad they nicknamed 'the Longs.' La Cortese was a baby then—or not much more."

"Was her mother's name Cortese?" Waters asked, trying to appear unconcerned, as he slowly filled a fresh glass.

"No," said Mr. Dean, closely eyeing Waters from half-closed lids. "Her name then was—let's see—what's this her name was?—oh yes, it was Teresa Cesarotti; she was married to——"

"Damnation!"

This interruption was from Waters, who dropped or threw the champagne bottle on the floor. His companions regarded him in amazement, for he had turned suddenly white.

"What the devil ails you, Waters?" the young New Yorker asked.

"The wire on that bottle cut my finger to the bone," he answered. He wrapped a handkerchief around a finger and swore some more before he said: "It's quite a romance. Where could one call on La Cortese to pay his respects?"

Mr. Dean rose to greet some more callers before he answered over his shoulder: "We have a rule not to give the address of any one of our people to outsiders."

Waters' companions laughed a little at this. He left



MR. DEAN.

"We have a rule, not to give the addresses of our people to outsiders."



them soon after they had returned up-town. "I believe I'll wake up a doctor and have this finger dressed. There may have been rust on that wire," he said, as he bade them good-night.

"Waters seems to have been hit hard by La Cortese," the Westerner said.

"Yes," the old man commented, "by La Cortese, or La Teresa, or La Cesarotti, or La recollection, or La something. How beastly early it is! It's too bad Waters' finger kept us from seeing La Cortese in the last act."

Mark Waters did not go to a doctor's, although when he was alone he seemed suddenly to need a doctor's care. He went at once to his apartments. All his acquired swagger of bearing had departed: he shook as if with chill; he cast nervous glances up and down the street as he turned into the lighted entrance-way of his apartment-house; he started so that he cursed himself when the hall-boy called to him and directed his attention to his letters in his lock-box; and when he reached his room and looked in his glass he met a frightened gray face at which he glared as if at a stranger.

"Teresa Cesarotti of the Arcadians! An infant daughter!" he said to the gray stranger, as if repeating something burned into his memory.

"Teresa Cesarotti, a ballet woman, and of the Arcadians. If it is really the one I am——"

He did not finish the sentence to the gray stranger, but turned and rang for a messenger.

"Hurry," he said to the messenger. "There is nearly an hour of the performance left. Go into the theatre and see the dancer called La Cortese. She will be on in the last act. Watch her close so you will recognize her in her street dress. Follow her home and bring me her address."

CHAPTER XVI.

A BRIEF VISIT IN UTOPIA.

WHEN George Peyton made his "Articles of Agreement" with his brother Philip, took the family fortune of \$1,000, and said good-by to Minnie Hazelhurst, he went, as has been said, to San Francisco. He had many letters of introduction, but presented only one, to a merchant who had been the San Francisco agent of George's father in his North Pacific whaling interests for many years. This merchant had visited New York occasionally and been entertained by the elder Peyton, and although neither of the sons had happened to meet him they knew that their father had liked the Californian both personally and as a commercial associate. When George went to the offices of Horace Masters, the Californian, and sent in his card and letter, a young man, only a few years his senior, briskly followed the messenger out from an inner office, extended his hand to George, and said with hearty cordiality, "Your letter is addressed to my father, Mr. Peyton. He is out of the city, but a letter introducing you belongs to me as much as to him. My name is Horace Masters, also, and I am my father's partner in this business. It's nearly lunch-time, isn't it? Now we'll go up to the club to lunch and decide there on what we want to do this afternoon and to-night. Where's your baggage? Palace, eh? Well, we'll just stop in at the Palace and have your stuff sent up to the house. Frank (to a

clerk), I'm going out to lunch. I may not be back to day. Come on, Mr. Peyton: we'll take a cable car to the Palace, first."

This was Peyton's introduction to San Francisco hospitality. He had expected to be asked what his engagements would be after a week, and then to receive an invitation to dinner, and be put up at a club, there to find his own way about, as he knew would be the programme under similar circumstances in New York. The junior Masters dropped his work on the instant and was the New Yorker's almost constant companion, as well as his host, during the week Peyton was in the city. Of course, the young merchant had his father's social obligations to pay off in his entertainment of Peyton, but the latter saw enough of the general scheme of such things in San Francisco to realize that he would have been almost as heartily and spontaneously entertained had he not appeared as a social creditor. San Franciscans are pleasure-loving for pleasure's sake; not for the sake of its display. They constitute one American community where work waits on play; where business has not yet become the driver and the business man the slave. Young Masters would hear of no excuse about the transfer of the baggage. "My father would dissolve our partnership," he said, "if he returned to the city and found that I had left you at a hotel."

They lunched at the Utopian Club, where Peyton was made to feel every time he was introduced to a new acquaintance that he was meeting a man whose cup of happiness lacked only that introduction to be filled to overflowing. Each meeting was the excuse for the suggestion of "a little cocktail," and, although they seemed to be of maximum size they were potent of only the

minimum of effect. "It's the climate," explained Masters when Peyton spoke of this.

After a very leisurely lunch, and none of the scores of lunchers seemed to be in the slightest hurry about anything, they drove out through the beautiful Golden Gate Park in a skeleton-buggy behind a pair of long-tailed trotters (they have degenerated into docking tails, alas! even out there since then), bred on the stock farm of a millionaire experimenter in horse-flesh, who discovered the advantage to blood stock of a proper infusion of thoroughbred. When the shore of the Pacific Ocean was reached and the anxious, ambitious horses were turned down that wonderful stretch of beach, Masters passed the reins over to Peyton, saying: "Speed them a mile." The New Yorker took the reins with a thrill of pleasure. Nature has made a three-mile speed-track there the work of man can never equal. A level, springy, noiseless road of ocean sand which the tide with tireless patience keeps ever cool and dustless and as smooth as a breadth of tightened velvet. At the horses' feet, to the right combed the lazy breakers of the Pacific, stretching beyond in limitless blue beneath the no deeper blue of the unsullied sky: to the left, a billowy ocean of blonde sand, resisting with restless shifting man's effort to conquer it for the established gardens of the park. The trotters, recognizing at once the controlling touch of a more experienced hand, sped with willing, rhythmic, rangy strides down the sweep of suavely curving shore to where a deserted old roadside house marked the turning for another route back to the city.

"I never rode behind a team driven like that," said the Californian, as he took the reins Peyton passed back

to him at the turning. "You deserve your reputation as a skilful whip."

"Any one could drive such horses on such a track," Peyton responded. "But why, tell me, in heaven's name, were we the only drivers on that magnificent beach? I should think all San Francisco would be driving there. I have never seen or heard of anything like it."

"It would be hard to tell," Masters answered. "We pretend that the reason so little good driving stock is owned in San Francisco is because of the wretched pavements and steep hills of the city. But I guess if all our streets were like that beach we would not drive much. There are plenty of men in the city who could afford to keep stables filled with the stock our breeders have to send East to sell, but they care for more leisurely pleasures: driving is too much like work to be a popular recreation here. I seldom take this team out. It will be a favor to me if you will use the turnout as your own while you are here."

That evening they went to the Utopian Club to dine. While they were in the café Masters was called aside by a member, and returned with an invitation to Peyton to join a party at dinner in a private dining-room. "The party forms a sort of dining-club, of which I am a member, and a vacancy at the last moment makes a place for you," Masters explained.

Before they went in to dinner the Utopians donned red silk robes, one of which was given to Peyton. Twenty-one of them sat at a round table, spread in red, lighted by red-shaded candles, in a room whose color scheme in decoration was red, and only the red wine of the country was served at the meal. Peyton examined his companions with liveliest interest. In age they were from

an eager-faced youngster fresh from college, to a white-haired patriarch past his three score and ten; in worldly place, Masters explained, from a junior bank clerk to the millionaire president of his bank; in professional career, from a law clerk to a judge of a United States Court; in the social scale, from a young artist unknown as yet outside Utopia to a "Nob Hill" dweller whose family supplied the leaders of the city's smartest society. The amount of the clean, pure, wholesome native red wine they all drank was amazing. This was drunk from water-goblets. A quart was placed at each plate at the beginning; a second appeared at most of the plates with the roast. As his eyes wandered about the table Peyton felt them arrested again and again by the cheerful glance of a man opposite, whom he heard the others call Langle. At each glance Langle smiled as if he and Peyton were the possessors in common of some happy secret which would surely promote the gayety of nations and make even Utopia more blest. Peyton found himself returning the smile, and feeling extremely well-disposed toward his silent *vis-à-vis*. At last Langle, having again arrested Peyton's attention; ceremoniously lifted his goblet of wine, pursed his lips in a mischievous silent laugh, and then said in a tone whimsically fraught with affection and importance, "A glass of wine with you, Mr. Peyton." The manner and voice were irresistible, and Peyton responded—as even a fanatical total abstainer must have done—by carrying his glass to his lips. At this auspicious action Langle looked around the table, included all the diners in a broad, bland, comprehending smile of welcome and good-fellowship, and said: "Gentlemen, a glass of wine with Mr. Peyton." From every Utopian there came the hearty response, "A glass of wine with you,



UNCLE BARNABY.

"The white-haired patriarch arose and spoke."—Page 164.



Mr. Peyton," and the stranger felt himself a stranger no more. He looked over at Langle and nodded his thanks when that ever-alert man instantly raised his goblet again, smiled with twinkling eyes and whispered "A glass of wine with you, sir," and at no time during the evening did his glance by chance or design meet that of Langle without the resulting invitation; each time extended as if at that moment happily thought out for the first time.

After a while there were sudden calls around the table for "Uncle Barnaby," and the white-haired patriarch arose and spoke. He was handsome, with a manly beauty which suggested to Peyton pictures of fighting admirals of the olden days. He addressed the company as his "children," and in a kindly bluff manner talked about them and himself, told stories, and suddenly, without any excuse, broke off into an old-fashioned sea-song of which the diners roared the chorus. Then he said that he had intended to make a speech, but had decided to impose that duty on his young friend Mapleton. In response to delighted cries for "Mapleton," a tall, slight, erect man rose and began to speak. The first note of his voice struck the ear with the pleasurable shock of an unexpected organ peal. It was rich, deep, resonant, booming, and his words poured forth like a majestic stream moving steadily onward, and as a great stream moves, naturally, and without effort. He smiled sneeringly as he spoke of the world outside of Utopia; smiled good-naturedly as he teased with their individual foibles some of his hearers; but his face had almost an exalted look as he closed with an apostrophe to that unselfish friendship between men which, in their Utopia, was prized beyond riches and all worldly honor.

"He is your great orator; some distinguished law-

yer?" Peyton whispered to Masters, while all applauded at the finish.

"He is a newspaper man, a reporter," Masters answered, and Peyton, thinking of Philip, applauded all the more.

A man left the table and went to a piano, where another Utopian hummed while the pianist felt for the chords, and soon swung into a full and harmonious accompaniment of a tune he had never heard before, and the singer sang verses written that day for that evening. Nearly every one at the table had contributed something to the entertainment, a song, a speech, a poem, a story, when Mr. Langle, whose glance Peyton for discretionary reasons had long avoided, rose, moistened his lips several times, beamed upon all with impartial friendliness, and remarked confidentially: "I cannot conceal from you longer the glad tidings that we will now listen to a song from my old and dear friend, George Peyton."

Peyton felt his heart drop into some unknown depths as he heard his name thus mentioned, but the spirit of the gathering took quick possession of him—revived him—and he sang, in a big, tuneful untrained voice, a yachting song new to his listeners, but they caught the chorus and were roaring it with him after the second verse.

He lived in Utopia, waiting for the return of the senior Masters, a week. It was as unlike any other life he had ever known as if he had, indeed, been transported to Sir Thomas More's fabled paradise.

Horace Masters, senior, greeted George Peyton with almost fatherly affection, and after they had dined one evening at the Masters' home he took the New Yorker into his library and said, with a kindness which was

touching to Peyton: "Now, my boy, let's have a little chat about what we are going to do. Your father's son can meet the world and win success anywhere, but I am glad you elected to come out here, to a younger country where the resources are not all tied up yet; and I am glad you have come to me, for your father never had a better friend or greater admirer. First, tell me frankly how you stand financially."

George told him, with a sorrowful laugh at his own meagre tale.

The merchant looked puzzled. "But every dollar of your father's debts had been paid within ninety days of the failure. Where was the need of the assignment when there were assets available for such prompt payment? A sound and solvent firm could not settle all its affairs sooner. Wait! never mind that now. Was that Mark Waters managing your father's affairs at the time of the assignment?"

George told him the fact.

Mr. Masters puffed his cigar for some time in silence. Then he said: "Everything went to the creditors: real estate and all, I hear."

"Everything was sold," answered George. "Even my father's horses, traps, his yacht, the horses and the sloop my brother Philip and I owned. The cash we saved, I have told you, came from some trifles, guns, saddles, and things of that kind, we sold after every one had been paid. The whole estate consists now of one encumbered piece of business property in a poor part of the city."

"Well," said Mr. Masters, "I will ask you one more question about the affair, and then we'll not talk about that any more—for the present: Did your father have perfect confidence in that Mark Waters to the last?"

"I cannot tell," George answered slowly. "At the very last, almost the last hour, you understand, father mentioned Waters, and seemed to want to talk about him, but the subject plainly distressed him, and we, Phil and I, would not let him talk about it any more—not then—but then he died."

Masters walked up and down the library, wiping his eyes in the dark corner of the room, but when he sat down again he said cheerfully: "Do you want to go to work in my office to-morrow morning?"

"Certainly not!" exclaimed George. "I would not be worth my salt there; I must go to work where muscle counts."

"Good for you! I hoped you'd say that. We must go to work where muscle and brain count together. That is the way most of us who have made a little stake here started. Have you any idea: anything in mind?"

"Well," George said, stammering a little. "Has all the mining passed away? I've heard father say your heart was always in mining even if your capital was not."

"And he was right there," Mr. Masters laughed. "I'm not one of the big miners, you must understand, and never have been. But I've always believed we've only scratched the surface of our gold deposits, and I have kept a little investment, and a big piece of my heart, in the mines ever since I left them. I have lately received some very promising news from an old mining camp—it was once totally deserted, in fact—called Blue Cañon, where I have some interests. It will do no harm for you to take a trip up there. There is no secret or mystery about gold-quartz mining. One intelligent man can look as far into a mountain as another after he has learned to tell quartz from porphyry, and iron

pyrites from flake gold. You go up there. Look around. If you find something you like and it needs a little money for development let me know, and I'll see if I can't find the money rolling up California Street hill. If you see anything that promises big examine it carefully, and if you still like it let me know and I'll take a run up there, and we'll make up our minds together what's best to be done. Come to the office in the morning, and we'll see if our cashier is good-natured enough to fix matters up about expense. Eh?"

George declared that he had enough money for the trip, and to last some time too. The merchant only added: "As you like, my boy, but when you do need a little advance let me know, and I'll send Horace out to see if he can't shoot some on the fly. He's quite a wing shot."

CHAPTER XVII.

IN A SIERRA NEVADA MINING CAMP.

ON the morning of the second day after his talk with the San Francisco merchant, George Peyton stood in front of the stage-coach office in the hot little railroad town of Goldville, watching his fellow passengers crowd into and upon the Blue Cañon coach. There were more men bound for the revived mining camp than the coach could accommodate; for no matter where a gold excitement springs up in California it finds, even yet, hundreds of men eager to rush in; new-comers, like Peyton, and old-timers whose lives have been passed in pursuit of such excitement; not, I firmly believe, moved alone by the fever of gold quest, but by the fascination of the adventurous life which retains to-day nearly as many romantic elements as it had when the master pictured it for the world at Simpson's Bar and at Roaring Camp.

Mr. Masters had reserved by telegraph a box seat for Peyton, and when the nine passengers had been wedged into the little mountain coach which did not seem large enough to accommodate more than four inside, and the driver had at last given his approval to the packing of the baggage behind, and the disposal of the mail bags and express box in the boot, George clambered up over the front wheel and took a seat next to the driver. The latter settled into his place, gathered up the reins of his six hardy bronchos, and then a sturdy, rather serious

looking man, carrying a short-barrelled shot-gun, climbed up on the wheel and politely told George to take a seat with two other passengers, back of the driver. George, thinking he was entitled to the seat he had, hesitated, when the driver said, "He's the messenger: you are in his place."

Peyton's new position placed him with his knees just back of the driver's shoulders. There he learned more of the man who had displaced him. "He is the Express company's shot-gun messenger," explained a man by his side. "He goes along to guard the express-box, because there's nearly as much money going into Blue Cañon now as there is coming out; and the road agents have been pretty lively 'round these parts lately. If we're stood up just slip your watch and money into your boots, if you get a chance. Ain't got boots, eh? Well, pass your stuff to me and I'll do the best I can."

George did not know how much of this was tales for a tenderfoot, but the visible presence of that messenger, with his sawed-off, double-barrelled shot-gun resting across his knees, lent verisimilitude to the passenger's story, and the New Yorker felt his blood quicken. But there were hours of delightful travelling before the coach reached "the road-agent belt" of country. They ascended by slight degrees to the first plateau above the valley level, and Peyton's companion pointed out with keen interest the young orange-groves lining the road on either side. "I washed gold out of the soil those trees are planted in, back in the fifties," he said. "We never thought then that oranges would be raised as far north as this. But I guess the folks who own those groves will take more gold off the trees than we ever did below the grass-roots."

A little higher, where the first low-rolling land of the foot-hills formed the foundation buttresses of the mighty walls of the Sierras, towering dark and green beyond, they came into vineyards of flaming red and purple grapes; and after that, as the grade grew sharper, they reached the uncultivated hills and shallow cañons, where the pale red trunks of the madroña, the twisted deep-red branches of the manzanita, and the shady boughs of the fragrant bay trees made homes for squirrel, and mountain quail whose coaxing calls were answered from side to side of the cañons. After stopping for lunch and a change of horses at a station consisting of a very large stable and a very small bar and dining-room, they soon swung out of the country of madroña, manzanita, and bay, into the greater heights of towering, sombre pine and sequoia, where the talk of the passengers insensibly fell to whispers, and the occasional harsh cry of the driver to his horses sounded almost like a desecration.

At each turn of the road where the ridges between the smaller cañons ran down into the greater one up which they slowly crawled, Peyton noticed that the messenger lifted his weapon from his knees and held it in easy readiness, as a pigeon-shot does while waiting for his trap to be sprung. They had just made a sharp turn, the lead and swing teams being close to the outer edge of the road, when a man stepped from behind a tree at the very head of the off leader, grasped its bridle with one hand, and with the other raised a shot-gun, demanding laconically, in a matter-of-fact voice, "Throw down the box!" In one second of time a great many things happened: the messenger and the man at the horse's head both fired; the road agent fell in his tracks; the driver with a groan sank into the boot, as



THE SHOT-GUN MESSENGER.

"And fired at some one Peyton had not seen."—Page 172.

the horses in a wild panic bounded forward; the messenger's right arm dropped to his side, but he swung round in his seat, rested his gun on Peyton's shoulder, holding the weapon in his left hand, and fired at some one Peyton had not seen; and Peyton slipped into the driver's seat, gathered the reins from the tight clutch of the unconscious driver's right hand, and within a hundred yards had the frightened horses straightened out and halted. There was a hurried scramble into the road of the inside passengers, who were shouting and cursing and asking questions.

As George set the powerful brake to the last notch, the messenger turned to him and said, "Well, stranger, you are a pretty good one. You saved us a spill down the bank." He happened to glance at the foot George held firmly against the brake, and seeing some blood staining the exposed stocking, added: "And you were hit yourself."

"Not much," George answered, kicking the leg out and drawing it back, and finding the bones and muscles all right.

"Now some of you men go to the heads of each team," the messenger continued briskly, "and some come here and help lift the driver down."

An examination disclosed that the driver had a shattered shoulder-blade, having received there the greater part of the road agent's charge of buckshot; the messenger a badly wounded right arm, and George a slight buckshot puncture in his right leg. Some of the passengers dressed the wounds of the injured as well as could be, and made the driver as comfortable as possible inside the stage; and others, those who were armed, walked back on the road, and after a while returned, bringing with them the mortally wounded robber who

had attempted to hold the coach horses. There were no signs of his companion.

"I missed him, then," the messenger said regretfully.

George drove the team into Blue Cañon. There had not been so much excitement there since the rich find in Last Chance tunnel. There was a doctor in camp, a young man, college taught and hospital trained, who tried hard to conceal his satisfaction at this sensational opportunity to display his skill. His office was in his bedroom in the Hotel Garibaldi, over the largest saloon in camp, and there the injured ones were taken, followed by as many of the citizens as could crowd into the room. After the serious injuries of the driver and the painful hurt of the messenger had been dressed, and the driver put to bed, the doctor turned to Peyton. When the latter had bared his leg it was found that his share of the charge of buckshot, one pellet, had made not much more than a deep scratch, and buried itself under the skin. When the doctor had extracted the little ball he handed it to George with the remark, "It is not much of a wound, but you could not have rowed as well in 188- with this to bother you, Mr. Peyton."

"How did you know me?" George asked in surprise.

"When I saw the muscles of your leg, I knew you had been an oarsman, and then I recalled your face from photographs I have seen of the crew. I was graduated the year you entered."

This conversation was not more than half understood by the listeners, but it added to the already intense interest the camp felt in the handsome tenderfoot who had driven the stage into Blue Cañon.

When the crowd had gathered at the bar, where Peyton was told he must go to engage a sleeping-room, the messenger, who was being boisterously congratulated

on his work, turned to the assemblage and said, "Gentlemen, I only done what I'm well paid for doing, but here is a gent who was paid nothing to look after our skins, but who took the reins from Bill's hands when the horses were running to beat hell—I put a buckshot through the off leader's off ear when I fetched the road-agent—and this gent saved us from a spill down the bank. He done it as slick as any driver on the road; which is why I ask you to join me in a drink with Mr. Peyton. Hector! take the gents' orders!"

This command brought to Peyton's notice a foreign-looking, shifty-eyed little man, who wriggled about among the crowd taking orders for drinkables, and seemed glad that Peyton gave him an opportunity to talk a little by an inquiry concerning a sleeping-room. Hector said that although there was not a vacant room in his house, anywhere in the camp indeed, Mr. Peyton should be provided for. He should have his, Hector's, room and Hector would make up a blanket bed somewhere.

George attempted some civil objection to this, but Hector seemed so distressfully anxious to secure him as a lodger, he accepted the arrangement, not dreaming that thereby Hector, having captured for his place the lion of the hour, had done a stroke of business for his bar trade which would warrant him in building an addition to the "Hotel Garibaldi," known to the camp only as "Hector's." The latter had not overrated the "drawing" quality of his lion. That very evening all the principal men of the camp; the superintendents of the Last Chance and the other large mines, the lawyer, the justice of peace, the express agent, and the assayer, called formally upon George, and each in turn having made his congratulations and paid his respects, with

surprising promptness dispatched Hector for "a bottle of wine;" which George discovered meant there, as in San Francisco, a bottle of champagne.

This all took place in the largest bedroom in the house, Hector's, which had a seating capacity of six, allowing two for the edge of the bed; and until midnight there was never less than that number of callers. Then the doctor ordered them all out, and went out with them, telling George to go to bed.

It was a long time before George slept, and when he did he dreamed that he was at a theatre in New York where the curtain never went up and the orchestra played forever; that the folding seat next to him had been closed down on his leg, and was pinching him; the spectators in the gallery were making a terrific din, demanding the raising of the curtain, and the throwing down of the box; and then Minnie Hazelhurst drew the cool tips of her fingers over his eyes, and the music and noise ceased and he was in one of those cool cañons, where the quail called coaxingly, and at last he dreamed that he fell asleep peacefully. That was when Hector Cesarotti, in the gray of early morning, bade "good-night" to the last group of his noisy customers, whom he had entertained for hours with his violin.

It was a long story for Hector—Ettore Cesarotti—but I can make it a short one for my readers, how the husband of Teresa came to be George Peyton's host in Blue Cañon. With the money he took from Teresa, and with his violin, he made his way, accompanied by a coryphée from the Arcadians, across the Continent. When his money gave out he earned more in a dozen towns on the way, playing his violin in orchestras, concert-halls, sometimes in dance-halls; never stopping

long in one place, for the coryphée was anxious to get to San Francisco; and she never had any difficulty in inducing Hector to move on, by working on his ever-excited fear of the New York police, whom he firmly believed were following him with a warrant of arrest.

In San Francisco he easily found profitable employment in a popular third-class theatre, where he preferred to work, thinking there would be less chance of recognition there by the increasingly dreaded officers of the law. He was useful in his new place, for he could score, transpose, adapt, arrange, and if necessary steal music "by ear," in a manner which made his services very valuable.

But his labor was profitable only to his lightsome companion. That young person, finding a sure and prompt means of procuring money by threatening to inform the police of Hector's whereabouts, lived in admired luxury on his earnings, condemning the unhappy Hector to the meagre necessities of life; and increasing the misery of his lot by reminding him in accents of stern morality, that so long as she left him enough of his earnings to sustain life, it was more than he had left Teresa, and therefore she was treating him better than his deserts. He would see about it, would he! He would not submit? Oh, that was good. Let him try, and she would tell the police.

This always ended such disputes, and as these disputes were frequent, Hector felt no sense of loss or wrong when he received a note from his coryphée one day saying that she had sailed to Australia with a man the police were not looking for, and she hoped he would appreciate all she had done for him in trying to make a better man of him. She advised him to save his money and send his savings to Teresa.

Now, curiously enough, this was a project Hector had in mind, and had had for a long time. At first he only thought to thereby expiate his crime and relieve his life of the haunting fear of the law. Lately he had realized some sense of the wrong he had done Teresa, unrelated to his exaggerated notion of the legal aspect of his crime. He recalled Teresa's beauty, her faithful patience in trying to improve herself that she might be his intellectual companion, if not his equal. Then he remembered her devotion to the pretty baby he had hated but now felt sentimentally fond of. She must be a big girl now. But what kind of a girl? He had heard of Teresa's accident, but nothing more. He ventured one or two guarded inquiries, but they had not resulted in any further information. He was not certain, even, that Teresa was alive. Any way he would save until he had ten times as much money as he had taken from her, would boldly inquire her whereabouts from those who must know, send her the money, beg her forgiveness, to the extent at least of securing immunity from the law; and then seek out that despicable coryphée and defy her. Thus did Hector resolve; and better yet, thus did he do—in part. He earned good wages and increased them by giving violin lessons in the Italian quarter of San Francisco where he lived; but his old gambling instinct returned at times and then his savings were depleted. His task became like the religious obligations of a sinner—not ever fully realized, but intermittently acknowledged; and at such times a consolation—at others a conscience. Years went by while Hector was engaged in this struggle, and he might have never succeeded, nor again become involved in this story, had it not been that a lucky run at cards at a time when his savings were at high-water mark



HECTOR.

"He wandered from mining camp to camp."—Page 179.

(The following text is extremely faint and largely illegible due to poor scan quality. It appears to be a list or index of names and locations.)

enriched him unexpectedly with the exact sum he had long ago decided upon for his propitiatory offering to Teresa. He actually had the money in his possession, and was wondering in what channels he should seek knowledge of Teresa, when he was suddenly plunged into rage, despair, and hysterics, by the return to his lonely fireside of the long-absent coryphée. She came like fate, unheralded, unexplaining, pitiless. She wanted money. Poor Hector tried to resist, but it was no use. She got all; and then took such delight in exercising her easily applied torture that she overdid her game—Hector fled.

He wandered from mining camp to camp, always earning an easy living with his violin and still serviceable voice, which drew customers to music-hall or bar-room; always fearful lest his Nemesis should overtake him, always drinking to drown that fear. In a weakened and distracted form the project of sending money to Teresa clung to him, and it was with this object that he had a few hundred dollars saved when he heard of the gold excitement at Blue Cañon. He was one of the pioneers in that camp, and before Peyton's arrival had prospered enough to make the payment which secured him possession of the flimsy, unpainted, two story, rough-board house he had christened the Hotel Garibaldi, but which the camp called "Hector's."

He developed a surprising capacity for work. He ran all three departments of his hotel, the rooms, the restaurant, the bar. People wondered at the dishes he cooked, and a rumor was repeated that Hector was a great *chef* practising his art in this humble place for reasons into which it would not be polite to inquire. He housed and fed the important men of the camp, and charged them prices which became a joke; but so long

as they could pay for the fun, they enjoyed the joke. It was known that one man on leaving camp had settled a generous restaurant and bar account by deeding Hector a mining claim which was dignified by a two-hundred foot tunnel, and innocent, so far as was known, of an ounce of quartz, gold-bearing or otherwise. The claim was called the "Porterhouse," because of its recent owner's expensive fondness for that steak as cooked in camp by Hector only.

At night in the Garibaldi Hector would play on his violin for hours, as late, indeed, as any music-loving miner would remain to drink. Yet the earliest customer in the restaurant could be sure of a meal prepared by Hector, and the camp wondered when he slept. He slept but little and was trying to substitute absinthe for sleep, with results which plainly proved sleep to be the better restorative.

CHAPTER XVIII.

TOWARD THE UNSEALED MOUNTAIN'S HEART.

THE morning after his triumphal entrance into Blue Cañon, George Peyton rose early, excited still by the events of the day before, but feeling none the worse physically, except for a sharp soreness where the buck-shot had ploughed across his leg. When he reached the rough wooden sidewalk in front of the Garibaldi, he found Hector there waiting for him. The thin, nervous little Italian sidled up to the big muscular New Yorker as the mincing hound of his country might have made friendly advances to a St. Bernard. Had Mr. Peyton slept well; did his wound trouble him; what would he have for breakfast; would he not like an absinthe frappé at once?

Hector put these questions with a certain polite solicitude which prompted George to extend his hand and say: "I slept bully, thank you, and feel fit as a two-year-old. I won't have anything to drink, but whenever it's convenient I'll have breakfast; anything there is, you know. Don't trouble yourself."

Peyton wondered why quick tears came to Hector's eyes, but dismissed the subject with the half-correct conclusion that the Italian had had too little sleep and too much absinthe. Hector said breakfast would be ready in half an hour; so George wandered down the main street of the camp on one of the high, broad walks which lined the depressed roadway, deep with red dust

suggesting rivers of winter mud. Most of the houses he passed were like the Garibaldi, board and unpainted, but generally smaller. There was one brick building, a relic of the early Blue Cañon days when men were there to garner gold by placer mining; before the quest of gold in quartz had been thought of. The sign on the brick building was old, too, and read: "Wells, Fargo & Co., Bank & Express Office." I am seriously convinced that if gold should be discovered in the middle of the deadly wastes of Death Valley, the earliest pioneers would find there a red brick building illuminated with that familiar sign.

What interested Peyton most were the freight trains with their eighteen horses driven by one man, astride a wheel-horse, with one single rein attached to a leader's bridle. These trains each consisted of two wagons, the rear wagon called a "back action," each loaded with stores, or lumber, or mining and mill machinery. Peyton's amazement at the fashion of driving eighteen horses was so manifest that one driver, who recognized him as the hero of yesterday's adventure, called to him, and asked him how he would like to try his hand at that kind of driving.

In a few minutes the early risers in Blue Cañon were edified and delighted to see the tenderfoot hero of the hour, astride a wheel-horse, learning from an instructor walking by his side how to guide a team of eighteen horses by a long pull or short jerks of a single rein. In making a turn from the main road he had to send the lead teams so far beyond the turning-point it seemed to Peyton that his wagons would land half a block beyond; but he accomplished the feat so well (they can do that on a mountain grade where you would hesitate to turn a sulky) that when he dismounted the driver said

to him with approving confidence, "If you're looking for a job you'd better take to driving, coach or freight. It pays better than working in a mine, and you don't get blowed up by giant powder so often."

The friendly driver's advice reminded George that in fact he was there for the very purpose—whimsical as it might seem to his coaching, riding, yachting, hunting, pleasure-pursuing friends of oh! such a little while ago—of "looking for a job!" So, after breakfast (he wondered at the fresh eggs in a cocotte with chopped bacon; at the chicken livers brochette, at the excellent coffee—excellent in spite of the condensed milk), he asked Hector where he could find Mr. Ward, superintendent of the Last Chance mine. The Italian told him and, then said, after some stammering: "Pardon me, Mr. Peyton, I do not ask because of curious, but are you looking for a job—for work? I ask for business, because if you are not engaged to work I have some business to make."

George laughed and said good-naturedly: "I could not help you much. I can make a fair claret-cup—have you a cucumber?—and a decent Welsh rarebit, but I use milk instead of ale in the rarebit, and this condensed stuff might bother me."

Hector held up deprecating hands and exclaimed earnestly: "You are making me fun, Mr. Peyton. I know you are a gentleman. What is it you say?—a grand gentleman—I know. I am——"

He broke off with a shrug of his shoulders, and then added, "Anyway, I still know what a gentleman is. That much I know yet." He gulped a half-glass of absinthe, drummed with his fingers on the table, his face averted, and then went on: "What I have to offer is work a gentleman may do—anyway in this country."

"Then let me hear what it is, for I am looking for work!" exclaimed George, who was regarding the little Italian with a puzzled look.

Hector explained: he owned a mining claim, he said, on which some work must soon be done. It was what they called "statutory work," and it must be done soon or the claim would revert to the Government, and then he would lose it. It was not far from the Last Chance, and some experts thought it was on the line of the rich lode of quartz found in that mine. If Mr. Peyton would go to work there, pushing the tunnel ahead in the direction it was supposed the lode lay, he, Hector, would give him a half-interest in the claim as a partial offset to his labor, and pay him half-wages, two dollars a day, and board him until the legally required amount of work was done. As Hector set forth this business proposal he cast furtive glances at Peyton's face, and looked relieved and talked with more manly straightforwardness when at last he saw that he had secured the stranger's earnest attention. When he had finished Peyton said: "It seems to me very decent of you, Hector, to make this offer at all. But of course I can't tell whether it is to my advantage or not until I've talked with Mr. Ward, to whom I have a letter. I'll tell you to-night what he thinks of it."

Mr. Ward smiled at first when George told him of Hector's offer to work the Porterhouse mine, but after some moments' silence he said: "I guess that is a sensible thing for you to do. You can learn a little something about practical mining there, anyway; and there is always the chance of a strike. If you do strike it, why there is your half-interest in the property to be considered. Hector's claim has a mighty good mill site on it, with water all the year. Our company has

already thought of buying the claim just to secure that site. We cut the lode on the main ridge which divides into two ridges below us, and Hector's claim is on one of those. Whether the lode runs along your ridge or the other nobody knows, because the croppings disappear before the ridge divides. Yes, I advise you to try the chance. The face of the tunnel is in easy-working rock, and I'll go out there with you and show you how to square and set your timbers, and a few other tricks of the trade. No one can see into the mountain farther than the pick goes; and I guess Mr. Masters will approve of my advising you this way."

That settled the question for George, and the next morning he started forth from the Garibaldi, carrying a bright, new, tin dinner-pail, well filled by Hector; and walked half a mile up one of the spurs or ridges between which lay Blue Cañon, ending a mile farther up where the ridges came together. At the mouth of the tunnel he found Mr. Ward with a supply of tools—pick, shovel, drills, hammer, wheelbarrow, and saw, axe, and adze for the timbers; all loaned from the Last Chance, "to be paid for when you strike it, or to be returned in good order," Mr. Ward said, with a smile.

When George was at last alone in the cool face of the tunnel—his tunnel!—where the shadows were scattered, not dispelled, by the two candles in their dirk-like candlesticks fastened to the timbers, he began to attack the loose rocks before him with such weighty blows, born of the enthusiasm with which he did all things demanding his muscles, and of the excitement which even experienced miners cannot but feel when they are pushing forward into the hidden depths of the mountain which may—always, "which may!"—reveal wealth

to reward the present work; he went at his task, I say, with such mighty energy that even his great trained lungs were soon gasping for air. He laughed when he found himself compelled to rest on his pick and give himself breath: "I hit that stroke up too lively, I'll get to the lode just as soon at a thirty-four stroke. I wonder what a lode looks like, and if I'd know one if I met it walking down the Avenue. This is a long way from the Avenue—from the Bowery, as they say. I wonder what Miss Minnie Hazelhurst, of North Washington Square, would say if she saw me in blue jean overalls and jumpers, chasing a lode in Blue Cañon? But here! no more loafing; the sooner I meet that lode the sooner Minnie's cards will read 'Mrs. George Peyton, Thursdays in January and February; 2 to 6.' " He took his shovel, filled his barrow, and wheeled out the rock he had picked down. When the rock rattled down the long-unused waste dump it startled a deer in the cañon below. At noon he went to the mouth of the tunnel and ate the lunch Hector had provided, and then stretched himself out on a bed of pine needles for the luxury of a pipe and a ten-minutes' rest. As he lazily looked about him, something away in the north, rising grandly in the sky, apparently an illimitable distance beyond the near-by ridge, caught and held his attention. At first it seemed like a fixed white cloud; but soon the blue-black streaks at its base assumed form and meaning, and he knew he was looking at the snow cap of Mount Shasta; upheld by those rugged bare ribs of rock which seemed at first to be mere dark streaks in a cloud of sunlight and shadow. Turning his gaze up the cañon at his feet he saw why it was called "blue." Faint blue near by; darker a little beyond; ever increasing in depth of shade, until at last the

whole cañon was filled with a sea of sublime purple, where

"The foothills swell to buttress up the flanks
Of the main chain, snow-clad, supreme, elate ;
Pointing eternal, silent, fixed, toward Heaven :
But Heaven lies all about !"

"I wish Minnie could see it," he thought, and as he rose and stretched and shook himself he called out "Minnie!" and when the opposite ridge sent back the name, he faced it with a laugh and bellowed "Minnie! Minnie! Minnie!" with such a roar that a squirrel which, with cocked head, had been eying the scraps from his meal, whisked away in fright at this new, big, noisy animal.

Peyton became the most popular man in camp. He found three other university men there, the doctor, the lawyer, and a Heidelberg man who was the assayer. They messed together at Hector's; and sometimes on warm evenings, when the moon turned the blue of the cañon into silver and ebony, they lay under a big pine opposite the Garibaldi and sang college songs, with Hector's violin to accompany them; and the miners would leave the saloons and gambling tables and join in the choruses, as they learned them. He listened eagerly to the superintendent's talk of their craft; of the dips, spurs, and angles of lodes; of the clay walls in which nature packs her gold quartz, hanging-wall and foot-wall; of tunnels, shafts, inclines, drifts, cross-cuts, winzes, stopes; of free and rebellious ores; of milling processes, and hoisting and pumping. He organized athletic sports for the miners on their holidays, and entered every event—but never won. When he lost at throwing the hammer the doctor reminded him of his

inter-collegiate record in that feat, and George laughed and answered that in those days he competed with men in his own class and it was a satisfaction to win, but now there was more fun in seeing the others win. When the delegates from the camp to the County Convention were leaving, they told him they would nominate him for sheriff or break up the convention, if he wanted the office. He had to plead non-residence as his ground for declining the honor.

A thing that puzzled him was the behavior and manner of Hector. A dozen times the Italian had made elaborate introductions to some mysterious subject he evidently wished to disclose to George, or have his advice upon; but after painful attempts to arrive at the matter in his mind he had retreated, or frankly broken down. Once, after such a failure to unbosom himself, he had asked Peyton if he could give him the address of a man in New York who would attend to some confidential business for him.

"That depends, Hector, upon the nature of the business. Is it to select a new vest-pattern for you, or to send some one a box of chocolates?" George responded.

Hector looked miserable and confused, but said, haltingly: "It is some business about a lady—a woman. That is, I do not know her address."

Peyton turned from Hector impatiently. He thought the Italian was troubled about the matter of providing for some left-handed entanglement, and answered carelessly: "Oh! send to Mark Waters. He's about the kind of sneak for that business."

He did not give Hector Mark Waters' address, and Hector did not hear any of Peyton's remark beyond the name, and so did not catch the characterization of Waters as a sneak. It happened that a few days later



GEORGE PEYTON.

"I've struck it!"—Page 190.

a letter came, forwarded for Peyton from San Francisco, and printed on the envelope were Mark Waters' name and address. Hector copied them, and two days afterward sent a letter to Waters regarding Teresa and Carminella, with a generous enclosure as a retainer, and a first payment on account to his wife and child if they should be found. Hector said nothing of this to Peyton, nor did he again for a long time attempt to speak to him on the subject, which had always been difficult of approach.

George kept steadily at work driving in his tunnel farther and farther toward the sealed heart of the mountain. He would have given up and gone to work for Mr. Ward, had not the latter examined the face of the tunnel when it had penetrated hard "country" rock, and declared that, so far as any one could judge, the indications were favorable. George was working, now that the rock was solid and hard, with giant powder, as the form of dynamite is called which the miners used. One evening he charged with giant powder three short holes he had laboriously drilled—working alone he had both to hold and strike his drills—attached his fuses, laid the fuses across "snuffs" (short ends of lighted candles), and ran to the mouth of the tunnel. He waited there, at one side, until he heard the three dull reports of the blast, and then went home for the night. The next morning when he reached the face of the tunnel he climbed over the rock thrown down by the blast, and struck his pick into the face as was his habit. The pick sank noiselessly.

For one instant all that he had heard about clay walls went from him, and he wondered at this seeming phenomenon of the pick sinking noiselessly into adamantine porphyry. The next instant, with a sharp cry and his

heart beating so that he heard it, he caught up a candle and knelt on the jagged rocks, with one hand tearing at the clay, where it was peeling from the smooth surface of—what? He took his pick and with a fury of energy stripped off the clay and forced out pieces of rock beyond it, and with these pieces in his hand ran to the mouth of the tunnel. There he met Mr. Ward. The latter, after one glance at Peyton, pushed him back into the tunnel. "I've struck it!" cried George, gasping with excitement. "Let's hurry to camp—to the assayer!"

"And take the whole camp into your confidence? You're too good-natured. You don't go out of this tunnel until you are perfectly calm," Mr. Ward said, evidently very determined in his purpose. He did in fact keep George in the tunnel until his first excitement had abated, and then they went out into the sunlight. The samples of the ledge rock George carried, for such they were, looked to him like rough pieces of white chalk splashed with ink, only they were much harder than any chalk. Mr. Ward could not suppress some excitement when he handled the samples.

"I'll take them to the assayer!" George exclaimed again.

"You'll do nothing of the kind, unless you are a fool. You'll send them to Mr. Masters, and go on here as if nothing had happened until you hear from him. If that rock turns out as good as it looks, we want more claims along this ridge, and we'll have a lovely time buying them if you blurt this out in camp," was Mr. Ward's final comment.

How the rock turned out must be told in its proper place, a later chapter, for I swear I have to return to New York in the next.

CHAPTER XIX.

ETTORE CESAROTTI'S CONSCIENCE FUND.

IT was a few months before the Chinaman, Chung, stole the pocket-book from Mark Waters' desk in his Niantic building office that Waters received the letter from Hector, referred to in the last chapter. There were many reasons to prompt Waters to throw the letter in the waste-basket unread: it was long, rambling, and written by a hand which trembled so that it demanded patient perseverance to decipher it. But there was one reason which commanded Waters' prompt and serious attention: there was money enclosed, and he had caught at a promise of more, in some contingency. Waters took the bank draft of \$500 which Hector had enclosed, and sent it out by his clerk for collection, to make sure that the correspondence was not some hoax, or an insane man's freak. When the clerk returned with the amount of the draft in cash, Waters set to work to study the letter.

Hector, of course, had not written the truth. He wrote that Teresa Cesarotti and her daughter Carmi-nella were distant kinsfolk of his who, so he had heard by chance, were in distress, and in need of money. He wished to aid them, but for family reasons did not at present want them to learn his name or whereabouts. His informant had not given him their address, and he, Hector, was not certain that they were in New York. "If you can learn," the letter continued, "with-

out making inquiry of any law officers, that they are in New York, and in need, and will send one-half of the enclosed to them, and let me know all that you find out about them, I will, if they need help, send you something for them each month. Most of all, I do not want you to let the fact that I am here be known to any one who might inquire about me. It is nothing I need be afraid of, but there are family reasons I may explain to you in another letter, if we have more letters to write. If you do not find them, keep of the enclosed what your trouble is worth and send me back the other part."

Again and again the letter went over the writer's desire to remain unknown for the present, and at last gave a clue to Teresa's identity. She was a member of the "dancing chorus" of the Arcadian Burlesque Company, and Hector gave other particulars as to the date and place of the vogue of those burlesquers.

Waters, when he had made sure of every word in the letter, leaned back in his chair, regarded with half-closed eyes the money and Hector's labored scrawl, and then mused: "The woman is the man's wife or mistress, and he has deserted her. He is guilty of some crime for which the police want him. The connection won't do me much good."

He raised his hand to strike his desk bell, intending to direct his clerk to return the money to the writer. His eyes fell on the five \$100 bills, and then his hand slowly descended on them instead of the bell. He folded them up with Hector's letter and placed both in an ample pocket-book which he returned to an inner coat-pocket. He started a little as the thought suddenly came to him: "How does this fellow know my name and address?" He never for one moment connected

George Peyton with the incident. He supposed that George was in San Francisco, where, in care of Mr. Masters, he mailed monthly statements of the accounts of "The Estate of." He did not turn the money over to his clerk to be entered and accounted for; it remained in his pocket with the letter when he went up town after office hours.

That evening, in a lobby of a theatre, Waters met an acquaintance whose business, according to a very conspicuous sign outside of his office, was "Theatrical Agent." He conducted an employment office for people working in any capacity on the stage. He could cast you "Hamlet" at an hour's notice, or supply a "dancing" or singing chorus, five hundred strong, in twenty-four hours. If the "latest London sensation" was wanted, or a Little Eva who could introduce a song and dance in "Uncle Tom's Cabin," he was the man to consult.

Waters invited the agent into a "café" where almost anything liquid except coffee was dispensed, and after they were refreshed asked him, with clumsily assumed indifference, "By the way, do you happen to recall a woman named Teresa Cesarotti who was in the chorus or ballet of the Arcadians?"

The agent laughed: "My dear fellow, I've had the names of ten thousand chorus women on my books since the Arcadians disbanded."

"I suppose so," Waters said, "but the name is odd and I thought possibly you might recall it. It's no matter, though."

"What was the name, again? I did not catch it," the agent asked.

"Cesarotti—Teresa Cesarotti," Waters repeated.

The agent bent his head, with closed eyes, a moment

before he said, "That is an odd name, and yet it is familiar, too. Cesarotti, Cesarotti—hold on! I knew a man by that name, and b'gee! he was a fiddler in the Arcadians. That's funny. I remember perfectly, now, because there was quite a yarn about that fellow. He was not in the business when he came here first, but was something of a swell; spent a lot of money; bought boxes at the opera, and sent flowers to the singers. Oh! I recall Hector now."

"Hector!"

"Yes, that's what the gang used to call him. It was the English for his Italian name——"

"Ettore?" asked Waters.

"Sure. That's right. But, say, you seem to know him better than I do. He went wrong through gin or cards, and took to fiddling for a living. He married a girl in the business, I think. That must be this Teresa you are asking about."

"Perhaps," Waters replied. "What became of her, do you know?"

"It seems to me," said the agent, slowly, "there was a story about that. Either she skipped from Hector, or he skipped from her. Anyway she was killed afterward."

"Killed?"

"Yes, fell through a trap-door on the Arcady stage one night, I think. Died in the hospital, as I recall."

"And her child? There was a girl!" Waters said eagerly, and his arm pressed against the coat-pocket where the \$500 lay.

"Never heard of a child," the agent replied, looking at Waters curiously. "If there was one, the Society got her, I suppose, and she's now milking cows and weeding vegetables out West somewhere. That's what



THE FARO DEALER.

"The polite, soft-spoken man who dealt the cards."—Page 194.

the Society does with them; but that's better than working in the ballet at five dollars a week, with work half the year. Going in to see the next act?"

At a late hour that night Mark Waters accompanied a party of companions to a gambling-house, and when he left it the polite, soft-spoken man who dealt the cards at the faro table had straightened out Hector's five \$100 bills and laid them evenly on a pile of other bills in the cash drawer at his right hand.

A week later Waters wrote this letter to Hector:

SIR: I am not in the habit of undertaking any business without being fully advised of its nature in all particulars. For this reason and the additional one that there seems to be some event in your life which has brought you into conflict with the law, I should have returned your letter and remittance at once and declined further correspondence, had not an accident made me aware of the unfortunate, the pitiful circumstances of your wife and daughter, for such I know the persons you refer to, to be. My personal investigation of their state prompted me to use for their benefit the full amount of the remittance you made to me and some of my own means besides; but that is no matter, for I am always glad to give according to my means, especially when I know of such sorrowful suffering as that in which I found those unhappy women. I shall not inform you of their address, even if you desire it, until you have given more evidence of being worthy to communicate with them. It would injure my standing in the business community to be known to have business relations with so unworthy a person as you, so therefore I direct you, in making your next remittance, to return therewith this letter. Upon your compliance with this condition, and to some extent also upon the amount of your future remittances (I say this as the benefactor of your wife and child), will depend my observance of your wish not to have the police informed of your whereabouts.

Waters spent hours upon the composition of this letter. It was neither signed nor addressed, nor did it contain the name of either Teresa or Carminella. The

blackmailing threat it contained was based upon his assumption of Hector's criminality in some regard, and it worked successfully. He enclosed it in a plain envelope, and addressed it in a carefully disguised hand. In exactly a month from the arrival of the first letter Waters received a second letter from Hector, enclosing a remittance and Waters' letter.

For many months Hector uncomplainingly, so far as his letters showed, thus contributed to Waters' income. The latter frequently forced larger contributions, by hinting that his conscience prompted him to abandon the office he had undertaken as Hector's almoner, and turn the matter over to the police. During all these months the Hotel Garibaldi was making large profits, and during the latter months Hector's income was increased from the Porterhouse mine. Waters' need of ready money, which was growing grievous through gambling and the extravagances of his ostentatious vanity, at last made him reckless. In one of his communications to Hector he demanded a thousand dollars and unguardedly signed the letter. It was returned as usual by Hector, but with a check for only five hundred dollars. Hector wrote:

. . . I have already sent you many thousand dollars. I have asked you many times to give me the address of my wife, Teresa Cesarotti, and my daughter, Carminella. Now I say to you, for I know my wife's good heart, that since I have done so much for her, she will not ask the police to punish me for that bad thing I have done. Now I say to you, tell my wife who it is that has given her all this money; tell her to write to me; tell her that I am a sick man and may soon die, but before I die it is right she should know something about my family; who I am, to tell my daughter, and about my property. I do not care for your threat. I have a good friend here who tells me not to fear.

ETTORE CESAROTTI.

Mark Waters put the draft which Hector enclosed into his safe, for it was after banking hours when the letter came and the draft could not be cashed until the next day. The two letters, his own signed one which Hector had returned, and the defiant one Hector had written, lay open before him on his desk, and he was regarding them scowlingly, trying to determine how he could meet this unexpected and dangerous situation, when he was interrupted by his clerk.

The reader will recall what happened then. Mark Waters hastily folded the two tell-tale letters into his open pocket-book which he left on his desk when he went into the next room with his clerk.

It was at that moment the silent, smiling Chung, coming to pay his uncle's rent, saw the pocket-book and, on the chance of its adding to his material welfare, abstracted it.

CHAPTER XX.

MARK WATERS PLAYS A PART.

SINCE the time when, as he believed, Tom Lyon, the janitor's son, had stolen the pocket-book from the Niantic building, Waters' first acute fear of disclosure had been lulled and almost forgotten. Dan Lyon had disappeared from the building, gone to live in the country, and his son with him, Waters supposed; and he heard or saw nothing more of them. The police had made a little fruitless investigation, and Waters, for obvious reasons, had not urged them into great activity. The Police Inspector he had communicated with had come to the conclusion that whoever had stolen the pocket-book had extracted the money and then destroyed the book and its other, to him worthless, contents as troublesome evidence to be put out of the way as soon as possible. This theory the Inspector had explained to Waters, and, as it agreed with the hope of the latter, he had accepted it readily, and finally the incident ceased to cause him any anxiety. He wrote to Hector that he had suddenly lost all track of his wife and children, but believed that they had gone to Italy. To dispel any suspicion in Hector's mind as to his honesty in the business, Waters returned the last remittance of \$500, although it cost him a hard struggle to do so. He was a complete coward, and the defiant letter had frightened him. Hector had written again earnestly begging Waters to make immediate search for

his wife and daughter, and hinted at a large fortune which would go to Carminella. Waters had replied that he was making every effort to find Teresa, and two or three times since, in answer to Hector's increasingly urgent letters, had assured him that he had secured clues which would soon place him again in communication with Teresa. Waters had used his utmost skill in his additional correspondence with Hector to thoroughly regain the Italian's confidence; for the later news from Blue Cañon spoke with certainty of the valuable property which would be Teresa's and Carminella's at Hector's death. As Waters then believed that Teresa was dead and Carminella, if alive, a drudge on some Western farm, he took a lively interest in the idea of having Hector's property under his control.

Now, after all this time of immunity from fear of exposure, the discovery he had made in the Tivoli office, in his conversation with Mr. Dean, shook, dazed, nearly stunned him. He could not tell but that Hector, even in that far-off California mining camp, would hear of the almost sensational success of La Cortese, and, of course, Waters did not know that the name "La Cortese," would mean nothing to Hector. Exposure in this matter meant much more than any possible punishment which could be inflicted upon him for his embezzlement of the sums Hector had intrusted to him. It would cause investigations, the thought of which made him shiver, as he sat in a chill of perspiration waiting for the return of the messenger he had sent to learn La Cortese's address, after he left his companions on the night of the alarming discovery in Mr. Dean's Tivoli office. When the messenger returned and correctly reported Carminella's address, he did not make the customary appealing work of counting out the change.

He gave a sharp look at Waters' face and boldly walked out without an allusion to money. He enlightened the sleepy elevator-boy with the comment: "De mug has been jolted hard, and so I pockets de boodle widout no bluff, for he'd take notice of nottin but a eart'quake. See?"

Something more nearly resembling an emotional earthquake than he had ever before experienced was shaking Waters. The cold confusion of fear, which contracted his heart one moment and sent his blood in icy jets through his chill body, the next gave way to an overpowering flood of sensuality; until the gray fear in his face was dyed in purple, and his heavy under-lip drooped in an animal grin he could not control. In his life Waters had never before been so stunned with desire, with what, in his nature, was the one element of love—he was capable of feeling, as when Carminella had fastened his flower in her zouave jacket with a wholly impersonal, an almost childishly unconscious, smile.

How overpowering was this passion—and I dislike to describe by even that much-abused word, the sensual torment he endured—even Waters did not realize until hours later, as he sat in his room trying to steady his nerves with whiskey. He started suddenly, lifted his head from the table, and looking straight before him with attentive eyes as if regarding a person who had addressed him, said aloud: "And she will inherit that Cesarotti's property, besides saving me from any annoyance or question about the money he has sent me."

He already imagined Carminella his.

The next day Waters left his office early and went to his room, where he dressed carefully for the call he had decided to make at once on Teresa and her daughter.

All day he had thought ploddingly, and with minute



THE MESSENGER.

"De mug has been jolted hard."—Page 200.

care as to each detail, about the character he should assume before these women he had defrauded, and in one of whom he now felt an interest in which were involved fear, greed, and passion. His whole life for years had been an assumption of characters until it had become a habit with him, before any anticipated meeting, to determine upon the kind of person he would like to appear as, and assume the rôle as well as his rather slow and heavy wits permitted. He dressed that afternoon with great care, and then drove to Teresa's apartments in a carriage, hired, but with two men in livery on the box. Teresa, who happened to be in Carminella's little front room, saw Waters leave the carriage, and, recognizing him as one of the party who had been at the Tivoli the night before, wondered who such a distinguished person could be calling upon in that humble neighborhood.

A moment after he had disappeared from her sight up the front steps of the house she was surprised to hear her own apartment bell ring, and she gave a hasty scrutiny of her dress, and a quick glance at her hair in Carminella's glass, before she pulled the curved lever which released the latch of the front door on the floor below. She stood at the open hall door of Carminella's room as Waters reached her landing. He saw her, and said in a voice of carefully measured politeness, "I am Mr. Mark Waters. I am looking for Mrs. Cortese or her daughter; I think you are one or the other of those ladies."

He glanced at her as if he really were in doubt, and Teresa smiled, one of her rare, rather serious smiles, as she answered:

"I am Mrs. Cortese. Will you walk in, sir?"

Waters bowed, somewhat profoundly, entered Car-

mineila's room, which answered as a reception room because it was the only one carpeted, and took a seat with his back to the light. He swung his silk hat by its rim between the tips of the fingers of both hands and laughed quietly and as pleasantly as he could before he said:

"I am glad really to find you alone, Mrs. Cortese, for it might be hard to explain my call to your daughter; although my business, if I may call it business, concerns her. I can talk to you because I feel as if we were old friends, you and I."

"Old friends?" repeated Teresa, in her slow, exact English, but with a tinge of pleased curiosity in her voice.

"Well, not exactly that, perhaps," Waters said, trying his best to appear easily affable. "Perhaps I should introduce myself only as an old admirer, that is—" Waters paused, and there was a shade of anxiety in his voice as he added—"if I have the pleasure of addressing a lady I admired, although it was not my fortune to know her, as Teresa Cesarotti, who was with the Arcadians a few years ago."

Teresa flushed slowly and then answered simply:

"I was Mrs. Cesarotti, but many years ago."

Even as he sat in the shade she could see his face also flush slowly. At the last moment he had a faint hope that, after all, there might be some mistake, and that this was not Hector's wife. He swung his hat between the tips of his fingers a moment, collecting himself, and then said:

"Really, is it many years ago? I remember you so well and you have changed so little. But we will talk about those days when we are better acquainted, perhaps. You are wondering why I called; I am a great

admirer of the art of dancing; I had heard a great deal about your daughter's success, and went to the Tivoli last night to see if half what I had been told were true. I found that I had not been told half the truth."

Waters gave a little cough of satisfaction as he finished this speech. He had composed it in his office, had actually written it out on paper and memorized it. He felt more confidence now that he had brought about an opportunity to repeat it, and had repeated it correctly. Teresa made no comment, but he saw by her face that she was seriously and not suspiciously interested in what he said. He continued:

"I am not a theatrical manager, as perhaps you might think from my interest in your daughter, yet it lies in my power to bring her to the notice of the right kind of manager in the right kind of a way. You understand?"

Teresa did not understand and said nothing, which disconcerted Waters a little, as he had planned and hoped that Teresa at this point would ask some question which would draw out the rest of his fable naturally. He stammered a little as he resumed, "I thought, perhaps—" he swallowed hard— "you will understand my motive for asking you if you have any engagement in prospect for your daughter at the end of her season at the Tivoli?"

"We have no engagement," answered Teresa, "but of course we hope to get up-town where they pay better for a good specialty."

"That is exactly the point," said Waters, in a relieved tone, as the conversation came round upon the lines he had designed, "that is the point exactly; now all that I have to ask further is that you make no engagement until I have seen you again, let me say for a week, at

least; during which time I promise you to take an up-town manager to see La Cortese dance. You will understand, I am sure, that I am doing this merely in the interest of her art, which is a fad of mine. That she is a daughter of one of the famous 'Longs' makes no difference." Waters laughed thickly as he made a clumsy attempt to regard Teresa with off-hand gallantry at this allusion to the "Longs." Teresa flushed and smiled again as she said: "Oh, the 'Longs!' I do remember. It was what they called us, we were so tall, four of us. Carminella is nearly so tall—and she is here."

At that instant Carminella swung into the room from the hall, or plunged in, or came in like an unexpected gust of fresh air. I do not know how to describe it. She entered, and the room was changed. She permeated it, enlivened it, and the other two human beings, both of great stature, somehow instantly seemed small; the man particularly small and insignificant, with the impersonality of a piece of furniture. She strode over to Teresa, kissed her, exclaiming: "It is so dark, mamma!" and started toward the shuttered windows, when she discovered the stranger.

"It is my daughter, Mr. Waters."

Carminella came to a sudden sharp stop. She was without any sign of embarrassment, like a deer in the forest, motionless and statuesque at a strange sound which bodes no danger. Waters, all his affectation shaken from him, advanced toward her with outstretched hand. Perhaps, as she had just come in from the bright daylight, she did not see the hand, for she suddenly stepped to the windows saying, "Let us have some light, then I can see you, Mr. Waters." She threw open the blinds and standing in the full glare turned toward him with

her hands clasped before her, and said frankly, "I am very glad to see you, Mr. Waters. You were one of the gentlemen in the box last night who threw me the boutonnières."

Waters flushed scarlet, and clinched his hands in an effort to control himself, for he trembled as he looked at the radiantly handsome girl standing before him, her head slightly thrown back, regarding him with some feeling which made her smile a little.

"It was my boutonnière you were kind enough to pick up," Waters rejoined, cursing himself for the huskiness in his voice, and he felt the veins in his neck beating against his collar.

"Oh! was it yours?" Carminella laughed. "It was the red one, and I chose it because it went with my costume."

Waters had rehearsed a number of speeches to be used in the event of his meeting Carminella, but these had all fled from him and he turned to go, muttering something about her mother explaining the object of his visit. The light with which Carminella had flooded the room—somehow her presence seemed to add to the light—revealed not only the pretty, simple furniture, Tom's gift, but showed that the walls were hung with black and colored crayon drawings, many of them unframed.

One charcoal drawing, a bold, sketchy bit of work, caught Waters' attention, and as he looked at it he steadied himself with one hand on the back of the chair he had risen from. He moistened his lips several times before he spoke: "Why that looks like the face of—of a young friend of mine."

"It is Tom Lyon, our best friend," exclaimed Carminella quickly. The look on Waters' face made her add

with a note of defiance in her voice: "I have just come from his studio." She turned to Teresa, "Oh! mamma, the studio is lovely. You are to see it to-morrow."

This about the studio confused Waters; he knew nothing about Tom's profession; but that the drawing represented the head of Tom Lyon, the son of Dan, there could be no doubt. He walked slowly as far as the door, his brain in a tumult. There he turned, and looking from mother to daughter said, "I must ask as a favor that my good young friend Tom Lyon is not told, not just yet, that I have called. I will tell you why soon—it was a little misunderstanding—it was with his father who was our janitor—it will all be arranged soon—until then—" He looked almost appealingly at Teresa, who said, "Tom and his father are our good friends——"

"And mine, too," interrupted Waters, "but this is a little business misunderstanding and until it is settled——"

"Well, if you wish," agreed Teresa, and Waters bowed himself out of the room.

When she was alone with her mother, Carminella, whose color had been deepening during the talk about Tom, said seriously, "I do not like it, mamma, this about our not telling Tom."

Teresa, who looked almost exultant, took her daughter's hands and explained: "But you do not know, Carminella, what it is; you have not heard yet. Mr. Waters is a great man and powerful, and he is to bring an up-town manager to see you. He will get you an engagement where every one may see that you are an artist and beautiful. If it is some little quarrel with Dan, it is not our quarrel."

"Are you sure he is great and powerful, mamma?"

Carminella asked, taking down the crayon of Tom and pinning it on the wall closer to her mirror.

"Did he not come here in his own carriage with two servants?"

Carminella shrugged her shoulders; but any doubts she may have had as to Waters' influence were soon dissipated, for that very week Waters was seen in a Tivoli box, with a great up-town manager, and before another week the delighted and resplendent Dominico was craftily negotiating a contract for Carminella's appearance in a forthcoming production concerning which the newspapers were already broken out with paragraphs; which production would signalize no less an event than the return to her native New York of that tremendous London sensation, Marie Léon, known in the first chapters of this history as Maggie Lyon.

CHAPTER XXI.

A NIGHT AT HOME AND ABROAD.

CARMINELLA had said to Tom Lyon one night at their Arctic Garden supper that he would soon be leaving the Tivoli altogether and pursuing his art work in his own studio, and this had come to pass just at the time Mark Waters had made his troublesome discovery of the existence of the wife and daughter of his correspondent in Blue Cañon. The very day Waters called on Teresa, as described in the last chapter, Carminella had returned home from Tom's studio, where she had been with Philip Peyton helping to install Tom in his studio. Teresa had unquestioningly allowed Carminella to go there without her, for she had always looked on Tom in his relation to her daughter exactly as if he had been Carminella's older brother.

The studio had been a find of Philip's. It belonged to a famous artist and illustrator who was going to Europe to stay a year. Philip knew him, and when he heard of his intended departure, suggested the plan of Tom's occupying the vacant New York studio. It happened that the artist had seen some of T. Fitz Gerald Lyon's work, and when Philip brought the two men together, he admired Tom, and made some pretty compliments about his work in a perfectly frank manner which pleased Tom mightily. There was no trouble after that about arranging for the sublease, and when Dan was brought over from Mulberry

Court to examine the premises and take the matter under consideration, for once in his life there was no delay in his passing judgment. He even offered to pay the whole rent in advance, which did not do Tom a bit of harm in the estimation of the great artist, who, however, said that the agent of the studio building would collect the monthly rent from Tom, as if there had been no change in the tenant. There was a big, north-lighted working-room which had the height of two floors, and a bedroom and bathroom at one side, reached by a short flight of unenclosed oak stairs running from the studio. Beneath the bedroom and separated from the studio by portières, was a cosey, low-ceilinged room called the model room, but used by the artist as his own personal den when not required as a dressing-room by a model. All the rooms were abundantly furnished by the artist who had occupied them for years, and contained a confusion of properties and accessories—the artistic odds and ends a busy illustrator gathers about him for his work. Most of these the departing artist left in Tom's care and for his use. Carminella, Tom, and Philip re-arranged them, and took account of stock: the casts, the fabrics, the musical instruments, the weapons old and new, the bits of armor, the antique furniture, the brasses, the pottery, the glass, the china, the rugs, furs, pipes, costumes—a fascinating confusion of the elements of the picturesque of every age and every land.

Some of Tom's belongings were brought over from Mulberry Court; for, although he intended to make a practice of going home to dine with Dan and sleep there, it was determined that his studio sleeping-room should be made ready for use; "for," urged Philip, "there's no telling when you may want a place in town to bunk in."

Tom was feverishly anxious to get to work in his new quarters. There was what seemed to him the appalling rent to pay—although his father had guaranteed this, Tom had no thought of ever permitting him to make his guarantee good—and then there was an accumulation of orders he was eager to fill. The *Guardian* was not the only publication calling upon him for drawings; his signed work had opened a quick market for him. Many weekly papers, some of the lesser magazines, and a number of book publishers had ordered drawings from him, and the hours of daylight were not long enough for him to work in. The unaccountable laziness with which an inscrutable Providence afflicts men of Tom's profession—and indeed of some others I know—when they have arrived at their first success had not yet made a laggard of Tom. In truth the promptness with which he responded to the professional calls upon him was no small factor in influencing the sorely beset managers of publishers' art departments to send more orders to this unnaturally industrious young artist.

Philip and Carminella bossed Tom relentlessly in arranging the studio, and every one of their arrangements was upset or reversed by Tom when he actually went to work there. Philip, who had also moved into new quarters, decided to celebrate the studio opening by an evening "at home," in his own rooms where Tom should meet a few men "it would do him no harm to know."

Until within a month Philip, ever since George went West, had lived in a cheap room in Greenwich village, not far from Abingdon Square. George was a scant and reticent correspondent and had written little that was definite about the prospects of the Porterhouse Mine Claim in Blue Cañon; but his remittances had increased generously, and in a late letter, in which Philip was sure

he discovered signs of restrained excitement, George had ordered that apartments for both of them be taken.

"Don't be too particular about the cost, old man," George wrote. "I'm not going to explain anything about anything to you till I return, which may be soon now, only don't be afraid to rent decent rooms. And for heaven's sake, Phil, have a big bathroom for each of us—the biggest there is. I get a bath here by carrying pails of water from a spring to a shed where there is a wooden washtub, which is used also for washing the hotel linen. And we want a big parlor, Phil: a stunning big parlor a man can swing clubs in without smashing things. I've lived in a seven-by-nine room here so long where I have to get half out of the window to dress, it seems to me I'll never go out of doors again if ever I get into a big living-room. Get Minnie to help you in buying stuff for the rooms: she knows a corking lot about those things and everything, and don't forget to send her those flowers on her birthday."

Minnie Hazelhurst selected not only the furniture for the rooms, but the rooms as well; and to satisfy her interpretation of what George Peyton meant by a "stunning big parlor," she, of course, had to select them far down-town, as it happened, not far above Washington Square. She said that it was only to secure a large parlor she chose that location, and their nearness to Washington Square had nothing to do with it. Indeed, I am inclined to think she was ingenuous in this, for the size of so-called parlors as they are apportioned to unfortunate bachelors in up-town apartments would discourage even the most constricted roomer in the Hotel Garibaldi, Blue Cañon.

Philip's first intention had been to ask only a few newspaper men to his "at home" in his new apart-

ments, but he recalled the undeniably sincere interest in Tom displayed by the illustrator whose studio they had rented, and enlarged his list by inviting a few artists. Knowing even all he did about Tom's antecedents, Peyton had no idea whatever of the excitement Tom was thrown into by his contemplation of this affair. Tom was conscious in a whimsical way that Peyton was taking an innocent and perfectly good-natured pleasure in "promoting" him; "But, Lord!" thought Tom, "if he could only have some notion of what I don't know about this, he'd go into a few more details in advance." Peyton in inviting Tom had only said, "Don't dress, old man, because some of the fellows are coming up from the *Guardian* office as they finish work, and I don't want to put them to the trouble of going home to dress so late in the evening." Tom "took this under advisement" as seriously as would his father; but struggle as he might with the phrase "don't dress," he could make nothing of it that was compatible with his ideas of propriety. He ended his hopeless wrestling by assuring himself that whatever was the meaning of the dictum, if he should be fortunate enough to discover it, he would at least be sustained in any degree of unconventionality since Peyton had intimated that others, too, were coming who were not "to dress." Tom had never had occasion to wear man's conventional evening apparel and did not own such a thing, nor did he know that "to dress" was the consecrated term for donning that particular attire. As it happened, he found out all this upon the entrance of the guest who next followed him into Philip's room. This was a man whose name made Tom start. He was no less a personage than Frank Farrington, the great illustrator, whose vital work has made the world familiar with the roman-



ONE OF THE TYPES.

"How the devil did you get such a hold on those types?"—Page 213



tic life of the border troops, the Indian reservation, the round-up, the vaquero on his lonely trail, the Indian in his frenzied dance, the cowboy in his rough pastimes. He was in evening dress, and said, as he shook hands with Philip: "I had to dress to dine with some people, but you'll let me stay as I am, won't you?" He was a big, smooth-faced, boyish-looking man, yet evidently powerful and athletic, with the breadth and breeziness of his beloved plains about him. Tom had cut out and preserved from magazines and weekly papers every illustration he had ever seen by Farrington. As the great illustrator came toward him, Tom was thinking if he would be bored to hear one more admirer praise his work, and if he would not, how he, Tom, would phrase his praise. But the compliments started from the other side.

"Oh! I know you," Farrington said, in a big hearty voice, as he grasped Tom's hand. "You're the chap who is making all these fellows who draw nice little men and women sit up and take notice of the real flesh and blood East-side characters you've been doing. But I say, how the devil did you get such a hold on those types?" Tom flushed, first at the praise and then at this necessity, at the very outset, of having to explain that he came from the slums.

Peyton promptly interrupted and Tom thanked him in his heart for it: "Why he knows his down-town East-side as you know your plains—because he's lived there."

"Is that so?" exclaimed Farrington, in a tone of astonishment but beaming with delight. "That's the best thing I've heard since the dinner-bell. It's a glorious day for New York illustrations if we're going to have the East-side types drawn by some one who has ever been farther south than Fourteenth Street."

They were interrupted by the entrance of another artist, a thin, rather anxious-browed, blond-bearded man named Nielsen, who spoke with a slight foreign accent, and who, in an incredibly short space of time, and apparently in a fury of passion, was assuring Farrington that nobody, anywhere, now or ever, knew anything about modelling or color, except Cornelius de Sart. He broke off a tirade which it seemed impossible could end in anything except a physical demonstration, and asked Tom how he got all his orders. "Mr. Peyton got me my first work," Tom answered, and added laughingly: "Then I chased every publisher in the city who uses drawings, dumped forty drawings in each of their art departments, and considered myself lucky if I sold one out of a hundred offered. They are coming to me a little now. I suppose that's to head me off from chasing them any more."

"That is it," shouted Nielsen, with a sudden return of his excitement. "Why should we chase them? I would starve first!"

"You mean," said Farrington, "you'll keep in debt to your dealer so that he can take two hundred and fifty dollar still-lives from you for twenty-five dollars."

From the preceding excitement of Nielsen Tom thought that this retort of Farrington's could result in nothing but blows; but to his astonishment Nielsen burst into a dainty and musical laugh, locked arms with Farrington, and said, "I guess you are right, old man, but that is no reason we should not see what kind of cognac Peyton has."

The cognac was found to be good, and Farrington asked Peyton, "Do you expect any newspaper men I know?"

"I grieve to say I do not," Philip responded. "The

trouble is I'm not myself well acquainted with the big chaps in the profession I adorn. I don't think I should care much for them anyway. I wonder whether it is that success in newspaper work makes a man unsociable, or whether only those who are not socially inclined make successes? The fellows I know and like best are just the every-day workers. They're a jolly lot, I like them very much. The stars seem to be cold, unlovely brilliants, and not likable, although this may be sour grapes. Oh," he added, suddenly interrupting himself, "except Richard Perry. You know him, Farrington—why, of course, you've been to the North and South poles with him, and ridden a tandem bicycle with him round the equator."

The mere mention of Richard Perry's name seemed to affect Farrington as if he had just heard the best kind of joke.

"Did Dick Perry tell you he would come?" he asked, laughingly. "But of course he did. He never declines an invitation. He says it's so cold to decline, but he sometimes makes good his acceptance, and most unexpectedly. I met him once in Alaska. The *Guardian* had sent him to make a canoe voyage across Behring Straits to Siberia. He was outfitting his expedition when I told him that I was going to the Mackenzie River country, where I had heard there was a band of buffalo, and asked him to go with me. He not only accepted, but, by gee! he went with me. He altered his plans with no more concern than if I had intercepted him going into Del's for a cocktail and suggested that we cross over to the St. James instead. Listen! That sounds like him now."

The sound was as if the man-servant—loaned for the occasion from the Hazelhurst household—had inadver-

tently admitted a tornado and been knocked down by it. The door opened, the tornado blew in. It was Dick Perry. His hat was on the back of his head, exactly as if, in his anxiety to reach his friends, he had forgotten to give it to the servant. He was a stout, heavily moustached man, and there was gray in his moustache, but he carried with him the irresistible impression of joyous, boisterous, uncontrollable, inexperienced youth. He was laughing as he entered, and he never ceased laughing during the half-hour he stayed.

"Broke forty engagements to come here, Peyton," he said, "and must leave in a minute. Must get on board a Mediterranean steamer in Hoboken to-night. Going to the Holy Land to write a story about the field Ruth gleaned. Splendid idea for stories, don't you think? Fifteen special articles on the subject, then print the articles in a book; everybody named Ruth buys a book—must be a million of them—then I'll have enough money to stay at home long enough to make the acquaintance of my family. Why, this must be Mr. Lyon you promised I should meet."

He strode over to Tom and shook his hand vigorously. "Don't want any one to introduce me to you, Mr. Lyon; you're a coming man. Coming! Why you've come already. By Jove, your work is strong—strong—strong! Keep right on: don't you let them laugh you down—they'll begin to laugh at you when you get to be a little better known. Some of 'em are trying to start a laugh on Farrington now, but he's tough—he don't mind. Farrington's a good old boy, good old boy, good old boy! Hello, Neilsen! That's a stunning still-life you have at the Exhibition. I'd like to cut that pumpkin you painted. It reminds me of the pies mother used to make." He turned toward Philip. "I say, Peyton;

they tell me in the office you wrote that anarchist story this morning. Strong story, vivid characterization. They ought to put you on space. I'll write a friendly letter to the managing editor about that: send it in by the pilot in the morning. Good work, my boy; good work, good work! By Jove, this is smooth whiskey: never tasted anything like it. From a private stock, eh? Dr. Hazelhurst's? I know the doctor well. Lovely character, that; beautiful, beautiful! Guess I'll run over to Egypt from the Holy Land and see if I can't dig up another Rameses for him. Make a good special anyway. I say, Farrington, come along on the steamer with me."

Perry was trying to persuade Farrington to take a Mediterranean steamer with him that night, when three or four of the *Guardian* men entered the room together. The oldest of them, the only one in fact who looked much more than a boy, had scarcely crossed the threshold before he exclaimed in a complaining voice and with a rich Irish brogue:

"For the love of heaven, Peyton, would you have good and honest men dying in your room of the drouth! Where's the beer?"

Philip introduced the new-comers to Tom, and of him who had early announced a thirst, he said: "This is Mr. Terence Lynn; known to an admiring constituency and reading public as Terry. His morals are excellently white, and his soul inimitably green. I am pleased to assure you of his distinguished consideration. Having a fair capacity for English as she is spoke in the United States, it is his peculiar will to superimpose an Irish brogue on his speech only when he is in the presence of those who for any reason he admires. My own regard for this gentleman," continued Philip, in the

voice of a showman—Terence was furtively examining the sideboard for beer—"arises from the fact that he always addressed my father in his richest brogue; it is in no degree lessened by the fact that in speaking to me alone he uses only his purest English accent. He is the yachting reporter of the *Guardian*, and is said to have been partially tamed at Trinity College, Dublin."

"Your father, heaven rest his soul! Master Peyton, was a fine gentleman, and I grieve to think that a son of his should talk so much and such nonsense. Have you no beer at all, lad? Heaven sends us help," this at the sight of the servant bearing a tray of bottled beer. Having secured a bottle and glass, Lynn turned toward Tom and said with an oily access of brogue: "As I never read the magazines, sir, nor the illustrated papers and peruse only that page of the *Guardian* which is enriched with my own productions, I have not that acquaintance with your elegant work which would enable me to judge it with the fairness becoming an umpire in all things. 'Tis a pity, too, for I have a dainty taste in art. Indeed, at Trinity I was distinguished by the faculty as one having a glorious future before him with the brush and palette. Master Peyton has inherited his father's genius for cooling a bottle properly."

A tall, smooth-faced young man, as tall as Tom but stouter, and with sloping shoulders and a generally collapsed appearance, who had been introduced as Mr. Killip, of the *Guardian*, suddenly interrupted Lynn's prattle by asking Tom, in a languid but slightly querulous tone, "What do you mean?"

"I mean?" echoed Tom, a little startled. He was subconsciously alive to the fact that he had been asked a question which in Mulberry Bend was the conventional form of challenge to a fight. Mr. Killip looked earnest

but not pugnacious. He repeated, "Yes, Mr. Lyon, what do you mean?"

"I don't quite tumble—I don't quite understand you," said Tom.

"What does your work mean?" Killip repeated insistently.

"Why—a—I don't believe I've thought of that."

"Yes, you have," said Killip, "you must have thought of it. No one does creative work until he has decided what it is to mean. Your work means for truth, does it not? Can you deny it?"

"Well," said Tom, bewildered, and trying not to laugh, "it may, but I am honest when I tell you I have not thought of it in that way."

"You are mistaken," said Killip, sorrowfully, "you mean your work to make for truth or else you would not do the work you are doing. I should like to call at your studio and talk with you about this: I consider it vastly important." Tom invited Mr. Killip to call.

There was some supper served by the manifestly amazed Hazelhurst servant, and then smoking and shop talk. An artist, Mr. Norman, the first American painter to discover that everything in nature is purple as to color—everything except such as happens to be brick red—and who had been one of Tom's instructors in the Art League, brought Tom out famously in the shop talk. Mr. Norman, who is quite a sane and sensible man to meet in his own person, in spite of the violent insanity of his palette, was better acquainted with Tom on his mental side than was Philip even, and as he was proud of his pupil, he took a pride in drawing him out. Tom was not an adept at this sort of exercise, and indeed never discovered Norman's intention, so gradually was he led to express himself at greater and greater

length, and with more and more conviction, until suddenly he stopped, blushing like a girl to find that he alone was talking and all the others listening, and listening intently.

"There!" exclaimed Mr. Killip, with as near animation as he ever approached, "I knew I was right: I knew you were making for truth, were a veritist in art."

There was a laugh at this, in which Tom joined, and then said: "Well, you see, Mr. Killip, I never thought out what I 'meant' before, and I did not know when you asked me."

As the *Guardian* men walked over toward Broadway together, Terence Lynn said to Killip, speaking without a trace of brogue: "If that Mr. Lyon is a product of the tenements, as Peyton says he is, I'm going to start a movement to colonize all the art critics in the slums, and make them live there until they learn not to talk like mystics."

"Well, my auburn-haired child, how do you feel?" Philip asked Tom when they were alone.

"As if I had been having a scrap, but with my brains instead of my fists," Tom replied.

It was because his brains were in a pleasurable tumult which he knew would keep him from sleep, that Tom walked past his studio building on to Broadway and down that strangely quiet thoroughfare. It was after two o'clock—the *Guardian* men had been late in arriving, of course—and the occasional cable cars glided quietly along without the clanging bells which denote the day's ceaseless struggle through the crowded street; now and then rumbled along a top-heavy vegetable wagon from Staten Island with driver fast asleep, or one of those ridiculous circus wagons in which it pleases the government to transport the mail in cities;



OUTCASTS.

"Who would turn robbers if the stranger seemed timid."—Page 221.

a few carts dashing up-town with papers containing "to-morrow's" news for those who in the Tenderloin district were yet wearing out "yesterday;" these were all that kept Broadway from being deserted at that hour. On the sidewalk Tom met an occasional policeman, and a few tramps and thieves who seemed worn out with the night, and to wish another day's sun would come. These were all the dregs left at that hour of the brilliant, rushing, noisy torrent of Broadway's day.

At Canal street Tom turned east, and at Mulberry, south. He had no fixed purpose. The electric life there is in that morning hour for some temperaments affected him, and he was as awake as one is after a morning bath. He was thinking of Carminella—but when was he not?—and the old associations where he was with her so much, was so often her protector, drew him on. Mulberry street was less deserted than Broadway; there were more outcasts eddied about there: more tramps, more thieves, more lurking evil-doers, more helpless, homeless ones; more beggars who would turn robbers if the stranger from whom they solicited seemed timid. Some of those approached Tom, but his calm indifference turned them aside wondering why so well-dressed a man should seem so much at home there. Sometimes from a cellar-way would come the sound of voices and the whining notes of an accordion; and he knew that an Italian ship had arrived that day and some of its immigrant passengers were stored in that cellar with their baggage, to sleep—if they could—to drink stale beer and sing and get drunk, until niches could be found next day for their housing.

As he neared the entrance to his old, well-remembered court, a man emerged from it and turned slowly down toward Park street. Tom recognized him as his foster-

brother Bill. He had not seen him in a long time, not since Dan had finally cast Bill off. There had never been any intimacy between Tom and his foster-brother, for Bill had almost entirely deserted Dan's roof when Tom was a baby. The younger man had frequently helped the other, had tried to induce him to do better by himself, and they had never quarrelled. Tom turned back when he saw the other, but he had walked only a short distance when it occurred to him that Bill might not know they had left the Bend, and had gone to the old house for help, perhaps even for a bed, lacking one anywhere else.

At this thought Tom turned quickly but Bill was not in sight. He hurried down the Bend to Park street, and there he saw Bill just turning the corner into Mott street—into Chinatown. That one glance made him run up the hill, for he thought Bill—athletic Bill—walked as if he were weak, perhaps with hunger, Tom's reproving heart said. He reached Mott street just in time to see his foster-brother turn into the entrance which he knew led to an opium-smoking resort—and worse. He passed the entrance, but did not go in. He knew who Bill would meet there. He had good reason to remember that entrance later.

CHAPTER XXII.

THE SECRET OF AN OPIUM DEN.

THE entrance Bill Williams—Dan Lyon's foster-son had never taken the name of Lyon—turned into was reached by a narrow, worn pair of stone steps running up alongside the front of an old, three-story, red brick building. The basement and first floor were occupied by Chinese merchants who dealt in the products of China; consisting exclusively, judging from the odors, and the condition of the stairs and halls, of fish, flesh, and fowl, preserved in grease.

The second floor was occupied by the dining-room and kitchen of a Chinese restaurant, largely patronized by white criminals, men and women. The women one saw in that restaurant were nearly all young, for they did not last long in the life of which that restaurant was a part, and the recruits were little more than children—rebels against the sweaters' tasks.

On the third floor, in the front, with windows opening on an iron balcony overlooking the street, is what is called there a "Joss temple." In the rear of this room is a hideous, squat grimacing figure before which incense sticks are always burning. The priests (if they are priests of the temple who appear out of some half-lighted corner of the room, noiselessly and stealthily, and startle sight-seeing visitors) make a revenue by selling a cent's worth of the incense sticks for twenty five cents. Back of the temple a door leads from the hall—

way into a little cubby-hole of an office. In this office there is a counter extending from wall to wall, and behind that is a door leading to a dark room beyond. Back of this counter and in front of the second door, from eight or nine o'clock in the evening until nearly daylight, a Chinaman sits in a space which allows only room for him and a narrow passage to the room beyond when he lifts a gate in the counter to admit a customer. The customers of that Chinese functionary are opium-smokers, and their occupations, honest and otherwise, keep them abroad late at night; in some instances until the awful craving of the habit drags them to the den, even though their occupation may be no less exciting than trying to escape from the police. "The habit" is the term the smokers use to express a recurrence of the craving for the drug, and the habit lays a stronger hold upon its victims than anything except death.

So the man who sits in the office has pretty regular customers, and he gets to know them and their callings pretty well, too; and he is proud of their acquaintance, which is singular, for he is not and never was a professional thief. In fact, the only thing to speak of seriously Chung ever stole was Mark Waters' pocketbook, on the occasion when he went to Waters' office to pay Uncle Fong's rent for his premises in the building belonging to Philip Ormsbee Peyton, Estate of. He was a clerk then in Uncle Fong's store; but the sudden possession in cash of more than half a year's salary, for there were nearly a hundred dollars in the purse, gave Chung the longed-for capital to engage in an occupation more to his taste. He bought an interest in the opium smoking plant, ostensibly conducted as a lodging-house, on the floor with the Joss temple.

News of the theft, and particularly the more interesting fact that the man who had been stolen from had offered a large reward for the recovery of the purloined papers; and that an innocent man, one Tom Lyon of the Tivoli Theatre, had been taken to police headquarters on suspicion of being the thief—this news was eagerly discussed by the criminals with whom Chung smoked opium that very night. How did they learn the news? Well, some of the thieves were also stool pigeons, sneak agents of Headquarters' detectives, and on more or less intimate terms with them. Perhaps that accounted for so much being known, and besides, innocent looking Chung, when he heard the discussion, told his story; how he had arrived at the Niantic building a few minutes after the discovery of the theft; and he was naturally anxious to learn more about it, especially about the reward for the papers.

When he learned of the reward, Chung, with tireless patience, cut Mark Waters' pocket-book into a thousand little pieces, and scattered the indistinguishable fragments in the gutters of Chinatown as he lazily strolled along. The papers he folded into one small compact thin wad, and hid them in a hollow of the thick sole of one shoe, as he had hidden opium in both of his shoes when he came into San Francisco on the ship from China; thereby smuggling not a large portion to be sure, but the thousand other Chinese who walked off the ship with him all walked in shoes similarly charged, and the total was considerable.

For many months Chung listened to all that the thieves had to say about crimes and rewards, but never heard that Waters had offered anything for the return of the papers by the thief: the reward was for their recovery by the police, and at that time Chung did not

know how to turn such a condition of affairs into profit. It was not long after Chung became part owner and manager of the opium den that he found it belonged to his business to establish friendly relations with the police. Such places as his, being unlawful, have always been included in the list of those which are permitted to flourish only when they are a source of profit to the officials sworn to suppress them. Chung submitted to the blackmail (indeed he could not do otherwise and conduct an unlawful business) with the smiling philosophy of his people when dealing with a ruling, superior, Christian race, and even managed to secure a rebate on the extortion-money wrung from him, by now and then notifying the police of the hiding-place of criminals who were "wanted."

Late on the night before Philip Peyton had Tom and his other friends in his new rooms, Bill Williams, white and trembling, dragged himself up the stairs to Chung's cubby-hole office. He was a regular patron of the den, his own living-room being in an attic overhead where also Chung's room was. The Chinaman, after a moment's glance at Bill, opened the counter gate for him and handed him a little lacquer tray containing a smoker's outfit: the pipe, a tiny horn-box of opium, the lamp, and the needle on which the opium is cooked over the lamp. Bill took the tray in his shaking hands, and asked in a weak, husky voice:

"Has Molly come in?"

"No," answered Chung, and Bill passed through the door into the den beyond. The den was a rather narrow room, but probably fifteen feet long; on each side were two sets of double bunks: that is, there were two lower and two upper bunks on each side, and across the end of the room were one upper and one lower bunk. Each



IN THE OPIUM DEN.

"Then Bill heard Chung come to the door."—Page 226.

1. 2. 3. 4. 5. 6. 7. 8. 9. 10. 11. 12. 13. 14. 15. 16. 17. 18. 19. 20. 21. 22. 23. 24. 25. 26. 27. 28. 29. 30. 31. 32. 33. 34. 35. 36. 37. 38. 39. 40. 41. 42. 43. 44. 45. 46. 47. 48. 49. 50. 51. 52. 53. 54. 55. 56. 57. 58. 59. 60. 61. 62. 63. 64. 65. 66. 67. 68. 69. 70. 71. 72. 73. 74. 75. 76. 77. 78. 79. 80. 81. 82. 83. 84. 85. 86. 87. 88. 89. 90. 91. 92. 93. 94. 95. 96. 97. 98. 99. 100. 101. 102. 103. 104. 105. 106. 107. 108. 109. 110. 111. 112. 113. 114. 115. 116. 117. 118. 119. 120. 121. 122. 123. 124. 125. 126. 127. 128. 129. 130. 131. 132. 133. 134. 135. 136. 137. 138. 139. 140. 141. 142. 143. 144. 145. 146. 147. 148. 149. 150. 151. 152. 153. 154. 155. 156. 157. 158. 159. 160. 161. 162. 163. 164. 165. 166. 167. 168. 169. 170. 171. 172. 173. 174. 175. 176. 177. 178. 179. 180. 181. 182. 183. 184. 185. 186. 187. 188. 189. 190. 191. 192. 193. 194. 195. 196. 197. 198. 199. 200. 201. 202. 203. 204. 205. 206. 207. 208. 209. 210. 211. 212. 213. 214. 215. 216. 217. 218. 219. 220. 221. 222. 223. 224. 225. 226. 227. 228. 229. 230. 231. 232. 233. 234. 235. 236. 237. 238. 239. 240. 241. 242. 243. 244. 245. 246. 247. 248. 249. 250. 251. 252. 253. 254. 255. 256. 257. 258. 259. 260. 261. 262. 263. 264. 265. 266. 267. 268. 269. 270. 271. 272. 273. 274. 275. 276. 277. 278. 279. 280. 281. 282. 283. 284. 285. 286. 287. 288. 289. 290. 291. 292. 293. 294. 295. 296. 297. 298. 299. 300. 301. 302. 303. 304. 305. 306. 307. 308. 309. 310. 311. 312. 313. 314. 315. 316. 317. 318. 319. 320. 321. 322. 323. 324. 325. 326. 327. 328. 329. 330. 331. 332. 333. 334. 335. 336. 337. 338. 339. 340. 341. 342. 343. 344. 345. 346. 347. 348. 349. 350. 351. 352. 353. 354. 355. 356. 357. 358. 359. 360. 361. 362. 363. 364. 365. 366. 367. 368. 369. 370. 371. 372. 373. 374. 375. 376. 377. 378. 379. 380. 381. 382. 383. 384. 385. 386. 387. 388. 389. 390. 391. 392. 393. 394. 395. 396. 397. 398. 399. 400. 401. 402. 403. 404. 405. 406. 407. 408. 409. 410. 411. 412. 413. 414. 415. 416. 417. 418. 419. 420. 421. 422. 423. 424. 425. 426. 427. 428. 429. 430. 431. 432. 433. 434. 435. 436. 437. 438. 439. 440. 441. 442. 443. 444. 445. 446. 447. 448. 449. 450. 451. 452. 453. 454. 455. 456. 457. 458. 459. 460. 461. 462. 463. 464. 465. 466. 467. 468. 469. 470. 471. 472. 473. 474. 475. 476. 477. 478. 479. 480. 481. 482. 483. 484. 485. 486. 487. 488. 489. 490. 491. 492. 493. 494. 495. 496. 497. 498. 499. 500. 501. 502. 503. 504. 505. 506. 507. 508. 509. 510. 511. 512. 513. 514. 515. 516. 517. 518. 519. 520. 521. 522. 523. 524. 525. 526. 527. 528. 529. 530. 531. 532. 533. 534. 535. 536. 537. 538. 539. 540. 541. 542. 543. 544. 545. 546. 547. 548. 549. 550. 551. 552. 553. 554. 555. 556. 557. 558. 559. 560. 561. 562. 563. 564. 565. 566. 567. 568. 569. 570. 571. 572. 573. 574. 575. 576. 577. 578. 579. 580. 581. 582. 583. 584. 585. 586. 587. 588. 589. 590. 591. 592. 593. 594. 595. 596. 597. 598. 599. 600. 601. 602. 603. 604. 605. 606. 607. 608. 609. 610. 611. 612. 613. 614. 615. 616. 617. 618. 619. 620. 621. 622. 623. 624. 625. 626. 627. 628. 629. 630. 631. 632. 633. 634. 635. 636. 637. 638. 639. 640. 641. 642. 643. 644. 645. 646. 647. 648. 649. 650. 651. 652. 653. 654. 655. 656. 657. 658. 659. 660. 661. 662. 663. 664. 665. 666. 667. 668. 669. 670. 671. 672. 673. 674. 675. 676. 677. 678. 679. 680. 681. 682. 683. 684. 685. 686. 687. 688. 689. 690. 691. 692. 693. 694. 695. 696. 697. 698. 699. 700. 701. 702. 703. 704. 705. 706. 707. 708. 709. 710. 711. 712. 713. 714. 715. 716. 717. 718. 719. 720. 721. 722. 723. 724. 725. 726. 727. 728. 729. 730. 731. 732. 733. 734. 735. 736. 737. 738. 739. 740. 741. 742. 743. 744. 745. 746. 747. 748. 749. 750. 751. 752. 753. 754. 755. 756. 757. 758. 759. 760. 761. 762. 763. 764. 765. 766. 767. 768. 769. 770. 771. 772. 773. 774. 775. 776. 777. 778. 779. 780. 781. 782. 783. 784. 785. 786. 787. 788. 789. 790. 791. 792. 793. 794. 795. 796. 797. 798. 799. 800. 801. 802. 803. 804. 805. 806. 807. 808. 809. 810. 811. 812. 813. 814. 815. 816. 817. 818. 819. 820. 821. 822. 823. 824. 825. 826. 827. 828. 829. 830. 831. 832. 833. 834. 835. 836. 837. 838. 839. 840.

bunk (they were nothing more than wide shelves) was intended for the accommodation of two smokers, lying down, with the lamp and other paraphernalia of the outfit between them. Nearly every shelf was occupied by one or two men or women, all in the profound sleep of the opium smoker, when Bill entered. He hastily prepared his pipe and had taken the four or five long deep draughts by which a smoker exhausts one preparation, when he heard Chung in conversation with a man whose voice he recognized. It was a police official known as a ward man, a detective attached to the police station of that precinct. When the ward man entered the office Chung handed him a sealed envelope which he took and placed in a large pocket-book containing other envelopes. It may have been the resemblance of this pocket-book in shape and size and color to one that Chung vividly remembered which prompted him to ask the officer if he recalled a pocket-book theft in the Niantic building. Bill was lying on the shelf nearest the door, and it was hearing this question which made him lay down his pipe and listen intently, for he had heard of the suspicion against Tom Lyon in connection with that theft.

There was considerable talk between the Chinaman and the ward man before the latter recalled the incident Chung referred to. Then Bill heard Chung come to the door and slide back a little panel which gave him a view of the den. Bill dropped his head on the wooden block which served as a pillow to his shelf, and affected the deep sleep of an overcome smoker. Chung, apparently satisfied with his observation, closed the panel, and as he did so Bill crept to the door, where, through a crevice at the bottom of the panel, he could see and hear what was going on in the office. Chung in a lower voice said to the ward man:

"Mebbe Mista Walta pay you that lewad if you catch papers?" The ward man smiled knowingly and answered,

"Maybe. You got 'em?"

"No, I no got him," said Chung, "but mebbe I catch him if you catch lewad. You find out and come back to-morrow night. If you can catch lewad mebbe Chung can catch papers, then you and me divide lewad."

"You're a pretty slick Chink. I'll see about that reward."

When the officer had departed, Chung took from a shelf beneath his counter just such a pair of thick-soled shoes as he had on his feet. He selected one and by a little effort removed its sole. It had been hollowed out and it contained some closely folded papers. He examined them without unfolding them as he had a thousand times before, wishing he could read their contents, and then replaced the shoes on the shelf. As he did so Bill returned to his bunk, and Molly, the woman he had inquired for, entered the office, learned from Chung that Bill was inside, took only a pipe from the Chinaman, passed through the door into the den, and threw herself down on the bunk by the side of the apparently unconscious Bill. She began the preparation of a pipe when Bill's hand crept to her throat, and he whispered just above his breath, "Don't smoke!"

"My God, Bill, I must! The habit is on me," she gasped. His fingers tightened on her throat so that she could not speak further.

"Don't speak and don't smoke, I tell you!" he whispered. "The habit is on me too, but I've held off for half an hour."

The light from the opium lamp showed her his white face drawn and twitching with the agony of the unsatis-

fied desire for the drug. She clenched her own hands in her clothing as if a physical obstacle were necessary to keep them from the pipe, glaring at her companion in wonder; but he gave no explanation. Thus they lay in a wretched agony of desire for the drug until they heard Chung close the outer door and enter the den for his own nightly smoke. Bill again simulated sleep and the woman obeying his signal did the same, as Chung passed by them. In a few minutes Bill, stealthily watching the Chinaman, saw the pipe drop from his hand and his head fall back in stupor. Then he noiselessly let himself into the office, motioning Molly to follow. By the light of his opium lamp he found the shoe, obtained the papers, gave them to Molly, and whispered with his mouth close to her ear, "Take these upstairs and hide them. Then come back and smoke." He waited in the office, prepared to head off Chung if the Chinaman should happen to be aroused, until the woman returned, and then locked the inside and outside doors just as they had been fastened by Chung.

The next day Bill and Molly crossed the Brooklyn Bridge and there took an elevated train, going neither of them knew where. Any place where they would not be known was what Bill sought. A short distance from the end of the road they found a field where they would not only be not known but not seen, and there he slowly and laboriously deciphered the letters, which Molly copied with pencil and paper, as Bill, word by word, made out their contents. When this slow work was all done, Bill told Molly to read her copy over to him, and he listened attentively and with closed eyes as she did so.

"What does it all mean, Bill?" she asked, when he had remained silent for a long time.

"I ain't just dead on t' de whole game, Molly," Bill answered, thoughtfully, "but I tumbles enough t' pipe dat dis Mark Waters would be up against it hard if Teresa knowed of dese letters."

"Who's Teresa?" said Molly, with sudden jealous interest.

Bill did not care to explain all that he knew about Teresa, for that would include something his relationship to Dan and Tom Lyon. Of that in late years Bill had not spoken. He bore no enmity to Dan, for he realized that Dan had cause enough to disown him long before he did, and for Tom this outcast had a regard amounting almost to affection. It was about the only remnant of purity and honesty left in his perverse, distorted nature. He had sheltered Tom when the latter was still a child from some of the rough knocks unprotected childhood receives in the slums, and Tom had not only been kind to him in the matter of giving him money many times in later years, but had urged his wayward foster-brother, with a kindness and consideration no one else had ever shown him, to do better by himself.

"Who is Teresa?" repeated Molly, angrily.

"Can't you see who she is?" retorted Bill evasively. "Didn't you just read de letters? Can't you see she's de wife of de sucker what wrote de letter from California? Dis mug, Waters, has been collarin all de boodle."

"How do you know he collared the boodle? How do you know Teresa didn't get it?" said Molly, with increasing jealousy and anger.

"If she got de boodle would she be lettin' her kid do a song and dance on de Bowery? Besides, if de letters didn't show Waters was crooked would he be offerin' de cops a tousand dollars for em?"

This did not explain much to Molly; she knew noth-

ing about the offer of reward, nor about Teresa and Carminella. Molly was little more than a child in age, and she came from the other side of the Bowery, from Stanton Street. She had run away from the one overcrowded, miserable room where with brothers and sisters, father and mother, she slaved for the sweaters. She had met Bill in the life into which she had quickly, he gradually, sunk, but while he was still a heroic figure in that life. He had gained renown and for a time a livelihood as a pugilist, but his ability to meet even the poor athletic specimens he had to contend against in the prize-fighting resorts in the lower East side had been undermined, first by his becoming a slave of the opium habit and then by the disease which kills so many pugilists—consumption. He yet had some renown when Molly took up with him, and because she loved him she clung to him even in these days of his direst fortune.

She saw that it was useless then to ask any more about Teresa, and to avoid quarrelling with him she changed the subject by asking:

“Will you go to this Waters, and claim the reward?”

“No, Molly, I won’t do it,” he replied, kindly enough now.

“I wonder you wouldn’t, Bill. If we had that money we could get away from—from everything there. We might come and live out in the country like this till you got well of your cough, and got strong again.”

Bill turned and put his hand on the girl’s arm so gently that it surprised her at first and then made the tears come to her eyes. “I’ll tell you, Molly,” he said, “why I can’t do it. Dere’s as square a boy as ever lived was pinched by de cops for stealin’ dis stuff. I knowed he never done it, ’cause he’s dead level. Well, dat boy is

what dey calls my foster-brodder. If I goes t' dis Waters and asks for dis reward he'll tink, sure, Tom stole de stuff and passed it t' me. No, I wouldn't queer Tom dat way for more dan a thousand. I'm going t' take dis stuff t' Tom t'night. It may do him some good t' have it; anyway he can do some good t' Teresa wid de letters. We'll keep de copy you've made, and p'raps you can make some money out of de game wid-out queerin' Tom. I'll see about dat."

It was late that night that Bill had gone to Mulberry Bend. He learned there for the first time that the Lyons and Corteses had left the Bend; that was all the strangers in the tenements could tell him, and it was when Bill was leaving there that Tom saw him. Bill intended to go to the Tivoli and inquire Tom's address, but the next day he could not leave his bed, nor could he for many days. Molly watched by him and nursed him as well as she could, but there was no money to get medicine, not even opium nor food. One afternoon she left him, taking the copies of the stolen letters with her, and went to Mark Waters' office.

"You must tell me what your business is with Mr. Waters," said the clerk, eying the thin, pale, shabbily dressed girl suspiciously.

"I'll tell my business to him," said Molly, defiantly. "You can tell him if he don't see me he'll be sorry for it, that's all!"

Waters, who heard this in his private office, came to the door, looked at Molly sharply, and seemed to be relieved that she was no one he had ever known. He motioned her into his office, closed the door after her and then asked gruffly:

"Well now, what's your game? Be quick about it."

"My game is," Molly said, looking at Waters straight

and hard, "to get a hundred dollars from you." Waters was startled more by her manner than her demand.

"Perhaps you wouldn't mind telling me what your security is," he said, making a poor attempt to sneer.

"That's fair enough," Molly responded, and she handed him her copies of the letters. He was standing when he received them, but he sank into a chair after one hasty glance at them. He glared at the letters so long in silence that Molly said, finally, "They ain't so hard to read, I guess. I'm pretty good at writing. I went to school until I was ten."

Waters looked up and tried to steady his voice as he said: "I don't know whether I'll call a policeman to take you out of here, or put you out myself and let you go."

This speech taught him something of the nature of the girl. She laughed at the man coolly and insolently. Then she sat down in a chair and said, "You can suit yourself about that. If you call a cop in I'll take him where the real letters are. If you put me out I'll take the real letters to that Teresa."

Waters jumped to his feet and rushed at the girl threateningly. She rose without quailing and he stopped short as she said, and it was she who threatened then:

"I want you to be quick about it, too, for I'm in a hurry. See?"

The blood suddenly mounted into Waters' face in an ominous manner, and he reeled, caught himself by the back of his chair and sank down heavily. Molly watched him closely and anxiously: she thought he was dying, but there was no pity in her look as she saw him tear open his collar, and heard him gasp. It was a minute before he recovered so that he could speak, and she saw then that he was more afraid of death than of her. His

eyes wandered about the room wildly before they seemed to find her. Then he said in a cowed, weak voice:

“You wanted a hundred?”

Molly nodded, and he counted out the money for her and handed it to her unsteadily, asking, “I get the original letters for this?”

The girl walked to the hall door and opened it before she turned and replied;

“Next time—perhaps.”

CHAPTER XXIII.

NEARING THE RAPIDS OF LIFE.

MOLLY hurried from the Niantic building to the office of a doctor whose sign she remembered on East Broadway.

"What will you charge to go and see a man who is sick?" she asked anxiously when she met the doctor.

"Five dollars," he replied, and added after a glance at the girl, "in advance."

Molly paid him the money and told him the address. He said he would call in half an hour, and as Molly hurried down the street to a delicatessen store, she exulted while passing a charity station where medical advice and medicines are given free. I cannot explain why it is that in the district of the poorest tenements there are many like Molly—wicked, perverse, uncontrolled as she was—who would rather die, more, had rather see those they love die, than accept aid which might save life; I know, too, there are many more who would rather die than pay for aid, even some having money wherewith to pay; and that, too, I cannot explain; nor could Molly if you asked her.

She bought many things for Bill, from the delicatessen store, a fruit stand, a wine store, and hurried to their room in the attic over the opium den, with her arms full of bundles and packages.

"I've got a lot of good grub, Bill; and fruit, and wine, and a paid doctor is coming soon, and you'll be well

enough to fight again the first thing you know!" she cried eagerly, as she entered the room.

"How much did you touch Waters for?" Bill asked huskily.

"For a hun."

"Den I've got t' make a hun before I croak, and pay it t' Teresa; for dat boodle you got from Waters belongs t' Teresa, and not to us," Bill said.

Molly looked at him in amazement and then asked, "What's worrying you, Bill?"

"Nottin much, Molly; only dis game ain't right, and I want t' square tings before I goes."

"Don't, Bill! don't! Don't talk about going. It would kill me, Bill, sure." Molly threw herself on the floor by the side of the blanket on which Bill lay, and sobbed.

"Don't get rattled, Molly," Bill said, stroking her hair. "I've been tinkin', and—well, we mustn't touch Waters for any more dough."

"It wouldn't do no good, Bill, to try him again. He had a fit and near died this time. He'd die another time, sure."

Molly was quite right about the effect of her visit on Mark Waters. He sat silent and weak and shaking so long in his chair that the clerk gave up hope of catching his dinner train to the suburbs, and waited in resigned misery for some sign. He certainly lacked spirit, for when Waters called him, and asked him almost humbly to help him downstairs and get a carriage for him, the clerk forgave him years of meanness and insolence, and pitied him.

In the carriage in which Waters rode all the way up-town to his apartment, he sat so huddled in the seat, so limp, and utterly collapsed, he looked to the driver,

who knew him, like a much smaller man, as he faintly gave the order: "Drive me home; slowly, carefully."

For a long time he could not make orderly thought out of the confused jumble of terrors which tangled and affrighted his mind. Only an hour before Molly's visit to his office he had received a letter from a San Francisco detective agency to which he had applied for information about Ettore Cesarotti, and that letter said:

"Our operator has returned from Blue Cañon, and informs us that Cesarotti, who is reported to be a very sick man, is really a half-owner in the mine known as the 'Porterhouse Claim,' which, as we informed you in our last report, is being negotiated for by a party of capitalists. The price is kept a secret, but as you will see by the enclosed newspaper clippings it is an important mining deal, and the sum involved is probably very large. Cesarotti's partner is a New Yorker named George Peyton, whose agent in the deal is a wealthy merchant named Horace Masters."

Cesarotti's partner George Peyton! Had Ettore told Peyton of his dealings with Mark Waters? Their agent, Horace Masters, who had, Waters knew, set investigations on foot regarding his, Waters', affairs, which were already embarrassing and threatening him!

Waters, as he crouched in the carriage, tried to recall and consider all the dangers in his path. Cesarotti, Peyton, Masters, one or all of them must inevitably expose his embezzlement of the money sent for Teresa; Masters he knew was already on a trail which would lead to other exposures; George Peyton would return and investigate as he never had the real affairs of the estate of his father. Was not that enough that he must be tortured by this unknown demon of a woman who suddenly appears to blackmail him with the threat of those stolen letters! And then Carminella! Even all his conceit did not blind him to the fact that he had made no pro-

gress toward winning her; and in his tortured mind to win her meant a relief from all his close-crowding dangers. And even beyond that he longed for Carmi-nella so that he would have striven to win—though not to wed—her, even if he knew nothing of Ettore Cesa-rotti's fortune, and had not the possession of Carmi-nella represented an end to the perils closing in upon him from all sides. But over, and greater than all these terrors and torments was the black shadow of the death he felt had come so close to him that day.

He was recovered somewhat at the end of the long, slow ride up-town, and when he reached his apartments and drank glass after glass of whiskey as he dressed he was defiant, if not brave of heart again.

At his late dinner he met the manager of the Mayfair Theatre, who told him that Marie Léon had arrived from London that day and had ordered rehearsals to begin on the following Monday. "Marie Léon was immensely pleased at our engagement of La Cortese when she learned that the girl was the daughter of the woman, Teresa, who used to be in the ballet with her. By the way, she wanted me to send word to this Teresa and La Cortese, to call on her at her hotel to-morrow. I must send a messenger," concluded the manager.

"Never mind," Waters said, "I shall see them to-night at the Tivoli, and I'll give them the message."

The manager leered knowingly and laughed as he said, "You seem to be playing a star part in that family."

Waters looked pleased, and made no denial of what he knew to be the manager's meaning. He drove to the Tivoli, and in his liquor-excited brain he was conscious of the thought that he would be glad if the chance came to carry Carminella off with him in the carriage. Girls had been won so, he knew, even in New York—

but not with a Teresa guarding them, he thought, cursing.

He met them, Dominico, Teresa, Carminella, in front of the theatre, and delivered Marie Léon's message. "I have some business to talk with Mr. Cortese," he said then, "so let us all drive up-town and have supper together."

Teresa had noticed that when Carminella touched Waters' proffered hand she sharply withdrew her own and quickly stepped back. Teresa replied to Waters' invitation: "No; Carminella and I have supper at home, now," and she started with Carminella toward a car. She saw the look of disappointment on Dominico's face, and added "Dominico will go with you. We must go home."

Dominico, more gorgeous even than when we saw him last, as to jewelry, vest pattern, and scarf, puffed with pride as Waters surlily motioned him into the carriage; and he puffed nearly to the explosive point when his host conducted him into the gaudy café of a third-rate hotel—into which Dominico would not have presumed to go alone—and ordered supper.

"Your wife is damned careful about the girl, Minico," Waters said.

"Sure," answered Dominico, "and the wife is right. Who would marry the girl if the mother was not careful?"

"But who can marry her with never a chance to speak to her for himself? A man may not like to make love before a girl's whole family."

Dominico, who was proudly convinced that Waters was one of the richest and greatest men in New York, looked at his companion in red perspiring delight, as he slowly comprehended Waters' meaning. "I suppose,"

he said, grinning encouragingly at Waters, "a girl must marry some time; and I guess the mother isn't so afraid of a man if she thinks the man means marriage."

"Dominico," said Waters, leaning over the table and whispering hoarsely to the Italian, "I'll give you a thousand dollars the day I get Carminella."

The Italian gasped with delight and amazement, but suddenly drew back and said stoutly, "But a real marriage, Mr. Waters; an honest wedding with the priest!"

"I mean nothing else," Waters said seriously.

That night Dominico told the great, the good, the wonderful news to Teresa, and burst into tears of annoyance when Teresa, instead of being overcome with delight, said slowly:

"Well, we will see. We will see what Carminella says; we will find out about Mr. Waters."

"But Mr. Waters is a great and a rich man!" cried Dominico. "Santa Maria! is it that you want a prince to marry your daughter?"

"Two things I want. I want an honest man: and I want a man Carminella will like to marry," answered Teresa, unmoved, for she had begun to doubt her first impression as to Waters' greatness.

"Then is Mr. Waters a thief, that you do not say 'yes'?" demanded Dominico. "Do thieves come to the theatre in a carriage and take me to a grand hotel and order champagne? Oh, that Riccodonna had seen me drinking that champagne! But you, Teresa, I have always loved! (Dominico had drunk a great deal of the champagne) want your Minico to go back to Mulberry Bend and Carminella to the sweat shop. Why will you be like this when we might always drink champagne?—and Riccodonna could see us!"

But Teresa would only say, "If he is great and rich he can prove that to me: and if Carminella likes him then it may be well. We will say nothing until we talk with Dan Lyon."

"Dan Lyon, you think, knows everything and Minico, poor Minico! he knows nothing!" wept her husband, as he rolled a cigarette with brown paper.

"Dan Lyon was the keeper of the Niantic building, and he knows whether Mr. Waters is a gentleman or only a Yankee Doodle," Teresa answered, crushing Dominico into smoky silence.

Nothing was said to Carminella about the intentions of Mark Waters. She and Teresa called on Marie Léon the next day, and busy days followed. There were rehearsals at the Mayfair, visits to the costumers and the photographer, and visits to Tom Lyon's studio, for he had many orders for drawings of Carminella for the newspapers. There was a sudden breaking forth of long paragraphs about the new dancer who was to appear in the forthcoming great production at the Mayfair, which was interesting as signalling the return to her native country of Marie Léon.

The latter's press-agent was undoubtedly the active incentive for the first and shorter of those paragraphs, but, as he was a knowing press-agent and experienced, he realized soon that his leisure hours had come: that the press was writing up the two stars of the production because there was a public interest in them; a demand for endless particulars about them which the agent, instead of having trouble in wedging into reluctant columns, had trouble in supplying. Soon Carminella led in the amount of space devoted to the two women, and the fanciful weaving done out of the threads of incidents of her life must have convinced any one who

knew the facts and read the articles that the quest for romance writers in the ranks of journalism is not so hopeless as is constantly and mournfully asserted by those who are not journalists.

The *Guardian*, through Philip Peyton, arranged for an interview with Carminella by a woman reporter; and as Carminella, when she was not at rehearsal, or at the costumer's, or the photographer's, or at the Tivoli, where she was yet dancing, was at Tom's studio, it was decided to have the reporter meet her there, while she was sitting for a drawing which Tom was making for the *Guardian* article. This was only a couple of days before the close of La Cortese's long engagement at the Tivoli and the opening of the Mayfair season. Concerning the latter there was a popular interest which warmed the manager's heart; flattered Marie Léon's pride; made Tom nervously anxious; keyed up Dominico to a pitch of excitement, which, had it not found some relief in the purchase of neckcloths of startling brilliancy, would have quite prostrated him; made Teresa dream that her once exalted ambitions for herself were certain to be realized in her daughter; and left only Carminella of all those directly interested, serene and unmoved. Carminella took all her successes as if they belonged to her by some right which it was needless to speculate upon; and this apparently calm assurance of successes and superiority, in which there was not a particle of conceit, was a mystery to the interviewers and all she met, adding vastly to her interest and attractiveness. No one, not even that densely stupid Tom Lyon, with whom I have no patience when I think of him in this relation, guessed that the beautifully serene tranquillity with which Carminella accepted the sunshine of success now shed upon her life was because it seemed to her that

there could be nothing but sunshine in life for anybody, for Carminella was in love!

I have heard it said that the successful interviewer for the newspapers is not the one who possesses most of the police-court lawyer's ingenuity in cross-examination, but the one with the greatest tact in securing the confidence and interest of the person to be interviewed. Miss Bowman, of the *Guardian*, when she entered Tom's studio with Philip Peyton, a few minutes after Carminella, could not conceal a start of surprise as she saw the girl she had heard so much of, and chiefly as a daughter of the tenements. Her impression of what this Italian dancing-girl was like did not prepare her for a tall, slender, lithe young woman, with thin scarlet lips, narrow jet-black brows running in almost uncurved lines over big, dark, straight-looking eyes which changed from grave to gay with the flashing quickness of a baby's smile; with a profusion of black hair which, in the season's mode, was both parted, and slightly puffed, over a low brow, and a complexion from which night-work and gas-light had bleached only a part of the generous glow of her youth and race. Carminella had frequently been charged with having an affected accent. Tom and her mother knew that while it was not the accent of her surroundings, it was natural in that it was unconscious: it was a perfect acquisition (it could not be called imitation) of Eleanor Hazelhurst's softly modulated, broad, fully accentuated tone and method of speech.

"I am glad you have come to interview me, for you are pretty and nice," Carminella said to Miss Bowman when they were in Tom's model room, where La Cortese was dressing to be drawn in costume for the *Guardian*.

"I'll get even with Mr. Phil Peyton for telling me fairy stories about this girl having been brought up in the slums," Miss Bowman thought, and said aloud: "Have you not always been interviewed by nice and pretty people?"

"No," laughed Carminella. "A woman came to me from the *Sensation* with a doctor, and wanted me to kick high for them, and wanted to measure the muscles of my legs. Mamma put them out of the rooms and threatened to whip them if they returned. The *Sensation* printed two columns about me, with drawings they said were made of my feet, ankles, calves, and knees. It was too bad the reporter was a woman, for if it had been a man Tom would have whipped him."

"Tom?"

"Yes, Tom Lyon," Carminella replied, as if there were only one Tom in the world.

"Oh, we know him only as 'T. Fitz Gerald,'" Miss Bowman said. She had discovered in the three minutes' talk in the studio that the dancer was in love with the artist, and she proceeded accordingly: "I think your 'Tom' is amazingly clever. He has illustrated some of my stories for the *Guardian*, but I never met him. Somehow I did not think he was as handsome as I find him."

"He is handsome and great," Carminella answered, as one who passes final judgment.

There was no trouble after that for the interviewer. She praised Tom and Tom's work, and when Carminella was posed on the model throne, and Miss Bowman was seated where Carminella, in talking to her, was in correct pose, they gossiped as old and familiar friends.

"Mr. Peyton tells me you have been helping Miss Hazelhurst in her charity-school work."



THE INTERVIEW.

"As Carminella said this, she spoke intensely and leaned a little forward."—Page 245.

A black and white photograph showing a large group of men, likely sailors or soldiers, standing in several rows on the deck of a ship. They are dressed in uniform, and the background shows the ship's structure and rigging. The image is somewhat faded and has a grainy texture.

"Yes, I went there every day for two hours, until we began rehearsing at the Mayfair."

"What do you think would be the most beneficial charity in the tenement districts?" Miss Bowman asked this as if she were not very much interested. She was anxious not to scare Carminella off. In casting about in her mind for a main scheme in her interview, she had suddenly decided upon getting this girl, this daughter of the tenements about whom the whole town was now talking, to tell from her own experience what it would be wisest to do to uplift the neglected masses huddled in the congested districts.

Carminella answered promptly and decidedly:

"Provide amusement and entertainment in the evening for the children. In the day-time they are at school or they are at work. In the evening—and that is the bad time—for those who do not work there is now nothing to do, nothing that is not bad. The boys and the girls in the tenements who grow up and become wicked have had nothing to amuse them or entertain them in the evenings. It is only the children who can be taught, or who can be saved by good people. If you want to save them you must provide amusement to keep them off the street and away from the wharves."

As Carminella said this she spoke intensely and leaned a little forward. That was a little out of the pose Tom had given her. He did not correct her, however. He was working on her face in rapid but carefully accurate lines, with lips compressed and eyes half closed in anxious concentration, so eager was he to fix in his drawing the expression with which Carminella spoke. He finished her figure in that attitude,—he could draw her figure with his eyes closed,—and so she was illustrated in the *Guardian* the next morning, as you

may remember, with this sentence underneath the illustration :

"It is only the children who can be taught, or who can be saved by good people."

Miss Bowman and Peyton returned to their office when they all left the studio, and Tom said to Carminella as they reached Fifth Avenue on their way across town: "I dare you to walk up the avenue as far as the reservoir and back. Your mother will not have come home from Maggie Lyon's yet."

"You dare me!" Carminella replied, in pretended scorn. "I can outwalk you for anything you like."

Tom thought, and tried to say, that he would like to make the wager a kiss, but the tongue of this usually very confident young man seemed suddenly afflicted with an access of timidity. It was late October, and the first refreshing eagerness in the air had filled the avenue with strollers, and prompted the young couple to stride up the glorious promenade with a swinging gait that caused hundreds as they passed to turn and look at them with smiling admiration: they were so young and handsome and happy, and so manifestly lovers. Some they met recognized the girl, and whispered "La Cortese," to companions, and some of Tom's new acquaintances met them, raised their hats, and seemed to walk faster and look brighter for the meeting. Then Tom would tell Carminella about the friends they met, and stop with a story half told. Sometimes he remained silent so long Carminella would glance at him shyly, and if he caught her glance they would both blush and he would swallow hard; swallow something he was trying to say, it seemed, but all that he could say was about other men, nothing about himself, or her—foolish Tom!

Down the avenue again, their long lithe legs reaching out in such a rattling pace that some who instinctively tried to follow pulled up panting in a block or two.

"Are you nervous about dancing at the Hazelhursts' to-morrow night?" Tom asked.

"Not at all," she answered. "I do not think I could be nervous about dancing now, no matter where; and you will be there."

Oh, Tom! Tom! Tom! there was an opening. But the big, stuttering good-for-nothing only said: "And the next night is the opening at the Mayfair."

"Yes: is it not a funny idea to open Saturday night?"

"Yes, it's funny," parroted Tom, whose wit was once so quick!

At her door she shook hands with him, and gave him such a look that he left her in a trance, from which he woke a block from the house, only then realizing what the look meant; and then he turned and hurried back, with his heart thumping in its sudden resolve to make itself known to Carminella.

As Tom approached the door again he saw Dominico leave the house and swagger down the street in the opposite direction. "All right," thought Tom, "if she is alone so much the better: I can tell her at once," and he hurried up the stairs. The head of the stairs was opposite the door leading into the family sitting- and dining-room which was directly back of Carminella's room. Dominico in going out, with his tenement-house habits had left the hall door open, and at the threshold Tom heard a voice which startled him so that his heart almost stopped beating. Another step forward brought Carminella's room in view through the open door between the rooms. He saw Carminella standing still with her back toward him, and bending over her hand

was Mark Waters. Tom heard only two or three words that Waters spoke, but those few made him stagger back and catch the stair-rail for support.

It must be remembered that Tom never heard Carminella or Teresa or Dominico speak of Mark Waters' visits. It was not altogether Waters' request that had prompted Carminella's silence: she had never thought of him otherwise than as a man who had some business with the Mayfair theatre—Waters had implied as much—and as one with whom her father was transacting the business concerning her new engagement. She had never had anything to do with the business affairs of her engagements, and it is probable she would not have mentioned Waters to Tom even had it not been Waters' request. Waters did not interest her in any respect, and of course, she did not know of any reason why Tom should be concerned about her acquaintance with him.

When Tom parted from Carminella at the front door she ran upstairs and found Dominico and Waters in the sitting-room. At a sign from Waters the Italian made a hasty excuse and left the house. Carminella said, "My mother will be at home very soon, Mr. Waters, if you care to wait for her," and went into her own room, closing the door; but in an instant Waters followed her. She looked at him, startled at his action, and for a few moments was made motionless and speechless by his sudden, incoherent, frenzied declaration of love. Then the girl turned, went quickly into the other room and said:

"Mr. Waters, you must not speak to me like that; you must not speak to me at all. No, don't follow me; I am going out—I am going to meet my mother." And she left him.

Tom walked many weary blocks, his heart aching with

rage and jealousy. "Waters, who accused me of being a thief, admitted to those rooms,—to Carminella's own room—and while she was alone! Alone too by Dominico's design evidently, perhaps by Teresa's too!" How could he know? His tortured brain could find no explanation of the astounding revelation that did not further wrench and tear his aching heart. He could not reason, could scarcely think at all, he could only make one resolve—he would not see Carminella the next night at the Hazelhursts', he would never see her again.

CHAPTER XXIV.

OH, WHAT FOOLS MEN ARE!

BUT Tom did see Carminella again, and the next night at the Hazelhursts'.

Minnie Hazelhurst had made up her mind that Dr. and Mrs. Hazelhurst should issue cards for a *musicale*. It was usually Minnie who decided upon the date and character of the Hazelhursts' social functions, and her father and mother were usually content to issue cards in accordance with her decisions. In this instance there had been some slight family friction, however. It was at an after-dinner family conclave when the form and style of cards to be adopted for the season, and the special invitation list for the occasion, were being discussed, that Minnie announced:

"I think mamma, we'll have that La Cortese, Eleanor's slum pet, here to dance for us."

"Slum pet?" echoed Mrs. Hazelhurst, as nearly wholly amazed as she ever was in her life.

"Slum—what, daughter?" mildly asked the doctor, looking up from a volume of Egyptology.

"That is Minnie's fanciful paraphrase," Eleanor said, smiling. "She means my pretty assistant, Carminella Cortese, who is a professional dancer now."

Mrs. Hazelhurst continuing to look horrified and perplexed, Minnie resumed:

"Mamma, dear, Eleanor has been talking about this girl three meals a day every day for more than two

years; I have almost decided to ask you not to invite Philip Peyton here, as he never talks about any one else; the papers have been writing about nothing else for two weeks, and even George Peyton writes to me madly, wildly, from three thousand miles away for a photograph and full particulars about La Cortese, for whom he seems to have found an antecedent father with a fortune and consumption."

"Minnie, dear," said Mrs. Hazelhurst, "I wish you would stop talking nonsense long enough to tell me if the person you referred to as Eleanor's slum pet, and her pupil Carminella, and this dancing-woman (Mrs. Hazelhurst's voice became slightly frigid), La Cortese, are one and the same?"

Minnie walked over behind her mother's chair and stroked her hair before she replied:

"I thought that, perhaps, with Eleanor and Philip and George and the newspapers all expressing amazement at this singular coincidence, not only you but even papa might have taken notice of the fact."

Dr. Hazelhurst once more looked up from his volume and asked:

"Do I understand that Baby's pet pupil has become a dancing-woman?"

"Yes," said Minnie gravely, "Eleanor strives to lead them to the light, and they land at the footlights."

The doctor wheeled his chair around until he faced Minnie, and then he said slowly:

"Why, how can that be? I understand that this girl still aids Baby, and surely Baby cannot know a dancing-woman." The emphasis the doctor put on that "know" spoke volumes on the subject of class distinction, of which the doctor would be the first to assert that there is none in this free country.

"Eleanor not only knows a dancing-woman," said Minnie, who always delighted in precipitating a conflict between the theory and practice of the doctor's democracy, "but she agrees with me that it would be quite the thing to invite La Cortese here to dance for our guests."

This was a fact; for while Minnie was a stout fighter for the Hazelhurst social helm, she was a tactician as well, and she never went into a hard battle without assurance that she could depend upon Eleanor's reinforcement. Eleanor's battery drew up at this critical moment.

"I think, mamma," she said, "that this plan can be carried out all right so far as we are concerned, and it will do Carminella a great deal of good. If we have her here, that means of course that fifty other people we know will engage her for private entertainments during the winter. The girl has a very sweet natural voice which, it seems to me, could be cultivated up to something useful professionally. She could take lessons with what she might earn at these private entertainments. And papa, in spite of her being a dancing-woman, she is as sweet, pure-souled, beautiful a woman as I ever knew."

This and the smile with which she spoke to her father silenced criticism long enough for Minnie to take the floor.

"That's the very point, what Eleanor has just said. Of course, I should never ask you to engage any of the notorious dancers and singers so many people had to entertain them last winter, but this being Baby's pet pupil, and as we have made all the arrangements for her coming here after the theatre that night, I suppose it will be all right."

The doctor returned to his volume. Mrs. Hazelhurst sighed resignedly and remarked:

"Well, Minnie, if La Cortese announces herself to our guests by kicking the chandelier I suppose you will excuse me if I retire then to my room and leave you mistress of the revels."

Eleanor laughed quietly at this, but Minnie responded dutifully:

"Yes, mamma, but we will put it in La Cortese's contract that she is not to kick the chandelier, for as we are using electric lights she might be shocked as well as you."

So that is how Carminella came to be asked to dance at the Hazelhursts'. Tom was invited at Philip Peyton's suggestion. There was no trouble about that. Peyton had taken Mrs. Hazelhurst and Minnie and Eleanor to Tom's studio. There Mrs. Hazelhurst had had a cup of tea and bought a drawing; and as Philip had made some skilfully vague allusions to Tom's father's country place, she returned home with a settled and comfortable idea that Tom was a country gentleman's son, who had gone into art for art's sake. Philip had sworn the girls not to correct their mother's impression about Tom's antecedents: he said he wanted the fun of doing that himself later.

Tom had thought that he would not go to the Hazelhursts, and there see Carminella again. He thought so all night long after leaving Carminella with Mark Waters; thought so as he walked the streets and paced the floor of his studio; thought so the next morning, after the sleepless night, when he tried to work and could not because he could only see Carminella on the model throne. But after a while he asked himself why he should not see her again, and was astonished at the load

that seemed taken from his heart at the mere thought of it. Why not? It would do no harm to see her; he need not speak to her. Then he began to think of the loving look that had taken him back, and pretty soon sanity almost returned to him; for he questioned himself why it was not possible that that loving look was honest? He had heard nothing of what she had said to Waters, only a little of what he had said to her.

He was carefully dressed two hours before the time mentioned on his card of invitation, and went to the Hazelhursts' house on the very minute, although he knew it was hours before Carminella would arrive; yet was surprised to find that he was the first guest there. Minnie Hazelhurst said to him: "Let me show you a room, which has come to be our picture gallery, library, and music-room combined. There may be some things there you will like to see, and, of course, no one can see anything after the people come."

Tom went with her through a colonnaded hall to a room beyond, flooded with softly shaded electric light, and which, in spite of its enormous size, through the artful arrangement of furniture, adornments, and works of art, gave the impression of being a constantly used living-room. There were very many books in low cases whose polished oak tops served as shelves for bits of rare handicraft, and here and there on them leaned a drawing, or an oil painting unframed and only on its stretcher. In one snug corner was an enormous reading table where one could fancy Doctor Hazelhurst had ample space to spread forth a dozen open volumes for consultation, and still have elbow-room to write his own notes. In another corner was a grand piano, and for once a grand piano seemed modest and retiring, in that vast room. Next to the piano was a handsome little

stage which Tom rightly guessed was for Carminella. In the same end of the room opposite the grand piano was something Tom looked at with so much curiosity Minnie explained to him it was an Indian settee. It seemed to be a carved teak seat, backless and armless, and was swung from the ceiling by ornamental brass chains.

"But how do you get into it?" said Tom, noticing its height from the floor.

"Oh, it's been elevated for this occasion only," Minnie replied. "When one sits in it and swings, the chains creak weirdly, and if that should happen during our violinist's solo its notes might not be in harmony with his, and he would account us a little better than the wicked Philistines." She showed him etchings and drawings and pastels and oils, until the other guests began arriving. Minnie and Eleanor, and Philip when he came, introduced Tom to people, one after another as they arrived, and before the guests began drifting toward the music-room, he found that he had met nearly every one. But the people who tried to talk to him found Tom unresponsive. He was thinking every moment of Carminella, and though he tried to understand and be interested in what was said to him, his heart was too heavy, and I fear that a score of people who had heard of the rising fame of T. Fitz Gerald Lyon decided that he might be clever as an artist, but he was certainly somewhat dense, socially.

The last of the soloists had been heard and had departed, and the guests, who were increasing in number by late arrivals, had returned to the dining and adjoining rooms where supper was served. There was an unconcealed, slightly excited anticipation over the arrival of La Cortese. In Tom's case the excitement was not

slight. He found himself looking anxiously toward the hall at every little commotion of new arrival. One such time he squarely caught the gaze of a woman not young, small, piquante, and yet commanding. As she entered from the hall Minnie Hazelhurst advanced toward her saying:

"You are late, Mrs. Jack."

She answered in a voice perfectly well-bred but rather hard, it seemed affectedly hard, and as if she cared that more people than the one addressed should hear her:

"Why, Minnie; I wrote you Jack and I had to go to a dinner. To get here even now we had to leave before poor Jack had a glass of cognac. No, don't trouble yourself to send for any. Jack knows where it is." Then she added in only a slightly lowered tone, "Who is that long, red-headed, melancholy stranger over there? He's a stunning-looking chap, wherever he came from. Is he a cowboy with a letter from George Peyton?"

"Mrs. Jack," Minnie responded with pretended awe, "he is my lion, and that's his name, T. Fitz Gerald Lyon."

"Never heard of him," responded the other, calmly surveying Tom through her lorgnette. "What is he? A fiddler, or a prize-fighter, or an artist, or——"

"Excuse me a minute, Mrs. Jack," said Minnie, breaking away suddenly. She waited until Mrs. Jack had turned to speak to some one, and then went swiftly over to Tom and whispered: "Now you'll be entertained. Mrs. Jack Daring—you've heard of her, of course—will attack you because I've told her you're a lion. She doesn't know whether you shoot elephants or sail yachts. She likes only those people who do either, or anything else which makes them noted." Minnie passed on, and a moment later Mrs. Jack approached Tom with



MRS. JACK DARING.

"You are thinking that I am making a picture."—Page 257.



extended hand, and speaking as if to a lifelong friend said:

"Good-evening, Mr. Lyon; I am Mrs. Daring. If you've ever heard of me it's probably as Mrs. Jack Daring. What do you do that other people don't?"

"I—I—why a great many people do what I do," Tom answered, utterly perplexed by this encounter.

"Oh, no, they don't," said Mrs. Jack coolly; "I know the Hazelhurst set, so I know you're a stranger: I know also the Hazelhursts don't increase their invitation list except for celebrities."

"They have in this case, sure," Tom said, wondering what could have induced this calm, handsome, brilliantly dressed woman to make game of him. He saw that they were being observed by a number of people, and then his artist eye remarked that Mrs. Jack had posed herself very effectively, using the heavy dark folds of a looped portière as a background for her dazzling gown, and no less dazzling bare shoulders and throat. "And she had used me as an accessory in the composition," thought Tom; and with the thought he looked at her and smiled. She was smiling, too, and she made Tom blush furiously by saying:

"You are thinking that I'm making a picture. Well, I am. I am small, dark, rather good-looking; you are tall, blond, and very good-looking, and I think we must be a rather striking *tableau vivant*."

Tom was speechless, but she went on, "You have not told me what you do!"

Tom consciously, or unconsciously, imitated her manner and frankness of speech. "Oh, I draw a great deal and rather well; and paint a little—rotten—bad."

"I like that 'rotten' as artists use it. What's the commotion?"

"I think La Cortese has arrived," Tom answered; and just then Carminella came downstairs with Eleanor and walked through the rooms. She looked so superbly lovely it was not surprising that there were half-suppressed exclamations of admiration on all sides. She was dressed in an unadorned, supple, white silk gown and carried a garland of red roses. When she saw Tom she bowed and smiled, and it was evident that she intended to go to him, but Mrs. Jack at that moment put her hand on his arm and said: "We won't find a seat if we do not go to the music-room now."

Carminella's eyes and lips clouded like a child's as she saw Tom move away after only bowing constrainedly.

Most of the guests had preceded them, and already every available seat in the big room was filled, and many men were standing. Mrs. Jack gave a quick glance around the room, espied the swinging settee and directed Tom by her hand on his arm, to that corner of the room. "Why, this seat has been raised," she said, putting her hands on it. "I could vault into it, if it were not for my train. But you can lift me in."

"L-lift you in!" stammered Tom, feeling the perspiration starting out on his forehead.

"Certainly, just jump me in, so." She put her own hands on her waist.

Tom was utterly miserable. He felt that every one in the room was watching them, but concluding that he was a victim of inexorable fate, if not of a nightmare, he put his hands on her waist, closed his eyes, muttered a wish that he might die or wake up, and lifted. He threw the light weight about two feet higher than the settee, and she came down not gently, and with a gasp. But she settled herself good-naturedly and remarked,

"You are accustomed to lifting heavier women than I—or do you play football?" The settee began to swing and she put one hand on Tom's shoulder to steady herself. At that moment the orchestra began playing, and Carminella glided on the stage, wearing a wreath of roses, and carrying a garland in her hands. She stood perfectly still in the centre of the stage during several bars of music, the garland crossed in front of her, an end in either hand by her side. She glanced slowly about the room, saw Mrs. Jack place her hand on Tom's shoulder, and Eleanor Hazelhurst and Philip Peyton, who knew her face so well, wondered why her eyes closed and her lips trembled for an instant.

It was a Greek dance she had studied long and hard with Professor Polli, and had tried, but without success, before a Tivoli audience. Carminella liked it best of all her dances, and so did Tom, and it was his suggestion that she try it before the Hazelhurst guests. It was an expression of youthful, exuberant, out-of-door joyousness, studied and artful as it was; and the action was little more than light, graceful, running steps, with rhythmic weaving of garland-laden hands. For a time Carminella's face did not correspond in expression with her dancing, but then she felt, she could not help but feel, the intense impression her buoyant grace and warm beauty were making upon the spectators, and her face lighted with a smile. She, at least, had learned to smile and be miserable, though Tom had not.

"She is the most exquisite creature I ever saw in my life!" whispered Mrs. Jack.

Tom was silent.

"When did she come over?"

"Over from where?" Tom responded, shortly.

"Wherever she's imported from?"

"She is not imported: she's native."

"And is this her début?"

"No, she's danced two years at the Tivoli."

"Where's that?"

"On the Bowery."

"Do they do such things on the Bowery?"

Tom did not answer; and Mrs. Jack regarded the back of his head with a puzzled look. Then she tried again:

"Do you know her?"

"Yes."

Mrs. Jack was silent a long time—for her. She looked at the dancer and caught a sidelong glance from her. Then she leaned forward and examined the side of Tom's face. She said to herself, "Oh, I see!" and whispered to Tom, "And you love her?"

"Yes."

"And she loves you."

"She does not."

Tom started, as if just conscious that he was meekly confessing to this woman he had known a quarter of an hour what he had never confessed to any one else.

"I said," Mrs. Jack whispered again, "she loves you. I did not ask you. I know it."

Tom turned a blazing face toward her. "How do you know?"

"I know from a look she's just favored me with. If she carries a stiletto I don't want to meet her. There, she's finished. My! what applause from a kid-gloved audience. See them crowd around her, Phil Peyton and Eleanor doing the presentations. No; she shakes her head. She won't dance again. Now, my dear young giant, just lift me down. Careful! What muscles you have! Now, run right over to that girl, take her hands,

and say 'I love you.' I fancy you can say that in a rather fetching way. Run, faint heart! There! you're losing her. Can't you see her making eyes, and playing Peyton against you? She's going, she's gone! Oh, what fools men are!"

CHAPTER XXV.

A FLICKERING LIGHT GOES OUT.

"WHAT fools men are!" Nothing Mrs. Jack Daring ever said was repeated more times by its hearer than was the single and obvious truth she thus expressed to Tom. When a man is not quite insane from jealousy, the perfect faith of a life-time may weigh against an unexplained incident of a moment; and by constantly repeating Mrs. Jack's axiom Tom at last came to apply it to himself; to admit that Carminella who, through all her life he had believed—had known—to personify honesty and purity, might have some explanation which he should hear of the presence of Mark Waters in her room. He began to admit that he had been a fool not to seek that explanation. And it is always a healthful contributory step toward truth and justice when a man admits he is a fool.

Tom went over to Mulberry Court early the next day after the evening at the Hazelhurst's. A walk with Dan to the top of the hills back of the Court, from where Long Island Sound could be seen; a talk with his father, who came remarkably near divining the true circumstances under which Waters had been alone with Carminella; and an hour in the face of the fresh breeze from the Sound, sent Tom back to the city with a cooler, calmer mind, and a healthful determination to see Carminella after the opening performance that night at the Mayfair; to go home to supper with her.

and Teresa, and have everything explained. Dan promised to come over to the performance, and to make one of the supper party, and to take all perplexing matters under consideration. When Tom reached his studio he found this note from Carminella:

DEAR TOM: Please be at the show. I don't think I can go on if you are not there. And please meet us at the stage-door afterward. I hoped to see you at the dress rehearsal this morning, because I wanted to ask you why you were so unkind to me last night. Have I done anything to offend you? CARMINE.

Tom hugged the note, shouted, sang and danced as he dressed, and scolded himself in the mirror: "What fools men are! But she has faith. She is an angel and has the best nose and ears I ever saw in a life model or cast. I am a fool! She has thin lips like the Unknown," and he stopped to throw a kiss to the cast of that beautiful head, and even her calm, gentle lips seemed to be saying, "What fools men are!"

He was about to leave his studio when the janitor came to his door to say that a woman had asked for him, but as she would not give her name he would not let her into the building. She was waiting outside until the janitor could ask Mr. Lyon if he would see Bill Williams. "That can't be her name," added the janitor, "for no man could make himself up to look as tough as she."

"Bill Williams!" exclaimed Tom. "Tell the woman to come up here."

"You'd better look out for your watch, then," the janitor said, suspiciously.

It was Molly who entered the studio when Tom opened the door in response to a faint knock; Molly, looking so weak and weary, Tom made her sit down, against her

will, and rest a few minutes before he would let her speak. Then she said: "Bill sent you these, and said if you didn't mind coming he'd like to see you."

She handed him the letters Chung had stolen from Mark Waters, and which Tom had been accused of stealing. Again and again Tom started and exclaimed aloud as he read the letters: "Carminella's father alive! Sending Teresa money! Through Mark Waters!"

The first thing that Tom made out of the amazing revelation was that he had stumbled upon a motive for Waters' attitude toward Carminella, although he could only grasp a confused and tangled idea of the whole situation.

"And did Bill send for me?" he asked of Molly at last.

"No," she repeated carefully: "he said if you didn't mind coming he'd like to see you."

"About what? Will to-morrow morning do?" Tom asked, remembering Carminella's note, and that it was approaching theatre hour.

"Bill thinks not," Molly answered. Then she buried her face in her hands and sobbed. "He thinks he'll die to-night. Oh, my God! don't let him die!"

"Come quick then!" exclaimed Tom, "and explain how he got these letters as we go."

Molly's explanation included much with which the reader is already acquainted. What was new had occurred within a few hours. In the afternoon Molly went to the Tivoli and there learned Tom's studio address, for Bill had said that the letters must be delivered to Tom that day. "I ain't going t' last much longer, Molly," he said, between short difficult breaths, as he lay on the floor bed in their room over the opium den. "Don't cry, girl. Watch me. I'll die game. I always



MOLLY.

"Who entered the studio in response to a faint knock."—Page 263.



took me punishment smilin'. P'raps I can go t' Tom's room if it's near a surface-car, wid you t' help me, Molly." At four o'clock Bill said he felt stronger. Molly helped him to dress, and they started to walk across to Broadway, as the cable cars would take them near Tom's address. At Centre street they stopped to rest, and Bill, panting with the exertion of his short walk, was standing on the curb leaning heavily on Molly, when a carriage containing Mark Waters came slowly along. Waters always drove home now. In the elevated or surface cars at the hour business men were going uptown, acquaintances, of late, always failed to see him over the tops of their evening papers; and men he knew only by sight glanced at him curiously, and whispered to their companions. There were queer stories around the street concerning Waters' affairs, and he faced his fellow business men as little as possible.

He saw Molly and her companion on the sidewalk, and at his order the carriage stopped close to them. He put his head out of the open window and, addressing Molly, said:

"See here, my good girl, I didn't mean to be rough with you when you called at my office. Those letters you say you have are no value to any one else, and very little to me. But if you have them, the original letters I mean, I'll give you another hundred dollars for them, and we'll call it square."

"It's Mark Waters," Molly whispered her companion, and Bill said: "Dose letters ain't for sale. Dere goin' t' Tom Lyon, now, and if you——"

"Tom Lyon, the thief who stole them!" said Waters, in sudden rage.

"You lie!" gasped Bill, straightening up with a painful effort, and stepping close to Waters. As he did so

Waters' right arm shot out of the window and his clenched fist struck Bill in the face. As the weak man staggered and fell heavily to the sidewalk the driver whipped up his horse, and the carriage quickly disappeared round the first corner to Broadway. Some passers-by who had seen this called to a policeman to stop the carriage, but at a sign from Bill, Molly said, "No, no, it was an accident."

"I can't go no furdur, Molly," Bill whispered, when some men had helped him to his feet; and heavily and wearily they dragged their way back to Mott street.

"I was near gone anyway, Molly," Bill said, when he was again lying in the room, "but de punch and de fall has done me. I'll soon be counted out. You take de letters t' Tom, and tell him if he don't mind comin' I'd like t' see him."

Molly left the room without car-fare. She knew there was a little change in Bill's pocket, but she did not take it, saying to herself: "I wouldn't like the gang to know he died without a cent in his pocket." First she ran over to East Broadway and induced the doctor, to whom she had already paid most of the money she got from Waters, to make one visit on trust. Then she went to Tom's.

The denizens of Mott street looked in wonder as they saw one of their own number hurrying along, almost dragged by a tall young man in evening dress and fashionable top-coat. When this couple reached Bill's room the doctor, already there, shook his head at Tom, and Molly, who, with scared eyes saw the sign, threw herself on the floor by the side of her dying lover. Tom knelt by his other side:

"Tom!"

"Yes, Bill."

"Would you mind askin' Dad t' forgive me, Tom?"

"He will forgive you. He would any time you asked, Bill. Do you hear me?"

"Yes, Tom."

"Can't you ask God to forgive you?"

"He wouldn't forgive a mug like me."

"He will if you ask, and are repentant."

Bill was silent for some time; then he felt for Tom's hand, and held it as he whispered, "How is dat, Tom; dat repentant?"

"If you are sorry for the evil you have done."

"I'm sorry I wasn't straight, like you."

"No, no! Bill; not like me: sorry for the evil you've done."

"I'm sore on meself for havin been crooked. Is dat right?"

"Yes, Bill."

There was another silence. The dying man drew his foster-brother nearer to him, and then whispered more faintly: "How shall I ask Him, Tom?"

"Say: 'God forgive me, a repentant sinner.'"

"Tom!"

"Yes, Bill."

"Can He hear me?"

"Yes, Bill."

"God forgive me, a repentant sinner. Molly!"

CHAPTER XXVI.

TOM'S VINDICATION, AND MOLLY'S TRIBUTE.

WHEN Tom had paid the doctor, who agreed to make all necessary arrangements about having the funeral from Dan's home, he gave Molly all the money he had left, and made her promise that she would come to his studio in the morning and go with him to Mulberry Court. Then Tom hurried to Police Headquarters. He found detective-sergeant Cullen first, and with him went to the office of the same Inspector before whom he had appeared on Waters' accusation. The Inspector listened with intense interest to Tom's story; read over the letters Molly had given Tom; questioned him about Teresa, and smiled in what seemed to be grim satisfaction when Tom assured him he was positive Teresa had never received from Mark Waters any remittances from Blue Cañon.

"That puts Mr. Mark Waters just where I want him!" growled the Inspector. "And he tried to make a monkey of me by getting me to bring you in for that theft!" The Inspector turned to Tom and added, "You may not know that Charles Dean, your old boss at the Tivoli, threatened to have my shield taken away from me for that fluke."

"Oh, yes," said Tom, "I knew it. It was my father who got him to let up on you."

"Your father!" exclaimed the Inspector, reddening a little; "well, that don't make me feel any more cheerful

about Mark Waters. All we have to do is to prove these are not trick letters—that they really came from Waters' office. That will be easy enough through Chung? Cullen, send a man out to bring Chung in here, right away!"

When Cullen had done this, the Inspector added:

"I want you two to stay around Headquarters here until I've had a little business chat with Chung. If he is easy, and I guess he will be (Cullen smiled behind his hand), I'll have everything dead to rights on this Mr. Mark Waters; and then, Cullen, I want you to bring him in. Do you know where to locate him?"

"He will be at the opening of the Mayfair to-night," Tom interrupted.

The Inspector strolled up and down the room two or three times, referring to the letters as he did so. Then he said to Tom:

"These two people, Teresa and Carminella, are friends of yours?"

"Yes," replied Tom. "Carminella is 'La Cortese,' who is in the Mayfair opening."

"Well then," continued the Inspector, "you will do me a favor if you will have them here when Cullen brings Waters in. I only want to get their statement, in his presence, that he has appropriated the money he admits here, in this letter of his, he received for them."

The man who had been dispatched for Chung soon returned with that blandly smiling Chinaman by his side. As he was brought into the Inspector's room Cullen and Tom went out together.

"I guess we'll have time to walk around a block or two, while the Inspector puts that Chink through the 'third degree!'" the detective remarked

Tom had heard of the police operation known as the

"third degree," but he knew it would be useless to question Cullen about it.

When Chung was left alone with the Inspector he added to the blandness of his smile and asked softly:

"You wantee see me? Chung velly good man."

The Inspector did not reply, did not look at Chung; in fact seemed oblivious of his presence. He went over to his desk and examined the letters intently. This silence had the effect of effacing Chung's smile. When it had continued two—five—ten minutes, he became nervous; and when, by craning his neck, he caught sight of the letters the Inspector was studying he began to tremble. One, two, three, four, five minutes more passed in the same silence, and then Chung found his legs were so unsteady that he sat down in a chair. When he did this the Inspector, carrying the letters with him, walked slowly to within a foot of Chung and said, with an ugly sneer:

"Well, you thief! what have you got to say for yourself?"

Chung began in a trembling voice to rattle off his familiar story of how he entered the Niantic building after the theft was discovered. The Inspector let him talk on undisturbed so long that Chung took heart, regained his smile and steadied his voice, when suddenly, like a dart of lightning, the Inspector's big open hand struck Chung on the side of his face and sent him sprawling across the room. The Inspector, without looking at Chung, went to his desk and rang a bell. From an adjoining room a man came in and, without looking at either of the occupants of the room, walked quietly to a writing-table, opened a note-book, dipped a pen in ink and silently waited without looking up. Then the Inspector said, in a low, stern voice:



CHUNG.

"The Inspector let him talk on."—Page 270.

Handwritten text in a cursive script, likely a signature or a list of names, located in the bottom left corner of the page.

"Chung, you have lied enough. Get up, sit in that chair again, and tell the truth. Be mighty careful that you tell the exact truth, and that your story corresponds to this (the Inspector picked up a blank sheet of paper and pretended to be looking at some writing), or you'll have more trouble."

Without an instant's hesitation, Chung told every detail of his theft of the pocket-book, and every circumstance connected with it, including his offer to the wardman, and the recent mysterious disappearance of the letters from his office. Then the Inspector said to the stenographer who had taken down Chung's story: "Send a man in here to take this Chinaman to the Tombs, and tell Cullen and Lyon to come in here."

When Tom and Cullen entered the office the Inspector said: "Tom Lyon, it's not a nice thing for an honest man to be brought in here on suspicion, even in the pleasantest way we can do it. I am sorry I had to bring you in, and it may be a satisfaction to you to know that I have the confession of the real thief in that case."

"Satisfaction!" gasped Tom. "That was the most horrible experience of my life, Mr. Inspector. A man accused me of theft! As I have never actually disproved his charge it has been a nightmare a thousand times since; and to my father, too, I know; though we have never spoken of it again."

"It's all right now," said the Inspector heartily. "It's getting late," he went on briskly. "Do you think those people we want will be at the theatre yet?"

"If we hurry," said Tom, looking at his watch, "we shall find them all."

Molly waited by the side of her dead lover until the men came from the undertaker's, and then she went out

into the street and turned north, making her way as long as she could by the quieter and poorer side-streets, where her figure would not attract attention. But at last she turned into the busier and brighter streets, and crept along until she came to an open florist's shop, into which she turned.

"We have no flowers for pedlers," said the clerk, supposing Molly wanted to buy faded flowers which florists dispose of to street venders. Molly held out the money Tom had given her, with the bitterly gained knowledge, early turned to instinct in the children of the pavements, that there was the talisman to conjure the toleration which would gain her desire—it was not enough to evoke civility.

"I want some flowers for a coffin," she said. "White flowers; the best this will buy," and gave the clerk the address of the undertaker.

The clerk looked at the bills with manifest suspicion as he counted them.

"Will you send your card?" he asked her.

"My card?"

"Yes, your *carte de visite*; your name," said the clerk, winking at the other clerks who were giggling.

"Oh, never mind the name," said Molly, wearily. "Bill will know who sent them: I am the only one who cares."

CHAPTER XXVII.

TWO TRIUMPHS AT THE MAYFAIR.

IT was the greatest night in the history of that theatre, the Saturday-night opening when Marie Léon and La Cortese made their first and last appearance on the stage of the Mayfair. The police early stopped the sale of seats, yet, early as it was, they conveniently neglected to do so until not another spectator could find even standing-room.

Philip Peyton was there in a box with the ladies of the Hazelhurst household, and Tom was expected to complete the box party. Mark Waters occupied another box with the same three companions who once accompanied him to the Tivoli. Waters asked the young New Yorker by his side: "Who are those women in the box with Phil Peyton? Are they anybody?"

"Anybody! No, they are only Mrs. Hazelhurst and her daughters; leaders of the oldest, swellest set in New York," his companion answered.

"How the devil does that cub ring in with such people?" Waters growled.

"That cub," the New Yorker drawled, "happened to be bred in the same class; he ranks with the Hazelhursts in the Kennel Register. His brother George is to marry the elder of those girls. By the way," he added, turning and regarding Waters curiously, "I heard at the club that George Peyton returns from the West to-night with money to burn."

"Not until to-morrow night," Waters said quickly.

"Oh, I forgot: you manage the Peyton estate."

"Damned little estate left," Waters responded uneasily.

"Yes, I heard that at the club, too," the New Yorker said, with slow insolence, and turned to stare gloomily at the audience.

In the front row of the orchestra sat two striking and interested figures: Dan Lyon and Dominico Cortese. Dan's features are moulded in that Irish cast which so strongly resembles the French, and which are frequently found among the North Irish. His fine, stern old face, pale and smooth-shaven, was in exact contrast to Dominico's—red, round, heavily moustached and broadly grinning. Dan frequently glanced at the Hazelhurst box, for he knew that Tom was expected there, and he wondered what was detaining him. No stage performance could have such attraction for Dan as the sight of Tom sitting in a box with the fine people he had made his friends. Once, when he glanced that way, Dan caught Eleanor Hazelhurst's eye, and she smiled and bowed; and when he made sure the salutation was meant for him Dan rose in his place, and stood, while with dignified deliberation he bent in deep acknowledgment. People in the audience who knew the Hazelhursts concluded that the tall old gentleman in the long frock coat, with cropped, straight-standing white hair, who saluted their box, must be some celebrity; perhaps a member of the French Chamber of Deputies: such a stranger was likely to have letters to the Hazelhursts. Eleanor's mother asked who the stranger was, and Eleanor answered only: "He is T. Fitz Gerald Lyon's father," whereupon Mrs. Hazelhurst regarded the Lord of Mulberry Court with entire approval.

But who, many wondered, could be the extraordinary gentleman sitting by the French deputy's side, and evidently his companion? Dominico, for this tremendous occasion, had achieved the acme of gorgeousness; a butterfly, any number of butterflies, in comparison would look like a flight of humble moths. On his feet were patent-leather pumps which were, of physical necessity, so broad at one place that, to bring them to the fine point Dominico demanded, the maker had been compelled to carry them out so many inches beyond his toes they resembled in length the slippers of a Fourteenth-century courtier. His tight lavender trousers failed, by design, to connect with the tops of his pumps, thereby artfully disclosing a section of scarlet hose. His dress-coat was reddish-brown, and was fairly crusted with enormous shell buttons, and generously revealed a low-cut vest of purple, crossed with a watch-chain of mighty links. His loosely flowing scarf was Dominico's pride, his own unaided invention. It consisted of two voluminous breadths of silk wound together; one a pale salmon in color, the other a brilliant green. In his shirt-front was a cluster of brilliants screwed into the very centre of the bosom, leaving two button-holes, one above and one below, unadorned. His hair and moustache were rich with oil and perfume, and his red-scraped neck and face gleaming with perspiration. As often as Dan glanced furtively at the box to see if Tom had arrived, Dominico turned boldly in his seat and looked more anxiously at the gallery. At last he uttered an exclamation of joy—Riccodonna and Signora Riccodonna were in the gallery front-row seats Dominico had sent them; they had seen him, and their eyes and mouths were open in amazement. It was the triumph Dominico had

planned, and he perspired trickling rivulets of perfect bliss.

There was plenty of excitement in the front of the house, but it was nothing compared to that which had caused almost a panic behind the scenes. Three times the call-boy had gone to Marie Léon's room and asked if she was ready, and three times retired, unsuccessfully dodging slippers and shoes that impetuous lady had thrown at him. The stage-manager was in despair, and said he would call on the star himself; condemning in impolite language the tempers of all stars, and especially those Irish-Americans who assumed French names. In her dressing-room he found only her French maid preparing Marie's next change of toilet. She informed the stage-manager that Ma'm'selle Léon had gone to La Cortese's dressing-room in tears and a horrible temper. That was a fact. Marie was sitting on a trunk in Carminella's room smoking a cigarette (medicinally: she said it cleared her throat) and weeping. She was talking to Teresa between puffs and sobs: "Tom Lyon has treated me shabbily every time we've met, and here is this letter from Uncle Dan saying I must not go over to Mulberry Court, where, I wrote him, the Commodore and I would go to-morrow. They are the only blood kin I have in the world, and why should they be so particular, when every one else treats me as if I were a duchess and regularly married!"

"Dan is very particular about the marriage," Teresa said.

The long-suffering stage-manager appeared. "Miss Léon," he said pleadingly, "It's half-past eight; we are announced to ring up at eight-fifteen. The house is packed, the police have stopped the sale, and every critic in town is in his seat. We can't ring



MAGGIE LYON.

"She was talking to Teresa between puffs and sobs."—Page 276.

up until you say you are ready. You are on in the first scene."

Miss Léon turned her big blue wet eyes toward the stage manager, thoughtfully blew a cloud of smoke toward him, turned her back on him and said, "Teresa, I want to talk with you about this after the show. Carminella, you look lovely in that ragged street-dress. I had one just like it, I remember it perfectly, when I lived on Cherry Hill."

The stage-manager groaned, and pulled his hair. "The critics get in a bad humor at these delays, Miss Léon," he cried.

Miss Léon walked over to Carminella's dressing mirror, repaired from a paint-box the damages done by her tears, turned to the stage-manager as if she had not seen him before, and said, "Why don't you ring up? I've been ready half an hour!"

There was a great deal of good-natured interest in the appearance of Marie Léon. The audience knew, for the newspapers had left no detail untouched, that she had been a New York ballet-girl; that she had risen to the minor roles in musical burlesques and comic opera; that her voice had attracted the attention of a wealthy New Yorker under whose patronage she had gone to Paris and studied music for three years; that she had made a début in comic opera in London, said to be successful; and had returned to her native city the triumphant possessor of a Paris wardrobe, a London accent, and a New York millionaire.

It was generally expected that any success she would achieve here would be due to her jewels and wardrobe, both of which were known to be splendid. That indulgent expectation was realized on the instant of her entrance upon the Mayfair stage. From her boots to her

coiffure, her gown, her gloves, her girdle, her fan, her lorgnette, her jewels—all were gorgeous; all were perfect in design and taste, and evoked quick honest applause from the critically observant and admiring female half of the audience. Marie had gained the approval of the women of New York, the most discriminating judges in the world of handsome and correct clothing. But another kind of appreciation was started before she had finished the first phrase of her opening aria. She had plenty of ambition, and this with her desire to justify the expenditure of her patron during her three years in Paris, had kept her hard at her studies; and Marie Léon, to the equal surprise and delight of her audience, showed that she not only had a voice but knew how to sing—a combination in a light-opera star that made the critics wonder if their ears were not playing them tricks. When she made her exit it was plain to the habitués that the audience was still in a state of lively expectancy: *La Cortese* was yet to be seen.

There came upon the empty stage an Italian, wheeling one of those delightful piano-organs without which the streets of New York would be drear indeed. He stopped up-stage, centre, and began playing a lively popular tune. This brought from the wings, right and left, a number of children and half-grown boys and girls who began dancing to the music. It was such a scene as you may witness any bright day if you will walk a block or two east or west of Broadway below Madison Square. The audience had no idea of what this was leading up to. Some laughed, some looked uncomfortable, and some said, "This won't do, you know, for a Broadway theatre." One of the older girls stopped dancing, looked off the stage and cried: "*La Cortese!*" The other children took up the

cry, and there was a shrill chorus of "La Cortese! La Cortese!"

As the children gradually made a tableau round the organ-grinder, Carminella came dancing on the stage. The claque started an applause but their task was hopeless. The whole audience sat in frosty silence. Was this the Cortese that the papers had been writing about, and picturing for weeks? this long-legged girl—pretty to be sure—but dressed as a child, with flowing hair and a cheap—actually a torn—calico frock!

Carminella felt the shock of failure and her lips tightened. Dominico groaned aloud. The tears came to Eleanor Hazelhurst's eyes; the New Yorker in Waters' box sneered: "Why don't they leave this sort of thing to Larrigan's theatre?" The stage-manager cursed and exclaimed: "I told Tom Lyon it would be a frost, I knew it!" But Teresa murmured over to herself, "Pazienza! Pazienza! She will bring them!"

The industrious organ-grinder stopped and Carminella walked up the stage laughing, and the children made a mechanical chorus to her musical notes. The grinder began again, this time with the most popular street-song of the day. Carminella again faced the audience and began dancing, making her way down the stage slowly. Some in the audience began to realize her wonderful grace, and there was a little murmur, a little evidence of warmth. Carminella felt it, and as if it had been her cue, began singing the song in a sweet, true, untrained contralto voice. As she did so she elaborated her dancing a little, never carrying it much beyond the actual performances of children dancing before a street organ, the difference being in the rich grace of her body; the movements of her head, like a wild flower on its stalk when it is stirred by the slight-

est breeze; the weaving and waving of her hands and arms, as full of expression as chanted verse. She seemed now to be moving in some other medium than air, so slowly and lightly her feet fell, and her body—have you ever seen a trout, free and undisturbed in its native element, seen it turn in curves as suave as a caress?

The audience relaxed more. The children took up the chorus of the song when she came to that, and some in the top gallery joined with them; then more, and others in the lower gallery. Carminella began to smile, and then more and more of the audience joined in the chorus. This was something new to those in the fashionable parts of the house, but it was contagious, and they, too, were swinging in with the chorus. The music and Carminella stopped, and the whole audience broke into a quick, sharp, volley of applause. The hand-organ and the children left the stage, and Carminella, now almost directly over the footlights, stood there and laughed at the audience, laughed so heartily, naturally, and gayly at her hard-won triumph that the audience laughed back, and renewed their applause. Then Carminella, still laughing, ran off and into Teresa's waiting arms.

"It was Tom's success," she panted to her mother. "He planned it. It is his success. But where is Tom?" "He is not in that box."

"I do not know, my child. But you must go on again. Hear them applaud!"

Again and again, and yet again, she went on and danced and sang, until the audience at last reluctantly let her go in very pity; although Dominico and Dan persisted in a long-continued duet with their heels and hands after every one else had become silent: Dominico with closed eyes and in red, damp ecstasy; Dan with

a look of serious defiance as if some one had ordered him to stop.

But where was Tom? Dan, when he had recovered from the excitement of Carminella's success, looked again toward the box where his son was expected. Philip Peyton motioned to him, and Dan made his way in front of the first row, to the edge of the box.

"Where is Tom?" Peyton asked. "Did he come from Long Island with you?"

"He came over ahead of me," Dan replied. "I thought you might be knowing where he was, sir."

"No, I don't, but I'll go to the stage door and inquire; he may be behind," said Peyton.

Philip's inquiry for Tom at the stage door was carried to Teresa. "Did she know where Mr. Lyon was?"

No, she did not. Carminella, who heard the message, asked who had inquired for him and, when she learned, told the messenger to send Mr. Peyton to the dressing-room.

"Something has happened to him!" said Carminella, in sudden alarm, when she heard that neither Philip nor Dan knew where he was. "I wrote to him to-day that I must see him. He would be here if something had not happened." In her nervousness and excitement she began to cry. Then, possibly with half-formulated intention of enlisting the whole force of the theatre in the search for Tom, she declared she would not dance again unless he was there. If he did not come she would not dance, she would go and look for him herself. When this cheerless intelligence was conveyed to the already distraught stage-manager, crestfallen from another bout with Maggie Lyon, he threw up his hands and demanded in a voice of agony to know, first why he had ever been born, and then what was the matter with

La Cortese. The call-boy who had conveyed the message answered briskly, "She won't dance because Mr. Tom Lyon ain't here to see her, sir. She says he's got lost, and she's going out herself to ring in a general alarm, sir."

"Oh, lord! a little trick like that can be turned," said the stage-manager with a sigh of relief. "Now, look here, you," to the call-boy, "you chase around to the front of the house, see? Then you chase back to La Cortese, understand? Then you say to her, all out of breath, see? 'Tom Lyon is in the front. He came late and he can't get any further than the lobby.' See?"

"Sure," answered the call-boy, and he obeyed these instructions to the letter, and Carminella was satisfied.

But Tom Lyon and detective-sergeant Cullen had not yet started from Police Headquarters.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

"THE HAND OF GOD HAS STRUCK!"

THE knowing ones, the first-nighters, the habitués, the critics, were all of one opinion with the occasionals and the non-critical; the Mayfair theatre could safely cancel all its dates for the entire season. Marie Léon and La Cortese would fill the theatre until the next summer's heat drove its patrons out of town. In the expression of this judgment La Cortese's name was generally mentioned first. In the last act she gave the Greek dance, already described when she appeared at the Hazelhursts'. The stage-manager had implored her to broaden it; there was not enough "go" in it, he declared. She did not say why, but she refused to alter a step of the dance. Of course, the reason was, it was a favorite of Tom's.

She dressed for the street hurriedly after her last dance, which repeated the success of her first, for she supposed Tom would be waiting for her. The stage entrance opened on a quiet side-street, and as Tom did not appear behind the scenes when she was dressed for the street, Carminella wanted to go to the entrance and wait for him; but Teresa was detained. Maggie Lyon, not yet dressed, had resumed her tears and her hygienic smoke where she had left them off—the cigarette rested the throat after singing, she said—and was again in Carminella's room asking Teresa over and over again why Dan should have denied her his house, and receiving

the same slow and cautious reply: "Dan is very particular about the marriage."

"But for the love of heaven, Teresa," said Maggie, lapsing from her London accent to the vernacular, "I wonder he wouldn't be satisfied with me living as quietly as I do. There isn't another woman on the stage of my age—say, Teresa, how old am I anyway? I've lied about it that much, I wonder I know I was ever born!"

Teresa laughed and said, "You were my age fifteen years ago, but you are much younger than I am, now, Maggie."

"How old are you then, dear?" asked Maggie, puncturing a ring of smoke with the end of her cigarette.

"Thirty-five," answered Teresa.

"Well, that's not too old to marry," Maggie said thoughtfully.

This conversation was upon a subject Teresa disliked to discuss in Carminella's hearing. She had always succeeded in keeping from her the seamy side of stage-folks' lives. She spoke to her in Italian, telling her to go outside, meaning that she should go only to the long entrance-way leading from the stage door to the dressing-rooms; but Carminella interpreted this to be a permission to go outside the stage door, and this she did. The side-street was quiet, and only Maggie Lyon's coupé stood at the curb, a little beyond the entrance. As she looked up and down she saw the usual midnight stream of people passing along on Broadway in one direction and on Sixth Avenue in the other, but Tom, for whom she looked, was nowhere in sight. Dominico came around from Broadway and joined her at the door.

"Have you seen Tom?" she asked.

Dominico had not, but he told her Dan had gone to Tom's studio to look for him.

"Then they lied to me!" she cried. "They told me he was in front!"

As they stood there a carriage drove up and stopped opposite the entrance, behind Maggie's coupé, and Mark Waters stepped out of it, leaving the carriage door open as he did so. He lifted his hat to Carminella but did not speak to her, nor did she to him. He did speak to Dominico, and in a brisk manner:

"Have you seen the manager?" he asked. "He is looking for you."

"I looked for him but could not find him," said Dominico.

"You will find him now in the café just north of the box-office," said Waters, and Dominico started off with an air of delighted importance.

Carminella drew back toward the stage door, but Waters quickly stepped between her and it. She was not frightened; it occurred to her that Waters, perhaps, meant to make an apology; his assumed humility suggested it. She stepped on to the sidewalk, away from him however, and he approached her saying, "I only came to see your father, but I can guess a service I can do for you if you are looking for Tom Lyon."

"I am," she said eagerly, wholly off her guard.

"See! Isn't that he?" he said, passing her and walking to the carriage while he pointed toward Sixth avenue. "Yes," he added, "you can see him from here."

She followed him, looking in the direction he indicated, till she stood close to the curb, when he suddenly lifted her off her feet, forced her into the carriage, sprang in after her, slammed the door, and the driver started his horses. While Waters had been pointing toward the avenue, Tom Lyon and Cullen came rapidly

down the street from Broadway. They were not twenty feet away when the carriage door slammed, and both heard Carminella's cry, which was instantly smothered. They had an advantage of a second of time through Waters' driver having to turn out for the coupé in front of him. Tom dashed to the carriage door and Cullen rushed as quickly to the horses' heads. He was recognized as an officer by the frightened driver, who brought his team to a quick stop. At the same instant Tom had wrenched open the carriage door and Carminella sprang into his arms.

Cullen then jumped into the carriage and dragged Waters back into it as he endeavored to escape through the opposite door. There was a click of handcuffs, and Cullen put his head out of the door and said quietly to the driver:

"Police Headquarters, my good man, and be sure you don't lose your way."

As the carriage rolled off, Tom carried Carminella into the stage entrance, where Teresa met them and looked with startled, dumb alarm at the white rage in both their faces. When Carminella saw her mother she left Tom and with strange slowness walked to her. With lips that scarcely moved she spoke a few words to her in Italian. Teresa's face whitened as the others, and the same rage came into it; but she only whispered "Santa Maria Virgine!" and her right arm fell to her side where her hand sought a fold of her dress and closed on something hard.

"Where is he?" she asked. Tom, as well as he could, explained briefly, and, as he explained, Philip Peyton and Dominico came to the entrance. When Peyton had heard a little of the story—that Carminella and Teresa were to go to Headquarters—he went for a carriage, re-

turned, and said to Tom: "Come; we four will go on. Dominico can wait and bring your father, who will surely return here when he finds you are not at the studio."

Teresa had not spoken one word after her first exclamation. She sat on the back seat of the carriage, her left arm around Carminella, her right hidden in a fold of her dress. They were all silent on the drive to Headquarters. Peyton tried once or twice to learn more of the night's story from Tom, but met no response; and as the carriage passed electric lights, and he saw the same look on the three tense faces about him, he felt as if he were taking a ride in a cage of tigers.

At Headquarters Cullen met them and took them into a room at one side of the Inspector's office, where they waited for Dan and Dominico.

"Is he here? Ask him if he is here?" Teresa said to Tom after a close scrutiny of her surroundings. Cullen understood to whom Teresa referred, and told her that Waters was in the building, and would be produced before the Inspector soon.

"Can I see him?" Teresa asked this so softly that Peyton, who was still uncomfortable from the look he had seen in her eyes, regarded her in astonishment.

"Certainly," answered the detective. "He will be confronted with you before the Inspector."

"But now? May I not see him alone—only a minute," she pleaded in a tone almost of tenderness; but her eyes were gleaming, and her right arm was rigid from the tension of the muscles of her hand, which clenched something in a fold of her dress.

"Sorry, madam, but you cannot see him except before the Inspector. Here are the others: all of you step this way, please."

Dan arrived, looking distressed and anxious. It was

a mental peculiarity of Dominico's that, when he was greatly excited, he not only could not speak English well, but could not understand it clearly either; and he had received an impression from what little he had heard of Tom's story that Mark Waters had ordered the arrest and imprisonment of the entire party for conspiracy to cheat Carminella out of the ownership of California; and Tom was also charged with the abduction of Carminella, and the death of one Bill Williams. This story, as well as his excitement allowed him to tell it, he had repeated to Dan on the way to Headquarters. Of course, Dan knew Dominico was exploiting hallucinations of various kinds, yet he feared that Waters' machinations had once more been directed against Tom, and it was with this uncertainty that he, with the others, entered the Inspector's office. He put his hand on Tom's shoulder, but his son did not notice him, nor seem aware of his presence: he was steadily watching Waters. The latter was there, not knowing why, except so far as his conscience informed him; for the only explanation Cul-len had given him was: "The Inspector wants to see you."

Waters was making an heroic effort to appear righteously indignant, and endeavored to meet Tom's steady gaze with a look of scorn, but his eyes shifted. They met Teresa's and he quailed perceptibly. She stood erect and motionless, one arm around Carminella, one by her side, its hand still hidden in the folds of her dress. Philip had watched that tense, motionless arm a long time. It seemed to fascinate him, and he stepped up close behind her.

The Inspector came in, looked at no one, went quickly to his desk and began to arrange some papers. There was a moment's silence which was ended by Dan's say-



HELD.

"I demand that you do so at once!"—Page 288.

ing: “Mr. Inspector, is there a charge against my boy?”

“Certainly not, Mr. Lyon,” the Inspector answered, “and never has been. An unfounded accusation was made against him once—by a citizen—but, I am glad to say, I have the confession of the right party in that case.”

Dan looked wonderfully relieved, and his hand slipped down to Tom’s, but Tom did not notice him. Again the Inspector silently examined some papers, and Waters’ face, which had been a disagreeable gray, began to flush as he at last said: “Mr. Inspector, I shall go to a higher authority than you to-morrow for redress for the outrage committed on me by your officer to-night; but I suppose you are the authority to end this present farce, and I demand that you do so at once.”

The Inspector took no notice of him, but having found the letters he wanted, said, looking at Teresa:

“You are Mrs. Cortese?”

“I am.”

“And were the wife of Ettore Cesarotti?”

“I was.”

“And this is his daughter, Carminella?”

“It is.”

“Do you recognize this as the signature of the Ettore Cesarotti who was your husband?”

“I do.”

“By the way, Mr. Lyon (to Dan), could you identify Mark Waters’ signature?”

“I could not,” Dan answered.

“I could, Mr. Inspector,” said Peyton, and he stepped to the desk and did so. Then he walked back to his place behind Teresa.

“I’ll only trouble you a minute more, Mrs. Cortese,” resumed the Inspector. “Have you ever received from

your husband, through any person, or in any way, any remittances, money, or anything—from Ettore Cesarotti I mean?"

"I have received nothing from him, nor heard from him since he deserted me, nearly fifteen years ago."

Waters had often assumed a false character, but never in his life did he do a better piece of acting than at that moment. He looked justly indignant, as he said with an insolent drawl: "This may be imposing to these foreigners, Mr. Inspector, but to me it is all bosh. You have forcibly brought me here without a warrant: I demand my instant release. Pray, who gave you the authority of warrant, judge, and jury?"

"Nobody," answered the Inspector, coolly. "This is one of the things we do without authority when we want evidence to hold a prisoner until we have a complaint, or indictment. But if you are particular to have everything in proper form I guess we can accommodate you. Cullen, take this prisoner to the Tombs, and charge him, on your complaint, with attempted abduction."

The blood had been slowly rising, like a tide, in Waters' neck and face, but it dashed up like a wave as he felt Cullen's firm grasp on his arm. He looked quickly about the room with terrified eyes, then suddenly fell to his knees and dragged himself toward Carminella: bravado, insolence, all assumption, were gone, as he cried hoarsely, "Carminella, save me! I meant no harm! I would have married you. My God! Carminella, save me, for I love you!"

The shock of the sudden craven abasement of the man held all the spectators motionless and silent for a moment. Then Carminella spoke, slowly, her voice trembling, taking Tom's hand and carrying it to her breast: "I love this man! You tried——"

Waters staggered to his feet, maddened to an instant's desperate strength by the girl's words and gesture. “I tried?” he shouted. “You lie! You asked——”

Tom and Teresa sprang at him. Dan threw himself before his son: Philip Peyton grasped, with both his, Teresa's right hand which had slipped from the folds of her dress, clutching a knife.

Waters had not seen this, or anything, after the lie he tried to utter broke in his throat. His knees gave way, and slowly at first, then with a quick collapse, his body fell to the floor.

“Tom! Teresa!” said Dan, solemnly, “hold your hands! The hand of God has struck!”

CHAPTER XXIX.

TWO WEDDINGS AND A CARDEN.

THE reader has heard enough in hints and gossip about George Peyton's affairs—the rehabilitation of Philip in fashionable apartments; the reports of the San Francisco detective agency to Mark Waters; Minnie Hazelhurst sending to Blue Cañon, at George's request, information about the Corteses; the gossip of the clubs, reported by Waters' companion in the Mayfair box; enough such fragments of news and gossip have been reported, I think, to give a pretty good idea of how things have been going in Blue Cañon since George Peyton struck pay rock in the Porterhouse Claim mine.

George arrived in New York the evening following Mark Waters' death from apoplexy in the Inspector's office; and at night, when he went to their apartments after leaving the Hazelhursts' (where his call was of a shockingly unfashionable length), he and Philip had their second grave business conference, and told each other volumes which had been left untold in their letters. Only a little of what they said which concerns this story is not already known. The deal for a sale of a half-interest in the Porterhouse claim was successfully made by Horace Masters, and it left Ettore Cesarotti and George Peyton each quarter-owner in the rich mine, and gave them each a fortune to invest. It seemed for some time that Hector, as Ettore was still called in Blue

Cañon, would not live to see the deal consummated, but the balsamic mountain-air was in his favor, and he fiddled at the celebration the camp had over Peyton's good luck when the deal was closed.

It was at that time he saw on the little table in Peyton's room a photograph which made him run breathless to George. The picture was called "La Cortese," and George told him it had been sent to him by a lady in New York whose sister was interested in the original. Hector declared it was a picture of his wife as she looked when he married her. George wrote to Minnie and learned the particulars, and then it was Hector confided to him his whole story.

"He began at the beginning," George said, in telling the story to Philip, "and that was that he was born a gentleman; and went through to the end, and that was a familiar yarn—he had been swindled by Mark Waters." When George told Hector all that he thought necessary about Mark Waters, the Italian declared he would prepare for a journey to New York, get Teresa's forgiveness, and kill Mark Waters. The doctor told him he would better prepare for a longer journey. When Hector became convinced that his end was near he took the matter calmly, and made his preparations. All his worldly affairs were left in the hands of George Peyton, who was made executor of his will. One half of his property was to go to Carminella upon her marriage or majority. She could not marry before she was of age without George's consent. The other half of the property George was to administer for Teresa's benefit, while she lived. At her death, that share, too, was to go to Carminella. "He died, satisfied with my promise that when I returned here I would ask Teresa's forgiveness for him; and I have a letter for Teresa from the gentle-

man, for Hector was a gentleman again before he died," George said.

A few days after the funeral of Dan's foster-son, Bill Williams (he was buried in a corner of the orchard lot of Mulberry Court), Tom met George Peyton and Philip at their apartments.

"So, young man," said George, clearing his throat with a guardian's proper severity, "you are a suitor for the hand of my pretty ward, are you?"

"Yes, if you please, sir," said Tom in a meek voice, smiling serenely. "But I may as well tell you I got her consent and Teresa's before I knew you were in the game. Dominico, however, objects to his daughter marrying a poor artist; but I may as well tell you that he objected after he knew you were in the game."

"Well, young man—Philip, open a cold bottle of wine! Did I come back to civilization to go dry?—Do you know, young man, that I can cut Carminella off without a shilling if she marries without my consent?"

"Oh, kind sir," said Tom, taking a glass of wine, "you can chuck all her shillings into the East river, but our wedding-day will not be delayed."

"Well," laughed George, "I like your impudence, and the impudence of everybody. Nobody treats me with proper respect as a guardian. I told Miss Hazelhurst you would have to ask my consent, and she laughed at me, and said they were already making preparations for your wedding in the Hazelhurst house. All the guardians I ever read about always had their own way, and usually married their wards. But you can't deny me the hallowed privilege of saying, "Take her, my son, and be happy.'"

The Mayfair theatre was closed after the opening night, and soon the colored posters were covered over

with announcements of another attraction in which appeared neither the name of Marie Léon nor of La Cortese. On Sunday, the day after the opening, Dominico sought the Mayfair manager. Dominico was in exuberant spirits. He beamed and glowed and smiled and seemed to walk on air.

"La Cortese will not appear to-morrow night—never again!" he said to the manager, and looked with excited anticipation for the explosion he hoped would follow; but the manager only answered, in despair and weariness:

"Of course she won't. Do you suppose I want her to dance in a closed theatre?"

"Closed?" echoed Dominico, in astonishment.

"Yes, closed," the manager repeated, "Marie Léon has cancelled her engagement.

Dominico was too dazed to say anything until the manager asked:

"What's the matter with La Cortese? Got a cold in her feet?"

"She is sick," Dominico answered, "but not very, and that is not it. She is rich, very rich!" and Dominico smiled and glowed and beamed again.

"Oh, she's caught a millionaire too, has she?" growled the manager. "Everybody connected with the show seems to have struck good luck except me."

The explanation of the manager's remark about millionaires was in a scene which occurred in one of the sumptuous suite of hotel-rooms where Maggie Lyon, in a morning gown of irreproachable freshness and beauty, was eating a very substantial noonday breakfast, in spite of occasional tears. She was thus engaged when Mr. Jacob Van Hahn was announced, and admitted.

He was a mild, comfortable-looking, middle-aged

man, with a blond moustache and blond hair parted with neat exactness in the middle. He looked as if he had never had a care in the world, and it is quite likely he had not. He was of the fourth generation of rich New York Van Hahns, so it was no trouble to him to live a life of leisure. He had met Maggie Lyon when she was singing minor parts in comic opera in New York. Van Hahn's one accomplishment was a considerably-cultivated talent for music. He had expressed an opinion that there was the making of a good singer in Maggie Lyon, and when this was disputed it had amused him to test his judgment by sending her to Paris for musical training. He had been her patron in her professional career, first in London, and now in New York. In their old New York days Van Hahn had frequently entertained parties, of which Maggie was a member, on board of his yacht, where she had shown such aptitude for sailor lore he had called her "Captain." Her name for him was "Commodore."

He stopped, as he entered the room and saw that she was crying, threw on a chair a bundle as big as a valise, of morning newspapers, and exclaimed:

"What? The Captain in tears! With every paper in the city giving her a column of good notices!"

"Sit down, Commodore," she said, motioning to a chair at the table, "I want to talk to you."

"My, how solemn we are! Didn't they recall you enough last night?"

"I want you to be serious, Commodore; I want to tell you something. I'm going to quit all this."

"All what?" he asked opening his eyes wide.

"Why—all—everything," waving a hand which, somehow, seemed to include the suite of rooms, the Commodore, and herself.

"But, Maggie, I don't understand you," Van Hahn said, and he looked a little troubled.

"I'll tell you, Jake," she said, leaning her elbows on the table and resting her chin on her palms as she looked across at him seriously. "It isn't right: it never has been right, although you've always been very nice and kind to me. I've made up my mind that I ought to see what I can do alone. If my voice won't carry me through without the diamonds and expensive costumes, why, I'll—I'll be a dressmaker, and you must never see me any more."

Having thus announced her destiny, Maggie wept softly, and Mr. Van Hahn said, with equal softness:

"Well, I'll be damned!"

Then he walked about the room, bit his blond moustache a good deal, kicked things that came in his way, and otherwise indicated that he was undergoing the rare experience of mental distress. At last he returned to her and said: "What's brought you to this way of thinking about—about things, Maggie?"

She handed him Dan Lyon's letter and he read it. It was dated the day before, and this is what Dan wrote:

"MY DEAR NIECE MAGGIE:—Tom brought me your note saying you would come over here to-morrow with Mr. Van Hahn. You know, Maggie, that your old uncle has always had a warm spot in his heart for you, the only child of his only brother. Your father knew before he died that until Tom was born it was my meaning to leave whatever I might have when I died to you. If I should die to-day, or whenever I die, you would find that I have left something for you against hard luck. I am only telling you this, Maggie, that you may know your old uncle's heart has not turned against you; but while I have a home where I hope, some day, Tom will bring a good wife, as good as was your mother and his, I can't welcome you with Mr. Van Hahn to it. But if ever you're alone in the world, Maggie, my home is yours as long as you can stay with your

UNCLE DAN."

Mr. Van Hahn again walked up and down the room, stopping a dozen times to re-read the letter. Then he sat down again opposite Maggie and said quietly: "He's a good deal of a chap, your uncle Dan." Maggie nodded and wept. He went to her writing-desk and returned in a few minutes with a letter, which he handed to her saying:

"I couldn't get along very well without you, Maggie. If you will have me, send Uncle Dan this."

And this was the letter:

"MY DEAR MR. LYON:—As you are Miss Maggie Lyon's nearest relative, I write to you formally asking your sanction of our marriage. I shall consider it a great honor, if our plans meet your approval, to have our wedding at your home, Friday next, as we sail for England on Saturday.

Respectfully yours,

JACOB VAN HAHN.

To Daniel Lyon, Esq., Mulberry Court, L. I."

"Commodore," said Maggie, when she could talk from laughing and crying, "will you tell the management the engagement is off at the Mayfair. And oh, Commodore, there's a forfeit to pay under the contract. Would you mind giving him your check?"

And so they were married.

There were only the Corteses and Tom at the wedding. They were happy enough over Dan's good cheer, but quiet, because Molly was sick in the house: "My daughter, Mrs. Williams," Dan called her.

There were more guests at the wedding of Tom and Carminella, and they were all happy with the exception of Dominico. That dispirited Italian had provided wedding garments for his own apparelling of a gorgeousness that, in variety and vividness of colors, would pale the palette of an impressionist. He showed this outfit to Teresa, and he wept when she said he should not wear

them. Teresa that day made her first extravagant use of her new income. She ordered a carriage, took Dominico with her to a fashionable clothier's, and provided that chastened man with a complete wardrobe of conventional cut and color.

"It is no pleasure to be rich in America, my Teresa," he said disconsolately, when he was dressed for the wedding, "if even at our children's marriages we must dress ever in mourning. But once in our beautiful Italy again! Gran' Dio! If Riccodonna could only see me there!"

I wish I had space to describe all the pretty details Eleanor and Minnie Hazlehurst provided for that wedding. Eleanor's interest, of course, was most in Carminella, but Minnie took a worldly pride in providing a fashionable and exactly proper wedding for T. Fitz Gerald Lyon, Minnie's affianced husband's associate in his mining affairs; as, of course, Tom would become in the management of Carminella's fortune.

Mrs. Jack Daring was one of the wedding guests. Tom said to her, smiling, when she came to congratulate them:

"I am much obliged to you, Mrs. Daring."

"For?"

"For calling me a fool. Don't you remember? It started me right again."

"Yes, but you've proved that you did not remain one. Men do not remain fools always—they have lucid intervals. My dear," she added to Carminella, "you don't deserve a compliment from me—because you looked at me murderously the night you danced here—but I must say you are the only bride I ever saw in my life who stood up gracefully at the sacrifice. Oh, and let me give you some advice. Never let your husband lift you into a swing. I have not been comfortable in a corset since."

Tom and Carminella went to Blue Cañon on their wedding journey; and the first painting of Tom's that was accepted at the Society Exhibition after their return to New York was all in misty blue and purple; indicating, rather than picturing, the mysterious depths of Blue Cañon as it appeared to him when he painted it from in front of the old tunnel of the Porterhouse Claim mine, with Carminella by his side plaiting fragrant bay-leaves into a garland they placed on the grave of Ettore Cesarotti.

Teresa and Dominico are visiting in Italy, where they will remain until a pretty cottage is finished which Carminella is building on a place near Dan's home. It is all Carminella's idea—the plan for the cottage and the furnishing, the stable, and the pony and cart which Teresa is to drive; particularly to drive to the station when Mr. and Mrs. Tom go over to visit her. It was only Carminella's wish to have everything—cottage, stable and all—ready for Teresa's use before she should see them, that induced her to let her mother stay in Italy so long; but hard as was the separation for mother and daughter it was a period of perfect rapture for Dominico. Every steamer brought from him neckscarfs, wine, or olives for Dan; and for Riccodonna, photographs of Dominico in a carriage at Naples, with a guide at Rome, in a wondrous new costume at Palermo, until the enraged Riccodonna hated the very sight of the postman.

Dan Lyon is not lonely at Mulberry Court between the weekly visits of Tom and his wife. There is a young woman there he calls Molly, and speaks of as "My daughter, Mrs. Williams." Molly was very ill many weeks, and was fragile during all the winter; but the care and attention, the wholesome life and, most of all, the clean, pure air she breathed for the first time, did



AT MULBERRY COURT.

"There is a young woman there whom he calls Molly."—Page 300.

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more than restore her health—it gave her such health as she never before had. Dan came over to the city and consulted with Eleanor Hazelhurst about Molly; and when he told her he would gladly give the girl a home with him, Eleanor said that was the best solution of the problem of Molly's life. The sense of security the girl would feel there for the first time, the sense of being neither hunted nor shunned, would do more than reform, would re-create her in a way no possible life she could be helped to lead in the city would. "And," added Eleanor, "you will be doing a noble act, Mr. Lyon, to keep that girl in your home, where God will give her nature strength to grow strong and beautiful."

It was a long time before Molly could be made to understand that she need not leave Dan's home, but when she comprehended it, the cure of her mind and soul and body came all at once. The care of Mulberry Court is in the strong hands of Dan's farmer and the farmer's lusty wife—the care of all but the flowers. These never cease to be a beloved charge and wonder to the strong old man and his slight young companion, for Molly is little more than a child in years. Tom takes them books—the charming books which sympathetic lovers of flowers write, and in the evenings Molly reads to Dan about these strange new friends; and in the daytime they hunt them in the woods, and plant and care for them in the garden, but never pluck them, because, Dan says, "They are there where we can see them, and enjoy them, and care for them, too; but they'll only fade and die the quicker if we take them away, Molly dear, from where God gives them strength to grow and be beautiful."

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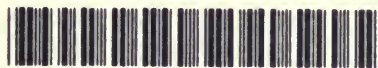
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